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SUCCESS IN LIFE

(AN INSPIRATIONAL BOOK FOR ALL MEN AND WOMEN)

BY

K. J. DASTUR.

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1923.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED
TO
THE SACRED MEMORY
OF
MY REVERED FATHER,
JAMSHEDJI DARABJI DASTUR.
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

This book will, perhaps, seem to many to be a work of supere-rogation at the first glance, as many, indeed, are the books written on this subject. But I am quite confident that the reader after its careful perusal, will, out of fairness and justice to me, admit that it, nevertheless, occupies a place of its own and is worth recommending to all young men and women.

I do not claim originality for all the thoughts expressed in this book ; but I may rightly claim it for its form, for the way in which I have expressed thoughts, and for the manner in which I have tried to impress them on the mind of the reader.

My main object in writing this small volume is to excite and encourage, elevate and exalt, dignify and magnify, young men and women ; to incite and inspire, push and prompt them to noble lives and lofty achievements, by illustrating the qualities of success in life and by holding up to them ideals of noble character.

The causes of success in life are mostly drawn from the biographies of great and grand men, and not from personal experience of which I frankly admit I have little. It is impossible to estimate what this volume owes to various biographies which I have studied. To a lesser extent, it is indebted to books like " Self-Help " and " Pushing to the Front," also to the " Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom," " True Tales of Indian Life." " Useful Instruction," and the well-known English magazine, " Great Thoughts," of which I am a regular reader.

K. J. DASTUR.

BOMBAY, JULY, 1923

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	WHAT IS "SUCCESS IN LIFE"? ..	1
CHAPTER II.	HEALTH.	12
CHAPTER III.	WORK,—INDUSTRY,—PERSEVERANCE.	21
CHAPTER IV.	POVERTY AND SELF-HELP. ..	44
CHAPTER V.	LUCK,—THE CRY OF FOOLS... ..	57
CHAPTER VI.	CHARACTER.	60
CHAPTER VII.	OPPORTUNITY. .. — ..	83
CHAPTER VIII.	VALUE OF TIME.—PUNCTUALITY,— PROCRASTINATION.	85
CHAPTER IX.	SELF-CONFIDENCE AND ENTHUSIASM.	94
CHAPTER X.	AIM IN LIFE.	102
CHAPTER XI.	INDEPENDENT THINKING. — ORIGINALITY.. .. .	106
CHAPTER XII.	DREAMING AND AMBITION.	110
CHAPTER XIII.	TACT.	114
CHAPTER XIV.	CHEERFULNESS.	118
CHAPTER XV.	SELF-CONTROL.	126
CHAPTER XVI.	POLITENESS.	132
CHAPTER XVII.	MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.	138
CHAPTER XVIII.	POWER OF WILL.	142
CHAPTER XIX.	HABITS. —	145

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS "SUCCESS IN LIFE"?

"The sinews of fortune are not money, but rather the powers of the mind, address, courage, resolution, intrepidity, perseverance, moderation, industry."—*Bacon*.

* * * *

"Fortune does not change men ; it only brings out in clear light what's in them."

* * * *

"Crave not for wealth. There is sorrow in gold ;

A canker corroding the bloom of the heart.
Love in its presence grows selfish and cold,

While pride and display their fevers impart.
The cares that preserve it, the fear of its loss,

O'ershadow the pleasures that spring in our way ;
Enough for our comfort is all we require ;
How small is the portion we truly enjoy."

* * * *

"Put thou thy trust in God,

In duty's path go on ;

Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,

So shall thy work be done."—*Luther*.

* * * *

"Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;

And happy he who can such riches find."—*Dryden*.

* * * *

"What then is wealth, if boundless be our wants ?

How few can well employ what fortune grants !"—
Lord Leigh.

* * * *

"I myself commend

Unto this guidance from this hour ;

Oh let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,

The spirit of self-sacrifice ;

The confidence of reason give ;

And in the light of truth thy bondsman let me live."—

Wordsworth.

I AM sure I am writing within compass, when I say that nearly ninety-five men out of every hundred consider success in life from the financial standpoint. Success, according to them, consists in the amount of money accumulated—by hook or by crook, by means honest or dishonest, it matters not—and he should be called a greater successful man, than others, who has amassed a greater amount of money than them. There was never a greater mistake. No view can be more deplorable than this.

Now-a-days it has become a fashion with people to exaggerate and overestimate the importance and power of money. That "money is power" is true only to a certain extent. It may enable you to buy a thousand things for the comforts of your body, but, even if you are a millionaire or a multi-millionaire, can you buy a single thing with your money,—it matters not how large an amount of it it is—which will give comfort to your soul, which will elevate your life, which will strengthen your intellect, which will give you peace of mind and happiness?

If success in life is to be measured by the amount of money, how is it that hundreds and thousands of millionaires and multi-millionaires, who passed their days in pomposity and parading, who left no stone unturned to abash the poor by the splendour and ostentation of their wealth, and who lost no opportunity to exert their influence on their Governments by the power of their riches, are absolutely forgotten and are not at all remembered? If money is omnipotent, how is it that they have left no mark on the history of the world? On the contrary, how is it that poor men like Socrates and Plato, Emerson and Lincoln, Homer and Dante, Wordsworth and Goldsmith, Shakespeare and Milton, Dattaka and Bhavabhuti, Spencer and Cervantes, Addison and Johnson, Pitt and Burke, are still remembered, cherished and revered? Will the names of our poor politicians and patriots, Dadabhai Naoroji, Gokhale, Ranade and Tilak be ever forgotten?

Who achieved greater successes in their lives—Ralph Waldo Emerson who never in a single year earned more than twelve hundred dollars per year, or those whose earnings were greater than his? Would Gladstone and Dadabhai Naoroji have achieved greater successes in their lives, if they would have been intent on becoming rich? Who achieved greater successes in their lives—Gokhale and Tilak who were serving their country to the best of their energy and to the best possible extent, careless of the abuse and vituperation of the selfish and narrow-minded bureaucracy, unmindful of the reproaches of their countrymen who did not agree with them, or those persons who were worshipping money and whose sole aim and end was to get as much money as they could?

Let me, now, make myself clear regarding what I mean by success in life. By success in life I mean leading a pure, saintly, useful and unselfish life. In other words, success in life consists in doing your duty by yourself, by your family, by your fellow-creatures and thus by the Almighty, making the best possible

use of your physical and mental powers which you must, every day, go on developing.

It is said that during Lord Leverhulme's recent visit to the United States, a journalist, while chatting with his Lordship, happened to remark : "A rich man like you—"

"What do you mean by *rich*?" Lord Leverhulme, at once, interrupted. He then remarked that money did not make a man rich, but that riches and success consisted of what a man was and what he accomplished of helpfulness to his fellowmen.

There are many men who make excuses for not serving others by saying that they have no time to do so, that they are too poor to do so, that they have not the ability to do so, and so on. These excuses, needless to say, are selfish and do not at all hold water. It is because these men are selfish, these men are intent on becoming rich, that they do not serve others. Every man, be he poor or rich, if he has the will to serve others, can certainly do so. Dadabhai Naoroji, Gokhale, Tilak were poor and yet they gave most of their time to serving India. Thomas Wright, as he was a very poor man and as he had a large family to support, had to work from six in the morning till six at night, and yet strange as it may seem and incredible as it may appear, of course to money worshippers, he found time to serve convicted criminals of his country who were treated, at that time, like slaves and who were considered as worse than beasts of burden.

Do not, for a moment, think that you are not bound by duty to help and serve others. Do not lay this flattering unction to your soul. It is your bounden duty, by all means you are bound by duty to serve others and to lead an unselfish life,—just as surely as you are bound by duty not to harm others and to lead a pure life. The talents, with which the Almighty has endowed you, are not meant simply for earning a living but also to serve and help others, just as superficial wealth, which a person possesses, is meant not for that person but for those of his fellow-creatures who live in extreme poverty or to be given away in charity for a good purpose. Naked we come into this world and naked we go out of it. All that we carry with us is the memory of good thoughts, good words, and more especially good deeds. The Creator does not take into consideration how much money we amassed, in what a beautiful palace we lived, what nice dinners we took, in short, in what a great bodily comfort we passed our days. But He, surely, does take into account the unselfish life we led, our acts of kindness, humanitarianism and magnanimity, and our service to humanity, for He has not meant that we should live in this world for ourselves alone.

It was because Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, Pitt and Gladstone, Dadabhai Naoroji and Pherozshaw Mehta Gokhale and Tilak, thought it their bounden duty to serve their countrymen that they were able to serve them cheerfully, ungrudgingly, and as far as it lay in their powers to do so. It is **only unselfish and ungrudging service that counts.** Such were

the services rendered by Dadabhai Naoroji, Pherozshaw Mehta, Gokhale, Tilak, Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Gladstone, Burke, Pitt, Cavour, Mazzini, and others, in the field of politics. Such were the services of Burns and Scott, Milton and Shakespeare, Horace and Virgil, in the field of literature. Such was the service which Hampden rendered to England. Though he was a rich man, he opposed the tax of ship-money and refused to pay it, and this he did from a sense of duty and nothing else. Such were the services of Howard and Thomas Wright to prisoners, of Marshall Turenne and Wellington to their soldiers, of Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay to slaves, of Florence Nightingale and Miss Stanley to wounded soldiers, of Queen Victoria and Edward VII to their subjects, of Thomas Arnold and Henry Sherard to their pupils.

It often happens that even when unselfish persons work for a noble purpose with a view to elevate and improve the condition of their fellow-creatures, they are most violently opposed and abused and even slandered by men who do not understand their motives. But, such opposition and abuse and vituperation such men should not care for. If they are firmly imbued with the opinion that they are right, they should go on steadily working with bulldog tenacity and dogged determination to bring about their purpose, magnanimously conniving at such opposition and vituperation, and instead of submitting to them. Thus, when Dadabhai Naoroji, Kaikhushru Kabraji, Sohrabji Bengali, and Behramji Malabari were working day after day and month after month for the social amelioration of the Parsis, they were most violently abused and most shamefully opposed by the then orthodox Parsis. But their opposition was of no avail and their vituperation was connived at and these worthy and noble Parsis worked on and on with patience and perseverance until they achieved success, the fruits of which the present-day Parsis enjoy. Similarly when Raja Ram Mohan Roy was working for the abolition of the barbarous custom of Suttee, he was not only opposed and abused, but also defamed and slandered by the orthodoxy. But what did Raja Ram Mohan Roy care for that shameless treatment? He knew he was on the right path, and so he worked on and on until he achieved his object with the help of William Bentinck. When George Washington sent John Ray to England to formulate the Jay Treaty in order that the second war between England and America might not break out, which then seemed to be imminent, he was violently criticised and vilified. The Jay Treaty, by opening up trade relations between these two great countries, did prevent war, but still the people objected to it. They accused Washington of selling the self-respect of America to Great Britain and mercilessly vilified him. When the Civil War in America was in progress, Lincoln, who was working day and night for the benefit of his country, was violently criticised and abused not only by the North but also by the South. One congressman went to the length of trying to introduce a bill whereby

Lincoln was to be examined as to his sanity. Many called him an "old fool." But Lincoln cared not a pin for all that vituperation. Similarly was William Wilberforce opposed and vilified, when he was working for the abolition of slavery. But what did he care for that selfish and shameless opposition and vituperation? He worked day and night with amazing perseverance and was successful in abolishing that barbarity.

A man, who is rightly possessed of a sense of duty, will not only not care for opposition and endure vituperation, but will even be ready to sacrifice anything and everything, yes,—even his own life.

In the Netherlands, at the battle of Zutphen, Sir Philip Sydney, after having two horses killed under him, received a severe wound. He was immediately carried to the camp where, as is usual with wounded men, Sir Philip became thirsty and asked for water which was procured with some difficulty. When he was just on the point of drinking it, Sir Philip happened to look at a wounded soldier who was looking at the water with wistful eyes. Upon this, Sir Philip, with characteristic magnanimity, without drinking even a drop of it, gave to that soldier, saying: "Thy need is greater than mine." Needless to say this he did from a sense of duty.

When the Roman General, Regulus, was captured by the Carthaginians, he was soon after sent to Rome by them with their ambassadors, as they were eager to negotiate peace and for an exchange of prisoners. Everybody expected that he would exert all his influence, which was immense beyond the shadow of a doubt, in favour of peace, so that he might be again free. But as he was possessed of the true sense of duty, being convinced that the interests of Rome required that the war should be continued and that no exchange of prisoners should be made, he strongly advised the Roman Senate to refuse to accept the offered terms, although he knew that the Carthaginians would torture him to death.

Years ago, when the attempts of a Rajput army, while besieging a fortress, were made in vain to induce an elephant to charge the gate, which was defended against attacks by iron spikes, a brave Rajput soldier boldly came forward and laid himself flat on the ground before the gateway. The elephant then charged and burst open the hostile gate, of course, needless to say, crushing the noble Rajput to death.

During the late War, it is said, an English column was compelled to cross a desert region in South Africa. The heat was very intense, but the supply of water proved to be inadequate for the long march. When it was almost exhausted, a certain soldier suggested that the rest of the quantity of the water should only be kept for their commanding officer. "No," said that worthy officer. "I am the leader of this expedition; I must lead in self-denial and sacrifice as well as in other ways. If I were to drink this water every captain, lieutenant, and sergeant would think he had a right to some also, and the men of the line would suffer."

Pity for the poor miners, who very often lost their lives by explosions, led George Stephenson to invent the safety lamp, to test the usefulness of which he even risked his own life.

It must always be remembered that true success in life is always associated with happiness, and royal road to happiness is unselfish service. A man may have attained wealth,—yes, even by fair means, he may have health, good wife, good children and good friends, he may be successful in his profession, but still he cannot be happy if he has not served and does not serve others. We become happy not by what we have but by what we do. Happy is he who makes others happy. Says Eugene Thwing: "Happiness eludes every searcher for it, but comes to bestow it upon some one else. The searcher for happiness may get wealth, and power, and fame but none of these advantages will avail anything in getting happiness. Even from friends it cannot be obtained, for happiness comes from what is given out rather than from what is gathered in. Loving, unselfish service, the persistent, enthusiastic effort day by day to bring sweetness, light, comfort, and goodness into the lives of others, will surely bring happiness into the life of any man, woman, or child. No sorrow of heart no doubt of the future, no restlessness or aimlessness of the present, no loveliness or bitterness of the soul, but will yield and be resolved into joy and peace and purpose as soon as the days are filled with labours of love—as soon as the eagerness to get happiness is replaced by an eagerness to give it to others."

They who are intent on becoming rich, whose aim in life is to get money and money only, know not the pleasures that accrue from doing unselfish service to humanity. If instead of keeping their eye upon the main chance all the while they would devote some time to the happiness of humanity, they would soon see that life is not worth living without rendering some unselfish service.

Young men, do not make yourself the pivot on which your existence should turn. Service to humanity is twice blessed. It blesses him that serves and them to whom it is rendered. It is the mother of all virtues, sister of prudence, and daughter of true civilisation. It is an essential prerequisite of happiness.

Drive out that foolish idea from your mind that wealth is the royal road to happiness. Wealth has never brought happiness to any human being, in this world. Many of the greatest of the millionaires and multi-millionaires were or are not happy, and some of them themselves have confessed their unhappiness. Some have confessed that they were more happy or at least as happy even when they were in extreme poverty. For example, George M. Pullman, inventor of the sleeping-car, after he had become a multi-millionaire, said: "I am not an iota happier now than I was in the days when I had not a dollar in the world I could call my own, save that which I worked for from sunny morn to dewy eve. I believe I was as happy, if not much happier, when poor." And, to be sure, a few of the rich men who were

or are happy owed or owe their happiness not at all to their millions. Regarding this, we have the testimony of no less a person than the late Mr. Andrew Carnegie. "It seems to be accepted," says Mr. Carnegie, "that if people only had money and were rich, they would be happy, and more useful, and get more out of life. There never was a greater mistake. As a rule there is more happiness, more genuine satisfaction, and a truer life, and more obtained from life, in the humble cottages of the poor than in the palaces of the rich."

And why does not wealth bring happiness? What are the reasons of the unhappiness of our rich men? There are a good many reasons of their unhappiness, the most important of which is their avarice. As a rule, rich men are avaricious. They are never satisfied with their wealth. They are always discontented. A scowl of discontent is always to be seen on their faces. Mr. Andrew Carnegie does not at all exaggerate, when he says that millionaires who laugh are rare. They are strongly imbued with the desire to increase their pile, no matter how big it is. As the poet Young says :

"Can wealth give happiness? look around and see

What gay distress! What splendid misery!

Whatever fortune lavishly can pour

The mind annihilates and calls for more."

If you were to advise these rich men to rest content with their riches, they would immediately say to you something like the following :—

"If all the world should pay me rent

It would not add to my content."

Pray, can such men be ever happy? It is contentment that partly makes men happy. A poor man, who is satisfied with a small amount of money that he has, is far better in condition of happiness than such avaricious rich fools. If a poor man who thinks he is rich, *he is rich*; but if a rich man who thinks he is poor, *he is poor*. As a man thinks so is he. Our thoughts have everything to do with our condition. Outward poverty is not so bad as inward poverty is. The trouble with avaricious persons is that they are inwardly poor, though outwardly rich. The poverty of the avaricious rich is the product of their discontented mind which goes to make them unhappy. Says Burns ;

"It's no in titles nor in rank ;

It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank

To purchase peace and rest ;

It's no in making muckle mair ;

It's no in books ; it's no in bar,

To make us truly blest :

If Happiness hath not her seat

And centre in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,

But never can be blest."

Again, many rich men are unhappy, because they have acquired their riches by doubtful, foul and dishonest means. Those,

whose sole aim in this life is to become wealthy, stick at nothing to obtain wealth. Avarice disposes men to fraud and even oppression. The Dead Horse Gulch in Alaska is a tragic monument to the sorry influence of inordinate greed and love of wealth on the part of mankind. When gold was discovered there, hundreds of thousands of men went there from all quarters. It is said that excitement ran so high and men were so eager (or crazy?) to reach that gold region that after they had urged their horses, who carried heavy packs, as far into the mountain below a river, they abandoned nearly four thousand of these innocent horses in that desolate region, where they died of starvation. But, this was not all. After the dumb animals had been abandoned, some men, who became ill, were also left behind, absolutely unattended, many of whom, of course, died.

The story is told of a young sea-faring man that, many years ago, he called at a village inn and asked for supper and bed. The landlord and his wife were apparently poor. He chatted with them and asked them many questions about themselves, and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long thought to be dead. When it was time to sleep, the landlady showed him the room in which his bed was prepared; and when she was just quitting the room he put a purse of gold coins in her hand, requesting her to take care of it till the next morning. Then, she at once went to her husband and showed him the purse for the attainment of which they consented to murder that man in his sleep. At dead of night, they committed this foul and ghastly deed and buried him quietly. Early in the morning some of their friends and relatives came to them and asked them joyfully for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The landlord and his wife were vastly perplexed, but still, trying to keep outwardly away their bewilderment, said that he rose very early and went away. "Impossible," said their friends and relatives: "it is your own son who has recently returned to make you happy; he resolved, yesterday, to live with you one night as a stranger, so that he might see you unknown and judge your conduct towards shelterless travellers." Needless to say it is impossible to describe the horror of these avaricious murderers of their own son, who, of course, confessed their crime and were adequately punished.

Innumerable, indeed, are the instances of men who have become wealthy by becoming unjust, dishonest, deceitful, faithless, fraudulent, mendacious, perfidious, treacherous. Is it not madness to think that such men can be happy? Can they enjoy even the smallest portion of this wealth? Will not their conscience reproach, distress, torment and torture them, day in and day out, night in and night out?

"Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create."

Again, rich men—those who have inherited as well as some of those who themselves have acquired wealth—are exceedingly extravagant, and extravagance is sure to land them in all sorts of bodily pleasures, and, after all, “a man of pleasures is a man of pains.” Pleasure is the bait of all evils. It involves men in moral as well as mental ruin. “Pleasure seizes upon the man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life that contradicts the gaiety of the present hour.”

Those rich men, who are not extravagant, as is the case with some avaricious rich men who themselves have acquired wealth, are not thrifty but exceedingly miserly and closefisted. Need I say that the most wretched and the most unhappy of the unhappy men are these miserly and close-fisted fools? The policy of these men exactly resembles the dog-in-the-manger one. They will not only not give even a small amount of money to others, but themselves will not use it. Their business is to make idols of their hordes of money and to worship them. The story is told of a rich miser to whom, once, a poor man came and said: “I have a favour to ask.” “So have I,” said the miser, “and grant mine first.” “Agreed,” said the poor man. “My request is,” said that miserly rich fellow, “that you do not ask me for anything.” To what length of miserliness and penuriousness an avaricious miserly rich person can go, Ostervalde, the wealthy French financier, supplies us with his own example and gives us much food to reflect from it. When he was on his death-bed, some of his friends requested, aye, entreated him to purchase the materials for a little nourishing soup. But all their requests and entreaties fell on deaf ears. “’Tis true,” he said, “I should not dislike the soup, but for the meat itself I have no appetite; what then will become of that if I cannot eat it?” At the time that he refused to have soup he wore around his neck a silken bag containing, it is said, assignya to the value of eight hundred thousand livres. In his earlier life, he drank a pint of beer, which was his supper every night, at a house frequented by drinkers, and every night he carried home, from that house, all the corks he collected. In this way, he accumulated, within nine years, so many corks that when he sold them he got twelve “louis-d’ors,” a sum which was the starting point of his fortune which, in all, was, at his death £1,25,000.

I need not say that worry and fear of losing money also play a great part in the unhappiness of the rich.

From all these remarks, facts and illustrations, it will be seen that wealth is not at all the royal road to happiness. On the contrary, unselfish service, coupled with a right state of mind, is so. Perform all your duties, render service to your fellow-creatures and you are sure to be happy and you shall certainly meet your death with fortitude. Shaik Sadi tells us of a king of Arabia near whom, when he was on his death-bed, came a horseman and said to him: “Through your majesty’s auspices, I have taken

that fortress, have made many soldiers of our enemy prisoners and the subjects, one and all, have submitted to us." When he heard these words, he sighed and said: "This good news concerns not me but my enemies, that is, those who shall succeed to my Kingdom. My precious life has been spent, to no good purpose, in the expectation of accomplishing my wishes; I have now no hope to live. The hand of fate beats his march upon the drum. Alas! my eyes, take your leave of this head! hands, arms, and wrists, bid farewell to one another! Death, a foe to my desire, has overtaken me. For the last time come before me, O my friends! my days have been spent in ignorance; I have not performed my duty; shun my example."

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not at all maintain that no man should get rid of poverty. Poverty is an abnormal condition, and every man should try to get rid of it. Every man should earn a fair amount of money which would enable him to live decently. Money itself is not bad; money itself is not the root of all evils. But, I do maintain that no man should have his eye to the main chance. Love of money is bad; love of money is the root of all evils. No man should make money the chief object of his thoughts. Money, like fire and water, is a good servant but a bad master. The acquisition of money, on your part, as a means, for your necessities, is good; but if you make it the end, then you are done up, then you are a good-for-nothing fellow, then life is not worth living for you.

Remember that apart from its use, as a means of sustenance, money is of no value whatsoever. Once upon a time, an Arab lost his way in a desert and nothing in the shape of provisions remained by him. He gave himself up for lost. All of a sudden, he found a bag which was full of precious pearls. He became cheerful and joyous, for he thought that it contained rice or wheat. But he soon became melancholy, when he saw that it contained pearls which were of no value to him, then.

Also bear in mind that when you make money your chief object of thoughts and you are bent upon acquiring and accumulating it, you will be ruined physically, mentally, as well as morally.

I say *physically*, because you are likely to overwork in your zeal of becoming rich; I say *mentally*, because your faculties will soon be fuddled and huddled and muddled up; and I say *morally*, because in your zeal of becoming rich you will not resist the temptation of becoming dishonest and fraudulent. You cannot serve both God and mammon. From times immemorial up to now no person has yet been found who was able to serve both God and mammon and never will such a person be found.

A wise old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

Rather than aiming at the acquisition of wealth, aim at cultivating your faculties, strengthening your intellect, maintaining

your health, cultivating self-control, improving your character, forming good habits, and performing all duties cheerfully and ungrudgingly. Max Nordau, the noted author of "Degeneration" rightly remarks that no other business in this world pays so little as the chase after millions. You may have crores of rupees, but if your higher nature is dead and your higher faculties are barren, of what worth your life is? Instead of measuring yourself by pounds, shillings and pence, or rupees, annas and pies, measure yourself by your development of your God-given physical, mental and moral faculties, by your duties you perform.

If, however, you get superfluous wealth, wealth more than necessary for your necessities, without making it the chief object of your mind, make good use of it. Do not make ducks and drakes of your money by indulging in sensual pleasures. If you happen to roll in riches, rejoice but not because you are rich, but because you have the power to alleviate misery and to promote every good purpose, as the late Sir Shapurji Bharucha and the late Mr. Andrew Carnegie did. Says Bacon : "Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution ; the rest is but conceit."

If ever any selfish thought enters your mind, drive it away as you would a thief or a robber if he entered your house. If you will not drive it out, the result will be that that selfish thought will invite its friends to come and stay with it in your mental house and then you are sure to be a selfish man of the first order. You will then never care for the happiness of others. You will like to receive from them many things, but you will never give them a single thing from you. Needless to say that, then, in spite of your precautions, your real nature is sure to be revealed to your friends who, of course, will then shun your company, for nobody likes a selfish man, nobody wishes to keep intercourse with him.

Physics teaches us the realities of the phenomena of colours. The seven colours in the rays of the sun come into contact with objects on this earth some of which absorb these colours. But it must be remembered that such objects are not at all known by the colours they absorb, but they are known by the colour they project or throw back. In other words, green is not green, red is not red, truly speaking. The rose is red because it gives away, throws back the red colour. The leaf is green because it projects the green colour. In other words, these objects receive as well as give. But all objects are not unselfish. Black objects absorb all the colours in the rays of the sun, but they never reflect any colour. They are selfish and uncharitable. They do not throw back even an iota of what they absorb. It is this selfishness that makes us dislike the black colour. Similarly we dislike and also do not like to have anything to do with selfish persons,—selfish persons who want to receive from others various things, but never give back anything and who do not know that giving is receiving and wherein happiness lies.

CHAPTER II.

HEALTH.

"Better to hunt in the field for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught ;
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend."—*Dryden*.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven."—*Shakespeare*.

"Unhappy man ! to break the pious laws
Of Nature."—*Dryden*.

"Health is the greatest of all possessions, and 'tis a maxim
with me, that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick

"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part
Do thou but thine."—*Milton*.

"Contentment is the root of happiness,
And discontent the root of misery :
Wouldst thou be happy, be thou moderate,
Honour thy food, receive it thankfully,
Eat it contentedly and joyfully,
Ne'er hold it in contempt ; avoid excess,
For gluttony is hateful, injures health,
May lead to death, and surely bars the road,
To holy merit and celestial bliss."

"There is no better medicine than the regular and reasonable
care of one's health."—*Dr. Sonderegger*.

"What use to us is power,
Glory land and money,
If health and joy are gone
The heart's best milk and honey."—*Mathias Claudius*.

HEALTH is the greatest blessing of life. It is the most precious, the most desirable, the most important, the most essential, the most influential, the most substantial, and the most incomparable of all possessions. Without it all the pleasures of life vanish into thin air, because it itself is the greatest of all pleasures of mankind. Wealth is nothing when compared to it, because it itself is the greatest of all treasures. Without it there is no delight in life, because it itself is the greatest of all delights. Without it there is no comfort in life, because it itself is the greatest of all comforts. Without it there is no cheer, because it itself is the greatest of all cheers. In short, without it there is no happiness in life, because it plays a great part in constituting our happiness. It is, undoubtedly, one of the great sources of happiness. That is why the poorest of the poor men will not part with health for the sake of money,—no matter how large an amount of it it is. That is why the richest of the rich men will part with his money for the sake of it. As John Gay sings :

“Nor love nor honour, wealth nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise ;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.”

What are rich palaces, beautiful gardens, nuggets of gold, to health ? Health can never be purchased. He is a fool, indeed, who, in the haste of becoming rich, does not care for his health. No man however rich he is can ward off any disease, by the power of his riches. No substitute has been found and can be found for health. Without health life is not worth living. Without health life is but dullness, life is but the dark shadow of death.

“Ah ! what avails the largest gifts of heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
How tasteless then whatever can be given !
Health is the vital principle of bliss !”—*Thomson*.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of health, in the battle of life. Health is exceedingly vital to success in life. “Give me health and a day,” exclaims Emerson, “and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous !” No soldier is allowed to take part in war, if he is unhealthy. Fortunately (or unfortunately?) there is no such barrier to join the battle of life, but to be sure, an unhealthy and weak man, in the battle of life, is sure to go to the wall.

Health means power, strength, vim, vigor, and force. Health means ability, aptitude, capacity, energy and cogency. Health means skill, dexterity, cleverness, efficacy and efficiency. Health means clarity of thinking, robustness of intellect, independence of mind, strength of faculties, and might of talents. Health means courage, endurance, heroism, and fortitude. Health means assiduity, industry, diligence, exertion, and effort. Health means

patience, perseverance, constancy, and intentness. Health means self-confidence, self-reliance, self-assertion, and self-assurance. Health means no fickleness, no fancifulness, no irresoluteness, no purposelessness, and no whimsicalness. Health means no changing, no vacillating, no reeling, and no humbugging. Health means ambition, aspiration, intention and determination. And above all, health means holiness and godliness, morality and veracity, piety and purity.

It is no exaggeration to say that without health no great thing can be achieved, can be done. If you will read the biographies of men who have achieved something good, something advantageous, something beneficial, something helpful, and something useful ; something important, something essential, something powerful, something prominent, something influential, something significant, something substantial, and something great ; something inspiring, something invigorating, something rejuvenating, something serviceable, something effective, something potent, something solid, something sound, something valuable, and something worthy; something unusual, something uncommon, something extraordinary, something precious, something remarkable, something unprecedented, something unmatched, something incomparable and something unparalleled ; you will see that almost all of them were healthy and vigorous. Sound mind exists only in a sound body. If your body is weak, your mental powers are also weak. If your body is unhealthy, your mind is also unhealthy. If you wish to have the *MENS SENA*, you must first possess the *CORPUS SANUM*. The brain in a weak body may be, as Kingsley says, very active, may be very quick at catching at new and grand ideas, but it will be irritable, spasmodic, and hysterical. "It will be apt to mistake," remarks Kingsley, "capacity for talk for capacity for action, excitement for earnestness, virulence for force, and too often cruelty for justice ; it will lose manful independence, individuality, and originality."

But, perhaps, you will say that I am exaggerating when I say that without health no great thing can be achieved, can be done. Were not Pascal, Shelley, Byron, Pitt, Gokhale, Cardinal Richelieu, Burns, Keats, Francis Beaumont, Otway, Mozart, Raphael and a few others who have certainly achieved and accomplished great things, were weak and unhealthy ? I confess that they were so, but I point out that they were exceptions. All weak and unhealthy men cannot achieve and accomplish great things. These men have left their mark upon the world, not because of ill-health but in spite of it. What would they not have done, had they possessed superb health ? Would they not have accomplished greater things than what they actually have accomplished, if they would have been healthy and strong ? Would they not have lived longer and consequently, would they not have been of more use to humanity, had they possessed health and strength ?

Horace Mann said : " I am certain I could have performed twice the labour, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health at twenty-one as I do now."

From this my readers will see that health is an essential prerequisite of success in life. Consequently you must possess, at least, some knowledge of health. Knowledge of health is extremely necessary. This is not a manual of health, and so, I cannot discuss the laws of health fully. But it is worth treating them briefly.

FOOD.

Health, to a great extent depends on food. " Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," says Prof. L.H. Anderson. We are what our foods make us.

The first thing that you must remember about food is that you must eat to live and not live to eat. Guard yourself from overeating. Overeating is the cause of many of our infirmities, maladies, ailments and even diseases. You are vastly and grievously mistaken, if you hold that greater the quantity of food you take, the healthier and stronger you become. Always bear in mind that the benefit from food results in strict proportion to your capacity to digest. Too much food is worse than too little. Be moderate in eating, and do not indulge in rich dishes. The more simple your food, the more benefit you will get. Your food affects your mind too. If you overeat, if you indulge in rich dishes, your mind will not work properly.

Drive out that foolish idea from your mind that flesh of animals gives you strength. Flesh does not give you strength ; it on the contrary, takes it away. Pure vegetarian food, including milk and fruits is far superior to the so-called mixed diet. Skilful doctors, able professors, well-known scientists and chemists and physiologists have proved to the satisfaction of all, fools and idiots and the prejudiced excepted, that vegetarian food is far better than either the exclusive meat diet or mixed diet. Professor Lawrence, Dr. Charles Bell, Dr. Darwin and others have proved to the satisfaction of all, fools and idiots and the prejudiced excepted, that the structures of the organs of carnivorous animals are not at all to be found in human bodies. Professor Baron Cuvier, Dr. Fox A. Purrot, Professor Charles Bell and others have proved to the satisfaction of all, fools and idiots and the prejudiced excepted, that even our teeth are exactly of the same shape as the teeth of herbivorous animals. Again, Dr. Alexander Haig has explicitly shown to the satisfaction of all, fools and idiots and the prejudiced excepted, that human metabolism differs widely from that of the carnivora and exactly resembles that of the herbivorous animals.

Form the habit if you have not already formed, of chewing and masticating your food thoroughly. Chew chew, masticate, masticate, till it becomes almost watery. Your stomach contains

no teeth and, consequently, if you are so foolhardy enough to send it to the stomach without chewing, your stomach will strike work and will rebel against you.

Eat always, when you are hungry. Even if it is time to eat but if you are not hungry, do not take any food. If you eat without appetite, remember that you commit a sin,—a serious sin against your digestive organs which will never pardon you as they are strict accountants.

I hope it is not necessary to impress upon your minds that alcoholic drinks are highly injurious. Sufficient to say that they, weaken your body, sap your vitality, take away your virility deprive you of your clarity of thinking, debilitate your nervous system, and dwindle your disease-resisting power. Avoid these alcoholic drinks, as you would poisons.

Also, do not drink tea and coffee. Time was when they were considered as innocent and harmless drinks. But, it is now no longer considered so by expert doctors and professors. Dr. J. H. Kellogg is of the opinion that more harm is done at the present time by tea and coffee than by all forms of alcoholic drinks combined, and he deems it of the greatest importance that the efforts of temperance workers should be turned in this direction. Both tea and coffee, but more especially tea, contain poisonous elements that have a deleterious influence upon the human constitution

I strongly advise all my readers to shun smoking. Cigarettes are made from the worst kind of tobacco. It is said that saltpetre is mixed with the stuff to prevent its moulding and this drug is always deleterious to our constitution.

AIR.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of air in the building and keeping of our health. We can live without food for days together,—forty, fifty, or sixty or even more days. We can do without water for hours together, but can we live even five minutes without air? From this fact alone can be seen the necessity of fresh, pure air. And yet, many persons do not know the value of it, and they go on breathing impure air which is the cause of many of our ailments and diseases

Even if you observe all the laws of health, save this one, your health will not be good. Consider fresh air as nourishing food.

Form the habit, if you have not already formed, of deep breathing— and breathing correctly. When you draw in a breath, see to it that your abdominal region rises, and when you exhale your abdominal region lowers. Do not be chest breathers. The air should go to the lowest part of your lungs.

EXERCISE.

Exercise is absolutely necessary to health. You cannot preserve health without exercise. Exercise is a great barrier diseases. However strong and healthy you are you should

not neglect exercise. But if you are so foolhardy as to neglect it, you will certainly, year, by year, become feeble, weak, languid and timid, unhealthy, unsound, worn down, emaciated and diseased.

Mental workers should daily take some sort of exercise. Inactivity means death. You must give some sort of activity to all the parts of your body. By giving activity to your body, you indirectly give activity to your mind which can work properly, only when your body is in a good condition.

Do not say: "I have no time for taking exercise." If you wish to be healthy, if you wish to be a good mental worker, do find time for exercise as you find time for sleep and food. The present president of America—President Harding—works day and night, but still he devotes some time to the development of his body. Clemenceau, "the Tiger," daily devotes half an hour to exercise. George Stephenson worked day and night, but still he found some time for taking exercise. William Gladstone, even when he was the prime-minister of England, took daily exercise in the shape of felling trees. It is said that one day, when he was felling a tree at a Hawarden farm, a certain farmer, who saw him perspiring profusely, suggested to him that he should take it a bit easier. "I can't take it easy till I have it down," replied Mr. Gladstone.

SLEEP.

SLEEP,—proper, sound sleep is very necessary in maintaining our health. Sleep is far more necessary than food. One can go without food for days and weeks together, but no one can do without sleep even for two days. No rule can be laid down as to the number of hours of sleep that should be taken, as it depends upon one's vitality and virility. Enough to say that you must take so much sleep as to rise in the morning fresh and vigorous. Remember that the quality of your sleep is far more important than the quantity. Your sleep must be sound and deep. Four hours' sound sleep is better than eight hours' shallow sleep. In order to sleep soundly your mind must be free from all thoughts—worry thoughts, care thoughts, fear thoughts and such other morbid thoughts. Your mind must be cheerful and serene, when you go to bed. Otherwise, you will not get sound sleep and, in the morning, you will rise fatigued, weary, exhausted and worn out, instead of being refreshed, invigorated, bright and brilliant. Lord Bacon attributed his healthy and long life to the fact that whenever he went to bed he could set aside all the worries of the day and thus could enjoy sound, refreshing sleep.

CLEANLINESS.

That cleanliness is absolutely necessary for health I need not say. Cleanliness is a great promoter of health. By cleanliness, I mean not only external cleanliness, but internal clean-

liness too. There are many men who are outwardly clean but inwardly filthy. Inward cleanliness, if not more, is as necessary as outward cleanliness. Keep your stomach and your alimentary canal clean.

You must be also clean in your thoughts. Let no evil thought enter your mind. See to it that you are absolutely free from that dreadful and nasty vice of masturbation or self-pollution, as it is called. This habit has blighted more men physically and mentally than any other habit. According to Professor Fowler, self-pollution is man's sin of sins and vice of vices and has caused more sexual dilapidation, paralysis and disease, as well as demoralization than all the other sexual depravities combined. Therefore, young men, if you wish to enjoy good health and to be successful in life, avoid this nasty habit which always brings with it evil thoughts in your mind and which is sure to lead you astray. Be chaste and pure and always remain so.

MENTAL ATTITUDE.

Our health largely depends upon our mental attitude, upon our thinking; but, unfortunately, few people realize this. Remember that, even if you are healthy, if you go on constantly holding in your mind ill-health thoughts, sickness thoughts, disease thoughts, you are sure, in the long run, if not immediately, to lose your health. And, if you are weak and unhealthy, and if your mental attitude is wrong, then you will not recover your health. Self-faith is as necessary to health as it is to success.

Be optimistic. Be cheerful. If you are healthy, think that you shall continue to remain so. If you are unhealthy, think that you will soon ward off your ill-health, and you will soon be perfectly all right. Addison says: "There is no real life but cheerful life," and this is, true. Blessed is he who is cheerful. Cheerfulness has everything to do with your health. Never allow worry thoughts, fear thoughts, anger thoughts to enter your mind. They are the foes of your health, success and happiness. Consider them as mental poisons and diseases, and be as eager to keep far away from them as you are eager to shun bad people. And, if they ever enter your mind, then at once drive them out, as you would robbers and thieves. You are always very eager to keep your material house free from burglars, thieves and robbers. But, why not be as eager, if not more, to keep your mental house free from worry, fear, anger and other morbid thoughts? The experiments, made by Professor Elmer Gates, have shown that all morbid thoughts and emotions generate in the system injurious compounds, some of which are quite poisonous. Many diseases, such as, jaundice, cancer, etc. result from worry and anger, and fear has killed thousands of men.

Finally, I would advise all my readers to observe all the laws of Nature properly, strictly, and thoroughly. Nature is a strict

judge, a severe accountant. She knows no pardon, no mercy. If you break her laws, you shall have to pay the penalty for that, even if you are a king.

If you are weak and unhealthy, do not lose heart. You can certainly build your health and strength. Some of the strongest and the healthiest of the men were once weaklings. Bernarr Macfadden was in his boyhood very unhealthy. But by observing the laws of health, he became, within a few years, healthy and strong. Sandford Benett found his health after he was seventy years of age. The present President of America, in his boyhood, suffered from nervous muscular trouble. But by taking exercise and observing other laws of Nature he became perfectly healthy and strong. In referring to his nervous muscular trouble, Mr. Harding said to an interviewer:—"My prompt recovery was in large measure due to the fact that I did not wait until my condition had reached an advanced stage before I adopted remedial measures for its complete correction. My trouble was not an organic affection, but a nervous disorder affecting the muscles surrounding the heart which caused a trembling beat. It never was considered dangerous, although tending somewhat to make me rather easily fatigued. Without resorting to drugs I made several experiments in the field of natural remedies, particularly along the line of physical activity. After trying and abandoning several forms as not affecting the muscles desired, I finally discovered a simple course of exercise which entirely removed the cause of the nervous heart beat, and after a time effected a complete cure. The so-called treatment to which I refer consisted entirely of physical exercise, in the form of stair-walking. This exercise will accelerate the heart action of normal persons; that is, it exercises the muscles of the heart by making it work more vigorously. When done carefully, moderately, and slowly, it serves to mildly stimulate rather than violently excite the action of the heart, as would be the case from excessive, or heavy gymnasium or athletic work. Stair-walking deliberately, judiciously practised will build up and strengthen the muscular tone of the heart rather than break it down by exhaustion."

Eugene Sandow, when a weak boy of thirteen, went to an Art Museum. When he saw there the statues of the Apollo Belvidere and Hercules, he asked his father: "Did such men ever live? Where did they get such splendid ideas of men?" "From the Greeks," replied his father. "How did they become such men?" "By exercise," his father replied. "Could I do it?" he asked. "Why not?" From that very day, Sandow began to do it with what result you know.

James Watt was a weakling in boyhood, but by obeying Nature he became healthy and vigorous. Theodore Roosevelt, from his childhood, suffered from asthma which made him a weakling. When he was nearly twelve years of age, his father fitted up a

small gymnasium in his house and said to him : " You have brains, but you have a sickly body. In order to make your brains bring you what they ought, you must build up your body ; it depends upon you." These remarks set the boy to thinking. He made up his mind to be healthy and strong, and so, he took gymnastic exercises with almost religious devotion and observed all the laws of Nature. Within a few months, he became healthy and strong.

Lewis Cornaro was unhealthy and of an infirm constitution till he was nearly forty years of age and was rarely free from pleurisy, gout and other diseases which arose from his over-indulgence in eating and drinking. But after that he began to observe the laws of health and became well-known for temperance. The result was that he was freed in a single year from all his diseases and became healthy and strong. He lived ninety-eight years.

CHAPTER III

WORK,—INDUSTRY,—PERSEVERANCE.

"The noblest men that live on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name,
Than follows king's or warrior's fame."

"Good striving
Brings thriving :
Better a dog that works
Than a lion who shirks."—*Oriental Proverb.*

"Nor Heaven itself upon the past has power,
For what has been, has been ; and I have had my hour."—
Dryden.

* * *

"The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit
which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to
make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs."—
Emerson.

* * *

"The wretch who works not for his daily bread,
Sighs and complains, but ought not to be fed,
Think, when you see stout beggars on their stand,
The lazy are the locusts of the land."

"Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm and gain a more compacted tone."

Many and various, indeed, are the blessings of work, beyond the shadow of a doubt. We may note here some of them. There can be no doubt that work and health are closely connected. There can be no health for one who does not work physically and mentally. Work is the law of our health. It is absolutely requi-

site for our health. "Steady workmen," said once a well-known physician, "are our worst customers." If we do not work, our nervous system is sure to break down and all the functions of the body are sure to become disorderly. There is every indication that we are made for work. As long as iron and steel are made use of, they will remain bright; but, if we do not use them, rust is sure to corrupt them. Stagnant water is always dirty and filthy, but moving water is always fresh and clear. Similar is the case with our body. Activity is life, whereas inactivity or idleness means death. "Pray, of what did your brother die?" asked the celebrated general Marquis Spinola of Sir Horace Vere. "He died," replied Vere, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! sir," remarked the General, "that is enough to kill any general of us all." The story is told of a gentleman that, when he was under close confinement in the Bastille for seven years, he amused himself by scattering a few pins in his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends, afterwards, that had he not found out this way of amusing himself, he verily believed he would have gone mad. Idle persons can be well neither in body nor in mind. Their body is weak and worn out, feeble and fainting, emaciated and exhausted, delicate and diseased, unhealthy and unsound. Their mind is always sighing and grieving and mourning and rueing, always vexed and annoyed and worried and unsettled. Canning used to say: "I would not change, if I could, my subjection to physical laws, and my exposure to hunger and cold, or the necessity of constant conflict with the material world; for, without these, man would become a contemptible race." When Hannibal with his soldiers, landed at Capua, they could not resist their foe, whom they had conquered many times before, as they were corrupted by idleness.

Work also means virtue. Work tends to make us virtuous, whereas idleness involves us in moral ruin.

The idle always acquire and contract bad and dissolute habits. Being weary of doing nothing, they always take recourse to criminal diversions in order to kill time. Idleness is the mother of all vices.

"In works of labour or of skill,
Let me be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do"—*Dr. Watts.*

It is indeed a matter for sorrow that, though many are the blessings of work, now-a-days, people try to shun work, and they work simply because they are compelled to do so. Work, which is their friend, they consider as foe, and idleness, which is their foe, they consider as friend. They forget that true nobility, true divinity, true glory, true sublimity, consist in work. When Hatim Tai was asked whether he had ever seen or heard of any person in the world more noble-minded than himself, he said: "Yes, I have.

One day, after having sacrificed forty camels, I went along with an Arab chief to the skirt of a desert, where I saw a labourer, who had made up a bundle of thorns, and whom I asked why he did not go to the feast of Hatim Tai, to whose table people were going in crowds. He replied that whosoever ate bread from his own labour will not submit to be under obligation to Hatim Tai. I considered this man as my superior in point of generosity and liberality." One day, when Napoleon was taking a walk with Lady Balcombe in the island of St. Helena, some servants carrying a heavy load approached them. The lady haughtily and indignantly told them to get out of the way; but, Napoleon, stepping out of the road, remarked: "Let us respect those who are carrying a load."

Work is the law of life. He, who does not work, should be regarded as a rascal, as a criminal. As a matter of fact, in Athens, formerly, the idle were regarded as rascals and criminals and condign punishment was inflicted on them. Formerly, in England, also, idleness was punished. For the first offence, there, it is said, the idler was taken before a justice and his fault was recorded; for the second one he was burned on his hands, and for the third he was put to death. Says Jeremy Taylor: "Idleness is the burial of a living man—an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth, like a vermin or a wolf. When their time comes, they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good; They neither plough nor carry burthens; all that they do is either unprofitable or mischievous. Idleness, indeed, is the greatest prodigality in the world."

The story is told of a farmer, that, when on his death-bed, he spoke thus to his sons: "My sons, it is true I do not leave you much property, but still I leave two treasures for you which you will find hidden in our field." After saying this, the dying farmer remained silent. "In which field? Father, where should we dig to find these treasures?" The sons asked their father. But, no reply was forthcoming, though the sons repeated these questions several times and tried their best to get it. Their father seemed to be unconscious and he died without speaking anything more. They had never suspected that their father possessed any treasure. Consequently they became vastly joyous at the thought that they would become rich. But, where to find those treasures, was a burning question with them. Their father had said that they were in the field, but there were several fields. After thinking for some time, the boys determined to dig a field in which they suspected the treasures to be. They dug and dug all the fields, but they did not find any treasure. They continued to search for years together, each year reaping a good ample crop from them, but found not any treasure.

One day, an old devoted friend of their father visited them and said thus to them. "My young boys, the time has now come for me to fulfil the wishes of your late father, concerning the treasures of which he spoke to you. Your father used to tell me that he was not satisfied with your work; you were not as active and hard-working as you ought to have been. He was awfully afraid and was of the opinion that your carelessness and your sloth and your love of pleasure would involve you in ruin. In order to make you industrious and economical and prudent, he devised the plan of making you look for treasures. His plan, as it seems to me, has succeeded admirably, for you have become industrious, economical and sober. You have found the two treasures which he bequeathed to you, *viz.* Industry and Economy."

I need not say that work,—unremitting, regular and unbroken work is one of the greatest elements of success in life. No great thing was ever achieved, no important act was ever done, no prominent deed was ever accomplished, no significant consummation was ever fulfilled, no substantial effect was ever produced, without work. The history of our present civilisation is the history of work. All great things, all important acts, all prominent deeds, all significant consummations, all substantial effects, are the results of work. It is work—hard unremitting work that has made many men and women and will continue to make many men and women, famous, eminent, glorious, renowned, reputed, and immortal. Gladstone's name is famous all over the world, because from his boyhood till his old age he worked and worked hard. Disraeli, Dadabhai Naoroji, Pherozshaw Mehta, Gokhale, Pitt, Burke, Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and others have left their footprints on the sands of time, because they all worked and worked hard.

When William Wilberforce asked Lord Eldon how two of his young friends could best make their way at the bar, his lordship replied: "I have no rule to give them, but they must make up their minds to live like a hermit and work like a horse." Indeed, living like a hermit and working like a horse have made many men and women successful in their lives. Peter the Great of Russia is still well-known all over the world to-day, because, though a King, he lived like a hermit and worked like a horse. When he came to the throne, he resolved to make his country a power in Europe and to improve the condition of his subjects. With this aim, he first acquainted himself with navigation. He went in a Dutch ship for a short voyage to learn all the duties of a seaman. It is said that he commenced scrubbing the decks, lighting fires, and waiting at table. He then became a sailor, then a helmsman and mate, and, within a short time, thoroughly learned to steer a ship. Once, there was a great storm and Peter encouraged all the men in the ship by saying. "Did you ever hear of a Russian Czar being drowned?" Peter himself in order to steer the ship, took hold of the tiller, but the pilot rudely said to the

King to mind his own business and get out of his way, as he (i.e. the pilot) understood how to guide it better than him. After the pilot had brought the ship safely through the storm and dangerous rocks, he thought of the rudeness he showed to the King. He fell at his feet and entreated him to have mercy upon him and forgive him for his rudeness. "There is nothing to forgive," said the noble King, as he kissed him on his forehead, "I thank you for having brought me safely, and also for the fitting rebuke you administered to me." After becoming a good navigator, Peter made up his mind to visit foreign countries in order that he might see and observe and learn various things in them and then to introduce them in his own country. When he was in Holland, he bought a small vessel which he fitted up with a new bowsprit which he himself had made independently. He worked first as a ship-carpenter in a dockyard and strictly observed its rules and regulations. The ship-carpenters, among whom he worked, were vastly astonished to see the Czar work like them till he was tired. He rose early and cooked his food with his own hands. He tried to know everything connected with ship-building, and worked like a common workman. He took his pay for his work at the same rate as other workmen. Once, having received a small sum, he said: "This will do to buy me a pair of shoes, of which I stand in great need." He then went to a shop and bought a pair of it, saying: "I have earned this by the sweat of my brow." When he was sufficiently acquainted with ship-building, he set out to see and observe various things in Holland. On seeing any new object, he immediately asked questions about it and thus gained knowledge about it. It is said that one day he was, on account of his extreme curiosity, entangled in the machinery of a windmill, and once, having gone to the top of a machine, he fell and seriously injured one of his legs. He went to hospitals and attended medical lectures and learned to bleed and draw teeth. He visited various museums and manufactories and saw all things worth seeing. From Holland, he went to England to see her navy of world-wide fame and dockyards and to acquire knowledge about English ship-building. As in Holland, he also worked in England in the dockyard at Deptford on the site of which is inscribed: "Here worked as a ship carpenter Peter, Czar of all the Russians, afterwards Peter the Great, 1698." He visited manufactories and workshops and courts and museums and the Houses of Parliament and learned much. From England, he went to other countries with the same aim and then returned to Russia to make his country great.

One of the reasons why Queen Victoria the Good was so loved and admired and will ever be remembered by the whole world is that she lived like a hermit and worked like a horse. On one occasion, one of her ministers carried to the Queen some papers to sign and spoke something about managing so as to give her "less trouble." She looked up from the papers and said.

"Pray, never let me hear those words again; never mention the word 'trouble.' Only tell me how the thing is to be done, and done rightly, and I will do it if I can."

Sir Phirozshaw Mehta, whose name still sounds, like the call of a trumpet, was such a power in India, because he lived like a hermit and worked like a horse. Would Gokhale ever have been famous, had he not lived like a hermit and worked like a horse? Sir Dinshaw Wacha has established his reputation, because from his boyhood he has lived like a hermit and worked like a horse. Even when he was seventy years old, Sir Dinshaw was the active managing agent of the Morarji Gokuldas and Sholapure Mills, an active Trustee of the Victoria Technical Institute, the active President of the Bombay Presidency Association, the active President of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee, an active member of the Bombay Corporation, an active member of the Imperial Trust Board, and an active member of the Bombay Legislative Council.

What would George Benjamin Clamenceau, the "Old Tiger of France," have been to-day, if he had not from his boyhood lived like a hermit and worked like a horse? After he was recovered from a bullet that an anarchist had shot into him in 1918, when one of his devoted friends asked him why he did not retire from public life there and then, the Tiger replied: "Who? I? Why, I shall just be beginning! If I retire from public service, I shall go to my study and write books. I have three or four in mind now, and when they are completed I shall write some more."

It was because Julius Cæsar lived like a hermit and worked like a horse that besides performing his duties as a King, he was able to write books on grammar, history, astronomy and on various subjects and, above all, his immortal Memoirs of his military exploits which he preserved, when being obliged to throw himself from his ship in the Bay of Alexandria and swim for his life, by holding the Memoirs in his teeth and making his way to the shore with arms in one hand.

Macaulay has made his name immortal, because he lived like a hermit and worked like a horse. He began to work like a horse from his fourth year. He studied vastly, when a child, lying on the rug before the fire, his book on the ground and a piece of bread with butter thereon in one of his hands. When he went to school, his mother explained to him that thenceforth he must study without the consolation of bread and butter. In reply, Macaulay said: "Yes, mamma dear, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." And he did make industry his bread and attention his butter, throughout his whole life, which made him the most popular British prose-writer, one of the most zealous politicians and educationists.

It was because Sir Walter Scott made industry his bread and attention his butter that made him a good novelist. From his childhood, he worked hard. One day, when the child was sitting, at the gate of the house, with his attendant, a beggar asked for alms. When he went away, his attendant remarked to Scott that he should be thankful to God for having placed him above want and misery. The child looked up at his face half-earnestly and half-incredulously and, in his turn, remarked : "Homer was a beggar." "How do you know that?" inquired the attendant. "Why," answered he, "don't you know that. 'Seven Grecian cities strove for Homer dead.

Through which the living Homer begged for bread?"

John Ruskin was so learned a man because he made industry his bread and attention his butter. Before he was three, he used to climb into a chair and preach. He used to say: "People, be dood. If you are dood, Dod will love you; if you are not dood, Dod will not love you. People, be dood."

It was because Milton made industry his bread and attention his butter that he became one of the greatest learned poets the world has ever seen. In winter he used to begin his work, often before the sound of bell awoke men from their sleep, and in summer he used to work just at the time the bird first roused. Such was also the case with Goethe whose maxim was "Work without haste and without rest." Says he:

"Haste not, let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, and know thy might;
Haste not, years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
Rest not, Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die:
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for age,
When these forms have passed away."

Swami Ram Tirtha was one of the most learned men in the world, because he made industry his bread and attention his butter. So hard-working, indeed, was he that when he was in America, he, in spite of his many strenuous public labours, read in two years almost the whole range of American literature. It is because Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, from his boyhood, has made industry his bread and attention his butter that he won the Nobel prize and is one of the most learned men and is one of the greatest philosophers to-day.

What, would Edmund Burke ever have been a learned writer and a political philosopher, if he had not made industry his bread and attention his butter? "If you ask me to explain how Burke

has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family," said one of his brothers to a friend after listening to one of his wonderful speeches he had delivered in the Parliament, "I would have but one explanation to make. When the rest of us were at play, he was always at work. He could get more play out of work than anyone else I ever knew."

Sir Walter Raleigh was able to become a learned man, because he made industry his bread and attention his butter. From his boyhood, he had to pass his life in the camp and on ship-board amidst the toils and anxieties of war. Yet thus occupied, he devoted four hours every day to reading and study, only five being given to sleep. Would Columbus, leading the life of a seaman, ever have become the greatest geographer and astronomer of his time, if he had not made industry his bread and attention his butter? It was because Sir Dudley North made industry his bread and attention his butter that he was able to become a great philosopher, though he had to spend many hours in his profession of a merchant.

William Pitt would never have been a great man had he not made industry his bread and attention his butter. At the age of seven, he took so great an interest in grave and difficult subjects and so great was his enthusiasm in pursuing his study, and so good and remarkable were his opinions on controversial questions and burning topics of the day, that his parents and relatives and teachers could not but be amazed. When the child heard the news that his father had become the Earl of Chatham, he exclaimed: "I am glad that I am not the eldest son. I want to speak in the House of Commons like papa." And he did speak in the House of Commons like his papa. When he delivered his first speech in it, on the 26th of February, 1781, he took the House by storm. His perfect control over the English tongue, his beautifully constructed extempore sentences, the silver tones of his voice which was as clear as a bell, at once delighted and astonished everybody in the House. It is said that Burke was actually moved to tears and exclaimed: "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." "Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament," said a member who was opposed to the party of Fox. "He is so already," remarked Fox who was true as steel and jealous of nobody, and soon after he put Pitt's name at Brookes's to which only the best statesmen belonged. Before he was twenty-five, he was the most powerful man, not only in England, not only in Europe, but in the whole world.

The reason why Boswell was able to write the biography of Johnson with such excellence was that he made industry his bread and attention his butter. Macaulay talks nonsense when he says that he became the best of the biographers by reason of his weaknesses and that had he not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer.

"What is it, Ralph?" the wife of Emerson cried one night, when she was startled to find her husband out of bed, striking a match to light the gas. "I have an idea!" Emerson answered. Lest the idea should run away afterwards from his mind, the great American writer rose from the bed for the express purpose of taking it down in his note-book.

There are many men to-day who wish to perform great deeds, who wish to achieve great things, who wish to be famous, who wish to leave their mark on the history of their country. But the trouble with the most of these men is that they are not willing to pay the price of success. In other words, they do not work hard and if they work they work by fits and starts. Such men amount almost to nothing. They cannot achieve any great thing, accomplish any great deed.

It is continuous and unremitting toil, indefatigable and untiring diligence, ceaseless and constant industry, incessant and regular efforts, unbroken and unceasing exertion, rigid and inflexible perseverance, apish and bulldog tenacity, strict and rigorous persistence, that achieve great things; accomplish great deeds; produce prominent effects; make remarkable progress. If you prefer inaction and laziness to diligence and perseverance, so-called ease and so-called comfort to toil and assiduity, you are a good-for-nothing fellow,—you are absolutely worthless. If you wish to amount to *something*, if you wish to be *somebody*, you must be diligent and persevering; you must strain every nerve; and you must work like a horse. If you put nothing how can you get anything? By what law, by what philosophy, by what principle, can you get even an iota of anything? Write it in your heart that you cannot get even an iota of anything for nothing.

Desultory work is almost useless. You must work assiduously, you must toil unremittingly, you must persevere untiringly, you must strain every nerve, in order to amount to *something* in this world, to be *somebody* in this world.

"No pains" means "no gains," no exertion means no execution, no activity means no accomplishment, no assiduity means no achievement, no diligence means no deeds, no perseverance means no performance, no constancy means no consummation, no tenacity means no transaction, no persistence means no proceeding, no effort means no effect, no sweat means no sweet.

There is a proverb of the wise King Solomon which says: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before Kings." Who can say that our experience does not attest the truth of this proverb? Almost all great men were persevering; and had it not been for their perseverance, they would have died obscure, unknown and unsung. The world would not have been what it is to-day, had it not been for their perseverance.

Work ! work ! work ! Persevere ! persevere ! persevere ! If an able and adroit, capable and clever, smart and skilful, keen and quick-witted, ingenious and intelligent, gifted and talented, man has no diligence, no persistence, no perseverance, he will not succeed in life. A diligent and persevering man, even if he is not gifted and talented, has far greater chances of success than such a man. A man, even though he be endued with talents, without assiduity and perseverance, is like a watch without the mainspring. What the mainspring is to a watch, perseverance is to success in life. Carlyle has defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Though this definition is not literally and etymologically true, yet it explicitly brings out the fact that even genius can accomplish almost nothing except by dint of great exertion and perseverance. "People sometimes attribute my success to my genius," said Alexander Hamilton: "all the genius I know anything about is hard work." Many people think that Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the King of the Steel World, is a genius. But just hear what he himself says. He says: "The thing that most people call 'genius' I do not believe in. That is, I am sure that few successful men are so-called 'natural geniuses.'" He is firmly imbued with the opinion that he is only a man of ordinary talents, just as you and I are, who has by sheer hard work succeeded in doing what he wanted to do.

It is no exaggeration to say that all remarkable achievements were effected by perseverance. The ark was built by Noah by persevering for one hundred and twenty-years. It was after a siege of ten years that the Greeks were able to take Troy. It took Cobden and John Bright thirteen years to get the Corn Law repealed. Bacon wrote and rewrote his *Inductive Logic* twelve times before it reached its form in what he called "*Novum Organum*." Sir Isaac Newton assures us that whatever he has done is due entirely to patient thought. Virgil had to devote seven years to his "*Georgics*" and eleven to his "*Aeneid*." Gibbon had to devote twenty years to his "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*." George Bancroft took twenty-six years to write the "*History of the United States*." Goldsmith, who tells us that by a long habit of writing one acquires a greatness of thinking and a mastery of manner which holiday writers, with ten times the genius, may vainly attempt to equal, worked seven years for his "*Deserted Village*." Comte de Buffon wrote and rewrote his "*E'poques de la Nature*" eleven times before he was satisfied with it. Mark Twain wrote and rewrote an article a dozen or more times. Robert Stevenson, even after he became famous, used to write and rewrite an article nearly eight times. Paderewski, the great pianist, used to play a single note two or three hundred times or even more until he was satisfied. George Stephenson devoted fifteen years for the perfection of his locomotive, and Watts devoted thirty years for the perfection of his engine. Harvey worked for eight years for his discovery of the circulation of blood.

Just think, would Columbus ever have discovered the New World, if he had no perseverance? When he went to Portugal in 1474, and laid his project before Alphonso, the King of Portugal, the King was too much engaged to pay attention to it. But, in 1481, when John II succeeded Alphonso, Columbus succeeded in obtaining an audience with the King, the result of which was that the King submitted his project to a learned council which considered it as fantastic and visionary. But still, the King sent a vessel privately to test the plan of Columbus. It was pretended that the said learned council required a detailed plan of his proposed voyage with charts. When they were produced, they were given to the captain of a ship to test his plan. After sailing westward for several days, the ocean became stormy by which the captain lost all courage and so, he returned and ridiculed the plan of Columbus. Columbus became indignant at this and declined all offers of King John to renew the voyage. He went to Spain in 1485. There he acquainted himself with some men of learning who introduced him to the Count of Medina Celi who had a principality along the coast with ports and shipping. The Count, after politely listening to Columbus, determined to give him some three or four vessels. But, unfortunately, he suddenly changed his mind thinking that it was the duty of the Government to help him. The Count then wrote about the project of Columbus to Isabella, the Queen of Spain. In her reply, she asked the Count to send Columbus to her. Consequently, Columbus went to the Queen who liked him from the beginning on account of his profound earnestness and his deep candour and his nice way of talking. She decided that his plan should be carefully considered. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to examine and report upon it. But the committee considered the plan as idiotic. Columbus was disappointed, but he was determined to persevere. It is said that as he went through the streets of Spain, people ridiculed him and young boys ran after him with their fingers on their foreheads which intimated that he was a fit candidate for Bedlam. Very few showed sympathy to him, the most notable among whom being Professor Diegs De Deza who, struck by the earnestness and genius of Columbus, determined to befriend him. He invited him to Salamanca, as there were many learned men. He, of course, went there and held many audiences with them. But, alas! he could not convince the majority of them by his arguments. When he said that the world was round, he was laughed down by those learned men. They said: "Is there any one so foolish as to believe that there are people with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upwards and their heads downwards?" Again, they argued that admitting the world to be round, should a ship ever succeed in going to the other side, could it ever return? No possible force of wind could bring or drive it back over the rotundity of this earth. Thus nearly fifteen years passed away, but to no fruitful result. During the next two years, Spain was engaged in war and so nobody took notice of his project,

though Isabella informed him that as soon as opportunity allowed her, she would give full consideration to his project. But, though three years passed away, the Queen could not consider it. At last his patience was exhausted. He resolved to go to France and there try, without communicating his intention to the Queen. But he made known his resolve to his sympathetic friends one of whom, who possessed great influence in the court, at once wrote a letter to Isabella in which he entreated and urged her not to abandon such a grand project by which her kingdom would be exalted. Within half a month, he received a reply from her in which she asked him to visit her. He, of course, for the sake of Columbus, went to her and fortunately the question was settled within a few days, order was issued which bade Columbus to go to the Queen and which made known the fact that a sum of money, amounting to our Rs. 500, was to be given for his expenses. Columbus held several conferences with the Queen. He demanded that he should be appointed Admiral and Viceroy over the countries he would discover with one-tenth of all the profits which might accrue. The Spanish courtiers became indignant at such demands. The Queen herself did not like them. She, in her turn, offered concessions which he did not like, arguing with him that he should not be so ambitious; but, it was in vain that she argued. He did not cede one iota of his demands and as the Queen also did not yield, the result was that Columbus had to go away. He resolved to go to France. Bidding farewell to his friends, he started on his journey in the beginning of February, 1492. His friends, who believed in his genius, were deeply moved. Two of them sought to hold conference with the Queen. They succeeded in doing so, and they in their conversation expressed their surprise to her that she, who had undertaken many perilous and adventurous schemes, should abandon the project of Columbus upon such a trifling reason. They impressed on her mind that the fame of her Empire, by undertaking it, would be spread far and wide and if Columbus would be successful, Spain would be the most powerful country in the whole world. Isabella was successfully persuaded by them to undertake it. In the meantime Columbus had only proceeded some six miles on his journey, and so he was easily overtaken by a courtier of the Queen who asked him to return. At first he hesitated, but, on further consideration, he returned. On his arrival he held an audience with her, the result of which was that a commission was signed by Isabella and her husband in which the dignities and prerogatives of viceroy and governor were made hereditary in the family of Columbus with some other concessions. It was resolved that the expedition was to sail from Palos, to the authorities concerned of which the royal proclamation was read which required them to be ready for the expedition within ten days. But the owners of vessels refused to furnish any vessel, and seamen,—even the boldest of them refused to go with Columbus in such a perilous adventure. Consequently, many weeks passed away without any result. Orders were given to the

magistrates to force the seamen to go and the owners of vessels to give vessels. But even this proved to be unsuccessful. But, at last, two brothers who were called Pinzons, undertook to sail and furnish vessels. As they were men of rank, they succeeded in inducing some sailors to join them and the rest were compelled to go by the Government. On the third of August, 1492, Columbus with his men began the voyage, the result of which the whole world knows. Thus after eighteen years of perseverance, Columbus succeeded in starting his expedition, and during these eighteen years he had to suffer much,—suffer from poverty and ridicule. And he persevered and suffered because he knew that :

“Success is like a lovely woman, wooed
By many men, but folded in the arms
Of him alone, who free from overzeal
Firmly persists and calmly perseveres.”

Just think, would there have been any union by the cable between the Old World and the New, if Cyrus Field had not persevered? He crossed the Atlantic ocean for the purpose of laying the cable fifty times, but without success. He still worked on and on spending his money over what Americans called the “fool scheme,” and succeeded in laying the cable. But, within a short time, all of a sudden, it stopped working without any apparent cause. Did Field, by this disaster, give up his hopes? Was he disheartened? No, he persevered and finally succeeded in making it work again, and thus united the Old World and the New by the cable.

Just think, would slavery have been abolished, had not William Wilberforce persevered? For eight successive years, he introduced his Bill, but only to be rejected by the Parliament. He introduced it once more; it passed the Commons, but it was rejected by the so-called noble but selfish and narrow-minded English Lords. But was he discouraged? Not a bit. The spirit in which he persevered is shown by himself in his diary in which he wrote: “May God bless me in this great work now in hand. May I look to Him for wisdom and strength and the power of persuasion and may I surrender myself to Him as to the event with perfect submission, and ascribe to Him all the praise if I succeeded and if I fail, I will say from my heart: ‘Thy will be done.’”

Had it not been for his perseverance Sebastian Gomez, “Murillo’s Mulatto,” would have died a slave and would never have become a famous painter. When he was a slave to Murillo, he, without taking the help of his master or his pupils and without letting them know, worked hard at painting. He often compared his progress with that of his master’s pupils. When he became confident and courageous, he, one day, privately at night, corrected the mistakes of the works of the pupils and improved them. The students were vastly surprised to see in the morning their works improved and mistakes corrected. As they were superstitious,

they attributed this fact to the nocturnal industry of some supernatural spirit, and Gomez, to avoid any suspicion, supported them in their foolish belief by remarking that it must have been Zomba, a spirit whom the West Indian negroes feared. But Murillo, their master did not believe in any such superstition, and so, he quietly instituted a close personal investigation on that very day, the result of which was that he found, to his immense surprise, his slave working at his pupils' works. The next morning he summoned him to his room, and when he confessed on his knees the secret of his hard work at night, he raised him up with kind words of encouragement. On that very day he set him free, and made him his pupil and successor. As everybody knows, Gomez, by perseverance, became one of the most famous painters in Spain.

When Disraeli rose for the first time to deliver a speech in the British Parliament, he was laughed down as nobody wanted to hear him. Just before taking his seat, he remarked: "I have begun several times many things and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but time will come when you will hear me." And time did come, which he brought by perseverance, when everybody heard him, and that too, with breathless attention.

Work ! work ! work ! Persevere ! persevere ! persevere !—no matter how many difficulties and obstacles stare you in the face. Difficulties should not dishearten you, obstacles should not obstruct you. Do not be afraid of difficulties and obstacles. Every path is beset with them. Face them cheerfully and courageously, and if you will only persevere, you shall certainly overcome them.

"He wins the fight who can the most endure,
Who faces obstacles with confidence secure."

Perseverance is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. It has been remarked that success is like the robbers' cavern in the "Forty Thieves;" one key will open it and that is perseverance. There are no difficulties which are invincible and insuperable, no obstacles are such that are unconquerable and insurmountable. Do not shrink from undertaking a task, simply because dangers and pitfalls lie ahead. If you so wish, you can make them vanish into thin air. Where there is a will, there is a way. Any coward can fight when he is sure that there are no obstacles, but the real brave man is he who fights in spite of difficulties and dangers. *Says George Eliot:*

"No great deed is done —
By falterers who ask for certainty."

When you give up any cause for fear of difficulties, you simply lose the opportunity of calling forth your latent power, of arousing your energy, and of developing your physical and mental and moral growth. They are the warp and woof, the alpha and omega of sturdy character. Do not be a coward. Make a dead set at

them with the courage of a lion, with the determination of a Napoleon, and with the tenacity of a bulldog. And when once you have overcome them by grappling with them, you will laugh at yourself if you were disheartened at first. A man who has faced difficulties, is an experienced man, a man of winning stuff.

Consider your difficulties as your friends and not your foes. Make them your stepping stones instead of stumbling blocks. It is they which teach you and discipline you and drill you and nurture you and educate you and school you; it is they which establish you and confirm you and settle you and substantiate you and strengthen you; in short, it is they which make a real man or a real woman of you. Difficulties! Ah, it is my earnest wish that in the battle of life I may meet them! Difficulties! Ah, how I wish to face them, encounter them and grapple with them! Difficulties! Ah, it is my earnest wish that my path may be attended by them! I will rather consider that man fortunate who has met with difficulties and encountered them, than a man who has not seen them. Who is better—a fair weather sailor or the one who has met and faced the stormy sea? Socrates used to say that if the Almighty held in His right hand everlasting happiness, and in His left the pursuit of it, he would choose the left hand. Says Burke: "Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial."

Just think, if Columbus and Field would have been afraid of difficulties and would not have faced them, would they have succeeded in discovering the New World and laying the Atlantic cable, respectively?

If Demosthenes would have been afraid of difficulties, would he ever have made his name as an expert orator? One day, when he was a young boy, he went to hear a famous orator, called Callistratus, plead at a court. The people were so very pleased by his speech that he was highly honoured by them. Young Demosthenes thought to himself: "Ah, what a glorious thing it would be to speak thus in public!" At that very moment, he resolved to become an orator. When he was seventeen years old or so, he made his first speech. He thought that people would honour him and would be delighted with his speech. But, instead of that, they laughed him down and often interrupted him. Consequently, he could not recollect what he had to say and his speech was a failure. But he was not cowed down by this failure. He was determined not to be beaten. After a few months, he made his second speech, but that also proved to be a failure.

After delivering that speech, as he was going home in great distress covering his face with his robe so that people may not see it, an actor, who was his devoted friend, saw him and at once recognised him. He advised Demosthenes that he must learn to speak distinctly and carefully and in a delightful manner, otherwise people will not hear him. Demosthenes determined to speak thus. He made a sort of cave for himself, so that he might not be disturbed by anybody, and there he practised to speak. He used to stay in this cave, sometimes, two and three months together and kept one side of his head shaved, so that he could not go out even when he was inclined to do so. His chief difficulties were that he was stammering, that he was asthmatical, and lastly his voice was very weak and squeaking. He overcame his first difficulty by speaking with pebbles in his mouth. He cured his asthma by repeating poetry as he ran uphill. And, he strengthened his voice by declaiming near the roaring sea, amidst the tumult of the stormy waves.

Hundreds of men were able to become scholars and learned men, in spite of many difficulties. Epictetus, the stoic philosopher, was a slave in his youth. Necessity compelled him to be a slave, but he did not grumble about his condition. He knew that he could not alter this fact by rueing and lamenting. No doubt he hated slavery, but he was a good slave. Consequently, he gained liberty and, amidst many hardships and difficulties, was able to become a philosopher.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his memoirs, tells us that in Queen's county he saw a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and who, when making a bench for session justices at the courthouse, was laughed at for taking pains in planing and smoothing its seat. He smilingly observed that he did it to make it easy for himself, as he expected he should not die before he had a right to sit thereon. As he was a persevering and honest man this expectation was fulfilled. Sir Jonah says that he succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence uprightly. He lived to sit as a magistrate on the very bench he had shaved and planed.

Mr. Douglas, in his "Round About Bombay," gives us a good instance of a poor Bombay clerk, who, being unable to afford to pay for candles, used to study Shakespeare on the top of the Custom House by the light of the moon.

It was amidst many difficulties that Protagoras, Duval, Ben Jonson, John Hunter, Haily, Protoges, Johnson, Erasmus, Dr. Parr and some others, became learned men. The well-known linguist Professor Alexander Murray learnt to write by scribbling on an old wood card with the end of a burnt leather stem. Professor Moor being too poor to buy Newton's "Principia" borrowed the book from a friend and copied the whole of it. Cobbett tells us that he learned grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his berth or that of the guard bed was his seat to study. His knapsack was his bookcase and a

piece of board lying on his lap his writing-table. He had no money to purchase candle or oil. In winter, it was rarely that he could get any evening light but that of the fire and, that too, when it was his turn. "And, again, I say," says Cobbett, "if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance?"

Knut Hamsun, the winner of the Nobel Prize in 1920, when a boy was considered too stupid to make a good conductor on a Chicago trolley line. It was after a career of hard work—hard work which he did in spite of many difficulties and obstacles and failures and when poverty and starvation he had to live in, that he attained this high honour. "I worked," he says, "I worked and starved; but I was determined that something should come out of it—and something did."

The late Mr. Cowasji Nanabhoy Davar, who was the first man in India to start a cotton factory in 1855 at Tardeo, knew when he resolved to start it that he would have to undergo and overcome many formidable difficulties. At that time, as Sir Dinshaw Wacha says, our railways and telegraphs were in their infancy; steam navigation was unheard of; ships laden with foreign goods and machinery took at least one hundred and twenty days to reach Bombay from Liverpool; no such things as sea-cables then existed; transportation and haulage were exceedingly of a primitive character; skilled artisanship was rare, and nobody knew what organisation was. In spite of these difficulties, Mr. Davar boldly started the said factory. He was firmly imbued with the opinion that:—

"The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
And make the impossibility they fear."

It was because Jamshedji N. Tata feared no difficulties and bravely faced them that he was able to establish many industries in India.

It was because Wellington grappled with difficulties that he was able to become a military genius, a man of dogged determination and unflinching courage.

When a student, who, on account of some difficulties, could not understand and master the first elements of mathematics went to D'Alembert in order to seek his advice, D'Alembert said: "Go on, sir, and faith and strength will come to you."

Not only should you not be terrified and frightened by difficulties and obstacles, but even by afflictions and calamities. Do not be alarmed and scared by afflictions and calamities. They teach you and instruct you much. "Nothing could be more unhappy than a man who has never known afflictions," says Demetrius. Therefore, do not whine, do not complain, do not despair, but go on doing your duties facing calamities courageously. Of what stuff

you are made of will only be seen by what you do and how you act under calamities and afflictions. *Says Longfellow :*

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,

Amid these earthly damps,

What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,

May be heaven's distant lamps."

Some of the best works in literature and science were written, in spite of calamities. For example, Christopher Smart wrote "A Song of David," with charcoal on the walls of his cell, when confined in a madhouse. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the "History of the World," during his imprisonment. It was in Bedford gaol that Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrims' Progress." "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were composed by Homer, when he was blind. Luther translated the Bible, when in prison. The late Mr. Tilak wrote one of his books, during his imprisonment. Madame Roland wrote her well-known "Memoirs" during the two months in prison just before her execution. Milton wrote his immortal epic as well as "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," when he was blind. Of his sufferings, he himself says:

"Yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot

Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer

Right onward."

The well-known scientist, Galileo, continued his researches though deprived of his eyesight, three years before his death. Robert Louis Stevenson had to write part of the "Child's Garden of Verses" with his left hand, because his right one was confined to a sling. When he became speechless on account of hæmorrhage, he had to dictate a novel in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

Count De Pagan, the well-known mathematician, entered the army at the early age of twelve. Within five years, he lost his left eye at a certain siege. But still, he pursued his calling with his usual enthusiasm which made him distinguish himself by many acts of rare courage. When he was, at the age of thirty-eight, about to be sent to Portugal as a Field Marshal, he was thrown into an illness which unfortunately deprived him of his remaining eye. He bore this calamity with patience and made up his mind to be of some use to his country, in some other way. From his boyhood he was fond of mathematics, and consequently, he devoted himself with rare diligence to this science, with the object of improving the science of fortification with which he was well acquainted. During the next twelve years, which he was able to pass in blindness, he wrote many books on this subject.

Cervantes, the noted Spanish writer, as a soldier in 1571, lost his left hand fighting against the Turks. Soon after this calamity, he was taken at sea by the Algerines who imprisoned him for five years. After becoming free, he returned to his mother country in which he was, within a few years, confined in Madrid gaol by an absolutely unjust decision of the court in a cause in which he was involved. It was in this gaol that the first part of Don Quixote, which has made his name immortal, was written by him.

Francis Salinas, the noted Spanish musician, who lived in the sixteenth century, though born blind, early distinguished himself in music as well as in science and ancient dead languages. He lived to be a professor of music in the University of Salamanca.

Work ! work ! work ! Persevere ! persevere ! persevere !—no matter how many times you fail. If you fail, do not grieve and lament, but begin again doing your work, always keeping in mind the lesson that your failure or failures have taught you. Consider failures as stepping stones which are to be made use of in order to rise to a better and higher and nobler position. Never give up hope. Hope and hope for the best. When hope dies, you are also practically dead. Goldsmith truly says:

“ Hope, like the glimmering taper’s light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. ”

Hope plays a great part in leading you to success. No man has ever been ruined by hope, but despair and whining and groaning have killed many. On one occasion, when Alexander was asked by some of his friends what he would keep for himself since he lavished so many gifts upon others, he replied: “ Hope, well knowing that when all accounts have been cleared, ‘ Hope ’ is the true inheritance of all that are bent upon great enterprises.” On another occasion, when he divided his kingdom among his friends just before going to Asia, Perdicas asked: “ My lord, what have you left for yourself ? ” “ Hope, ” at once replied Alexander.

When the mutinous sailors of Columbus, during his first expedition, refused to go further and threatened him for his life, he reasoned with them and advised them to be brave and hopeful. “ But sir, ” asked one of them, “ what are we to do when our hope has entirely vanished. ” “ Let us sail on, sail on, sail on and on, hoping for the best, ” Columbus replied.

Instead of wasting your time by whining and grieving and crying over the spilt milk, begin trying, once more, the work you wish to accomplish,—no matter how many times you have failed. Once, an officer made many excuses to Lord Kitchener for failing to obey his lordship’s order. After patiently hearing him, Kitchener said : “ Your reasons for not doing it are the best I ever heard ; now go and do it. ”

Hardly any man has not met with failures in his life. The world would not have been what it is to-day, if those men, who have made their contribution to the growth of it, would have submitted to failures.

There is no shame in falling, but there *is*, if you do not get on your feet again. Work as enthusiastically after failures as before. By all means, rise like a rocket, but do not fall like a stick after failures. Remain undaunted by them. You should be goaded into action by them. They are not meant for despair or disappoint-

ment, but are, on the contrary, meant to serve you as a spur to action, as a stimulus to ambition, and are meant to egg you on to fight. Do not be disheartened, and work, work, go on working, even when everything goes dead wrong.

Carey, the missionary, when a boy, tried to climb a tree, but his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. His leg was seriously injured and, consequently, he had to confine himself to his bed for some weeks. When he was cured, the very first thing that he did was that he tried to climb that tree, and this time he was successful.

If Abraham Lincoln would have submitted to failures, he would have surely died an obscure man. He was twice defeated before he was able to become a member of the Congress, once was miserably defeated before he was able to become a member of the United States Senate. In 1856, when he became a candidate for vice-presidency he was defeated, and in 1858 he was defeated by Douglas. Needless to say it was non-submission to failures that made him a great man.

Work! work! work! But see to it that you work completely and thoroughly. It is only perfect and thorough work that counts. If you are an employee, and if you work thus, your employer will be pleased with you, your future will be bright, and perhaps you yourself will one day become an employer. If you are an employer and if you work thus, your employees are sure to copy you, as you will radiate influence for good, and, consequently, your business or firm or office or mill or factory, whatever it is, will day by day become more and more not only popular but firmly established. If you are a politician and if you work thus, you are sure to become a leader of your country.

Thorough work is characteristic of the wise and the intelligent; shabby work is characteristic of the foolish and the silly. Thorough work is characteristic of the clear-sighted and the keen-sighted; shabby work is characteristic of the dull and the obtuse. Thorough work is characteristic of the able and the shrewd; shabby work is characteristic of the stupid and the sottish. Thorough work is characteristic of the great and the influential, shabby work is characteristic of the frivolous and the worthless. Thorough work is characteristic of the powerful and the prominent; shabby work is characteristic of the paltry and the petty.

The story is told of Dante that one day, as he was passing, through a street in the beautiful city of Florence, he happened to hear a blacksmith, who was beating iron upon the anvil, sing some of his verses, as he worked, not as the poet composed, but mutilated and with additions and subtractions. Dante absolutely disliked this. He entered that blacksmith's shop and, without speaking a word, took hold of his various tools and threw them out on the road. The blacksmith became angry and said: "What are you doing? Have you gone mad?" "What are *you* doing," asked the poet. "I am working," replied the blacksmith, "at my proper business and you are spoiling my tools by throwing them on the road." Dante calmly said: "If you do not like me to spoil your things,

do not spoil mine." "What things of yours am I spoiling?" the blacksmith asked!, Dante replied: "You are singing some of my verses, but not as I composed them. I have no other trade but this, and you spoil it for me."

It is impossible to estimate the loss, and ruin and harm, bad, insufficient and shabby work has wrought. On account of it many businesses and firms have gone to the wall, bridges have given way, tunnels have come down and buildings have kissed the ground, at the same time maiming and laming and killing hundreds of people.

All bad and incomplete works are dishonest. When you work carelessly and listlessly, you cheat those concerned in your work, and you also harm yourself. Whatever your work may be, you do not dignify it. On the contrary, when you work thoroughly, you put dignity into it,—whatever your work may be. It is not work that dignifies the man, but the man who dignifies his work. There is no shame in being a barber or a shoemaker or a washerman, but there is shame in being a bad barber or a bad shoemaker or a bad washerman. When Epaminondas was appointed to a commission much beneath his rank, he remarked that no office could give dignity to him that held it; but he, that held it, might give dignity to any office. Plutarch, the immortal author of "Plutarch's Lives," regarded the inferior offices, that he held, in the same light. When he held the office of commissioner of sewers and public bridges, he said: "I have no doubt that the citizens of Chaeronea often smile, when they see me employed in such offices as these. Upon such occasions, I generally call to my mind what is said of Antisthenes. When he was one day bringing home in his own hands a dirty fish from the market, some observers expressed their surprise. 'It is for myself,' said Antisthenes, 'that I carry this fish.'" On the contrary, when I am reproved for measuring tiles or for calculating stones, I say that it is not for myself I do these things, but for my country. For in all things of this nature, the public utility takes off the disgrace; and the meaner the office you hold, the greater is the compliment which you pay to the community."

All great workers were thorough workers. Napoleon was such a power in Europe because in almost every battle he won, he completely broke up the enemy's forces. Sir Josiah Wedgwood was a good thorough worker. He never tolerated any inferior work. If he was not satisfied with any work that he did, he began to improve it till he was satisfied, saying to himself: "This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood."

Charles Dickens assures us that whatever he had tried to do in his life, he had tried with all his heart to do well. Whatever he had devoted himself to, he had devoted himself to completely. "Never to put my hand," says he, "to anything on which I could not throw my whole-self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules."

In order to do your work completely and thoroughly, you must love it so that you may put your soul and heart into it. The quality of your work depends upon the spirit in which you work.

Do not look upon your work as a disagreeable necessity, but as a builder of your manhood or womanhood and as a developer of everything good in you. Go to your work with optimism, cheerfulness, contentment and pleasure. Bear in mind that when you work with the spirit of drudgery and disagreeableness, of discontent and distress, of melancholy and mourning, of sadness and sorrow, your work is sure to be bad, shabby, unhealthful, unwholesome, and poor; you are sure to do it in a patchwork, perfunctory manner.

“Whatever the work a man performs,
The most effective aid to its completion—
The most prolific source of true success—
Is energy without despondency.”

Make it a point always to go about your work with burning zeal and not in a dead-alive fashion. Richard Cobden once wrote to a friend: “There are many well-meaning people in the world who are not so useful as they might be, from not knowing how to go to work.”

Therefore, choose such work, whether for earning a living or for the public welfare, in which you can put your soul and heart, to which you can go with the right mental attitude, and which can be the very part of you. If you love your work, you can easily make progress.

Make it a point always to begin your work, in the right way. Well begun is half done. “All the work that is worth doing,” says Henderson, “rightly handled, is the greatest fun of all the fun there is.” The beginning of every new work is the most difficult part and if you do this difficult part well, you are sure to do the whole work very well. But, if you begin it badly, your labour is sure to go in vain. If a physician has failed to diagnose a disease, can he ever cure it? If the foundation of a building is not substantially laid, will it not, within a short time, tumble down, even if any amount of good labour is bestowed upon it after the foundation?

Also make it a point to do one thing at a time. “One thing at a time” is the law of Nature. The sun and the moon cannot shine both together. You cannot hunt two hares at the same time. If you do so, you will have to leave one and lose the other. Similarly if you try to do two things at a time, you will not do any one of them, because your thoughts are thereby distracted and your energy divided. A ball struck in two opposite directions is sure to remain stationary.

If you wish to be a good worker, if you wish to rise in the world, you must begin from the beginning. You cannot become a leader of a nation all at once. You cannot get a high post all at once. You will have to occupy first many subordinate positions.

And always bear in mind to work for work's sake. Make not money or fame the chief object of your thoughts. If you do so, you will not work properly. You cannot serve two masters,—work and money or fame at the same time.

To sum up: Work, work with unflinching zeal and unflagging enthusiasm, with optimism and cheerfulness, with dogged and indomitable determination and apish and bulldog tenacity. Let not difficulties dishearten you! Let not barriers bar you! Let not obstacles obstruct you! Let not hardships hinder you! Let not mischance maim you! Let not reverses remove you! Let not troubles trouble you! Let not failures faint you! Let not distress destroy you! Let not disasters discourage you! Let not ruin root you out!

CHAPTER IV.

POVERTY AND SELF-HELP.

"Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we then derive,
Than our foregoer's."—*Shakespeare*.

* * *
"Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
There is a time when toil must be preferred,
Or joy, by mis-timed fondness, is undone.
A man of pleasure is a man of pains."—*Dr. Young*.

* * *
"Want is a better and hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought;
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence,
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And if in patience taken, mends our lives,
For e'en that indigence that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and God above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair profession which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule."—*Dryden*.

One of the excuses, oft brought forward, for remaining obscure and unknown and mediocre and being unsuccessful in life is poverty. Our miserable human worms of the dust often say that they were born very poor and that they had no money to tide over the difficulties and triumph over the obstacles, with which they came across, and that nobody helped them.

But, to be sure, this excuse does not at all hold water. A thief may as well say that he can't help but pursue the profession of thieving because his father was a thief.

Poverty is a great blessing, provided you struggle to the best of your power to succeed in life, to distinguish yourself. It has made many men famous, reputed, renowned and immortal. It has brought out latent power, the best and the noblest that a man can possess. Civilisation owes a deep debt of gratitude to poverty.

Poverty is, undoubtedly, the greatest schoolmaster of humanity at large. The immortal Bard of Avon truly says :

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

Says Mr. Andrew Carnegie: “It is the fashion now-a-days to bewail poverty as an evil, to pity the young man who is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth: but I heartily subscribe to President Garfield’s doctrine that ‘The richest heritage a young man can be born to is poverty.’ I make no idle prediction when I say that it is from that class from whom the good and the great will spring. It is not from the sons of millionaires or the noble that the world receives its teachers, its martyrs, its inventors, its statesmen, its poets, or even its men of affairs. It is from the cottage of the poor that all these spring. We can scarcely read one among the few ‘immortal names that were not born to die,’ or who has rendered exceptional service to our race, who had not the advantage of being cradled, nursed and reared in the stimulating school of poverty.”

It is only men who have not the will to succeed in life, who are made of poor stuff, that make the said excuse. It is they who, instead of working and helping themselves, go on bemoaning and bewailing, deploring and grieving, lamenting and regretting. On the contrary, those, who are made of the right kind of stuff, will work and work and instead of seeking help from without will help themselves.

They, who instead of practising self-help, try to seek the aid from without and expect others to help them, forget that God helps those who help themselves. They forget the story of that carter who, when the wheel of his cart was stuck in the mud, instead of trying to take it out of the mud, fell on his knees and prayed to Hercules to come to his help. But Hercules refused to do anything for him. “Put your own shoulders to the wheel,” said the god, “and perhaps I may help you.”

If all men,—and especially men in poverty, will only lay the moral of this story to their hearts and will always put their own shoulders to the wheels, how much happier and more useful would they be? Will not the civilisation and progress of the world, then, increase by leaps and bounds?

Outside help, *i.e.*, help from without—be it in any form—is deceitful and delusive, futile and fruitless, null and nugatory, trivial and trifling, unimportant and unprofitable, unsubstantial and unserviceable, valueless and visionary. On the contrary, inside help, *i.e.*, help from within, is effective and efficient, powerful and profitable, serviceable and substantial, solid and sound, valid and valuable. Help from within assures and settles you ; help from without shakes and shatters you. Help from within upholds and establishes you ; help from without overthrows and unsettles you. Help from within sustains and strengthens you; help from without upsets and weakens you. Help from within means govern-

ment from within which only can be perfect and efficient: help from without means government from without which can only be corrupted and perverted.

Many of the great men of literature, philosophy, science, art, politics, etc., were born extremely poor and it was by self-help that they distinguished themselves, at the same time most of them getting rid of poverty.

It was by self-help that Benjamin Franklin, America's first self-made man, distinguished himself in various spheres. As his father, who was a tallow-chandler, was very poor, he was able to send Benjamin to school only for three years. At the age of ten, Benjamin's school-life came to an end and his father took him into his shop to run errands, to wait upon customers, and to attend to candle-making. As his thirst for knowledge was intense, he used to buy books whenever he could which he studied and re-studied till he made them his own. For two years, he assisted his father in his business and then, as he was tired of it, he became an apprentice to his brother who was a printer. He, from the beginning, devoted himself, with intense application, to the trade of printing. At night, he studied books, his love for which attracted the attention of a merchant in Boston who invited him to his library and lent him books. At the age of fifteen, he wrote a ballad, called "The Lighthouse Tragedy" which met with good reception from the public. In 1721 when Benjamin was sixteen, his brother, began to issue a newspaper which met with success from the beginning. Several writers met at his printing office and they discussed questions connected with its management. Their remarks excited in him a passion for writing for the paper. As he was not quite confident of his ability, he first wrote an anonymous article which he slipped under the door of the printing-office, where it was found by his brother who decided to print it. It was very much liked by him as well as other writers. Encouraged by the success of his very first attempt, he wrote some more articles anonymously which were all printed and which met with success. His brother as well as other writers praised the contributor and began to conjecture his name. Upon this, Benjamin could no longer keep the secret and he made himself known. He then became a favourite of literary men who thenceforth showed more attention to him than to his brother. Consequently, his brother became jealous of him and unreasonably began to pick quarrels with him and went to the length of beating him, on some occasions, with a rod. Benjamin, consequently, became so disgusted with his brother that he resolved to leave him as soon as possible. But, before he could leave him, his brother was imprisoned by the Government, for three weeks, as his policy of the newspaper gave offence to them. During this time, Benjamin himself conducted the paper ably. When his brother was released, he again took charge of the paper, but, as he continued to give offence to the Government and scoffed at religion, he was forbidden to publish it. Benjamin seized the opportunity by himself becoming the publisher and editor of it. He was, at that time, only seventeen

years old. He conducted the paper to the satisfaction of the Government as well as the public. His brother, upon this, became more and more jealous of him and became more harsh in his treatment to Benjamin. The result of this was that, one day, a violent quarrel arose between them which made Benjamin leave his brother. He went directly to New York, in October 1723. He had a small amount of money with him, and nobody knew him. He tried much to employ himself as a printer, but was unsuccessful. He then went to Philadelphia where he worked with a printer named Keimer. Soon after landing at this city, he heard of the marriage of his sister with Captain Holmes to whom Benjamin wrote a letter. Captain Holmes was so delighted with his style that he showed it to the Governor, Sir William Keith who was also pleased with it. Soon after, Sir William and Captain Holmes visited Benjamin. After conversing with him for some time, they invited him to dine with them. Accordingly, Benjamin went to them and, while chatting at the dinner, the Governor proposed that Benjamin, aided by some money from his father, should open a printing office for himself. In order to persuade his father to do so, Franklin returned to Boston. But he was unsuccessful. At that time he was only eighteen and, consequently, his father thought he was too young to undertake such an enterprise. He, however, promised Benjamin that if he would work assiduously till he was twenty-one and would lay up his surplus earnings, he would aid him. He then again went to Philadelphia, and told the Governor that his father had refused to help him. The Governor then offered to do so himself, provided Benjamin should go to London. He accepted the offer as well as the condition. He asked for letters of credit to purchase materials for printing, but the Governor said that he would send them to the Captain of the ship, who would give them to him in London. But when he arrived in London he found to his bitter sorrow that there was not a single letter from the Governor who proved false to his promises. But he was not disheartened. He soon found work at a large printing office. On his voyage to England, Benjamin had become a friend of one Mr. Denham who showed him much kindness. Within two years, the latter decided to return to Philadelphia to open a large store. He offered his friend Franklin \$250 per year as book-keeper. As he was eager to go back to his country, he closed with the offer and in October 1726, he returned to Philadelphia. Both Franklin and Denham worked so hard in order to make the store a success that they were thrown into a severe illness. Denham died, but Franklin fortunately recovered. He then entered into partnership with a printer, named Meredith, whose father was to supply the capital necessary. Franklin and Meredith worked hard, but they were not quite successful in their business. After a year or so, the partnership between them came to a close on certain conditions and Franklin became the sole proprietor. Within a short time, *i.e.*, in 1729 when he was nearly twenty-three years old, he purchased a newspaper, known as the "Universal Instructor"

from Keimer with whom he had worked before. He changed its name to the "Pennsylvania Gazette." From the beginning it became a favourite with the people as well as the Government. After establishing the reputation of his newspaper, he conceived the idea of establishing a public subscription library. Consequently, he solicited men fond of books to subscribe. Each subscriber was to contribute two pounds to start the enterprise and to pay a certain yearly assessment. He was successful in obtaining fifty names with which he made the beginning. This was the origin of the Philadelphia library. In 1732, he published his "Almanac" under the name of "Richard Saunders" which also met with success. Needless to say that Franklin, within a few years, after the establishment of his printing-office and newspaper, became almost a well-to-do man. This enabled him to buy all sorts of books which he read and studied. He was still as industrious as before. He did not at all indulge in pleasure, but worked and worked like a horse. He soon became, on account of his acquaintance with almost all new books published in America and England, one of the most learned men and began to prepare himself for becoming a statesman as well as a philosopher and a scientist. He first entered into public life as clerk to the General Assembly which was, at that time, the Legislature of the Pennsylvania Colony. In 1743, he drew a plan for an Academy in Philadelphia which was published under the title of "Proposals relating to the Education of youth in Pennsylvania," in which he marked out the course of study that should be pursued, ably and vigorously and with the wisdom of a philosopher. Franklin almost took upon himself the responsibility of erecting the building of the said institute and organizing it, in which he was fairly successful. In 1740, when he was forty-four years old, he was appointed on a commission to form a treaty with the American Indians. He was, at the same time, made a Justice of the Peace and, soon after, was elected to a seat in the Legislative Assembly in which he did much useful work which benefitted the public vastly. Within a short time, he was appointed as an Assistant to the Postmaster-General and, upon the death of the American Postmaster, he was appointed jointly with Sir Willaim Hector to succeed the deceased. When he took charge of the post-office, he found it in a miserable condition, but, within a few years, he made it what it ought to have been, and introduced many reforms in the postal department. At this time, he was a fairly wealthy man. Consequently, he became a sleeping partner in his business, and began to devote a good deal of time to the science of electricity which he perfectly mastered. He soon discovered that lightning and electricity are one and the same, and suggested that buildings should have lightning conductors through which the lightning might pass without injuring the buildings. He also invented a new musical instrument, called the Armonica. In 1756 or so, Franklin went to England, for a certain public business, where he was received warmly. In 1757, the University of St. Andrews of Scotland conferred upon him the honorary degree of

doctor and, soon after, other universities followed into its footsteps. After achieving the object he aimed at in England which took him nearly six years, he returned to Philadelphia in 1762 where he was received with great enthusiasm and, for the services he rendered in England, the Assembly voted him \$15,000. Within three years, he was again requested to go to England by the Assembly to carry to the British Government the representation of the people against the taxation, which the British Government had resolved to impose on all American colonies, without representation. He acceded to the request and went to England where he opposed the tax tooth and nail. But his opposition as well as that of other representatives fell on deaf ears and they were unsuccessful in their main object. The British Government remained obstinate and they sent troops to America to enforce payment of the taxes. As he became convinced that all further efforts would be futile, he started to return to Philadelphia, in 1775. Just before his arrival, the war between England and America had begun. He was, of course, received by the people cordially and warmly, and was soon chosen as a member of the Congress by which he was appointed Postmaster-General. In September 1776, he received a letter from a Frenchman who wrote that the French ministry and the nation sympathised with the Americans, and though the ministry wished to avoid war directly with England, yet they would gladly but secretly send to America money and munition and that many French generals were eager to join the American army. When Franklin made known this letter to the public, they became joyous and it was decided, soon after, to send an embassy to France. The embassy was to consist of three persons who were to be chosen by ballot. Franklin needless to say, was unanimously elected on the very first ballot. He consequently went to France where he landed on the twenty-ninth on November, 1776. He was received by the Frenchmen with great cordiality and enthusiasm. The embassy was successful and a treaty of alliance with France was formed on the fifth of February, 1778. Within six years, the war came to an end, and in 1785 Franklin was recalled from France. During the voyage, Franklin wrote three important essays. He landed at Philadelphia on September 13th, 1785, where he was received by the people with the utmost enthusiasm. The Assembly voted him a congratulatory address. Washington wrote him a letter of cordial welcome. Soon after, he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania. In 1787, a convention met at Philadelphia to form a new constitution of the United States, Franklin being one of the delegates. It lasted for four months. Thenceforth, he spent his time in writing his Autobiography which he was able to complete before his death which took place on the seventeenth of April, 1790, at the good old age of eighty-four years.

From this short sketch of his life, it will be seen that, by sheer self-help, Benjamin Franklin, though he had to spend many years of his life in poverty and though he was not educated like other men, became one of the greatest statesmen, one of the greatest scholars and one of the greatest scientists, the world has ever seen.

George Stephenson was also a self-made man. When he was born, his father was a fireman of the Hylam pumping engine. He earned not more than twelve shillings a week and consequently he was too poor to spend money on education of any of his children. When a child, George took care of his younger brothers and sisters and used to carry his father's dinner to him. When he was eight years old, he was employed, on two pence a day, to look after the cows of a widow. After some months, he was employed to lead horses in ploughing, on four pence a day. Then, he became a "picker," his duty being to remove coals from stones, on the salary of six-pence a day. Then, he earned eight pence a day when he drove the gin horse. When he became fourteen years old, he was made his father's assistant in charge of the steam-engine, on one shilling a day. His wages were doubled, when he acted as fireman at another place. Whenever he could find time, he used to make little engines of clay, corks, sticks, etc. When he was seventeen, he was asked to look after a steam-engine for pumping water out of the mine. He loved his engine, as children love toys, and kept it always in good condition. In order to be thoroughly acquainted with its construction, he often separated its parts. Still at this age, he did not know how to read. But, as his ambition to read became intense, he, next year, attended a night school. He had to pay three pence a week, but he did not get on very well, as his teacher himself knew little. He, therefore, attended another school, which was conducted by an able man, where he learned arithmetic and became acquainted with reading and writing. When he was twenty years old, he was appointed as a brakesman, on one pound a day his duty being to take charge of an engine for raising coal from the pit. At night, he devoted himself to reading and writing. When he became twenty-one, he got charge of an engine at a still higher salary. He also earned by mending shoes. At this age, he married and began to live in a new house, the chimney of which, after their residence of some months, took fire which was happily soon extinguished. His furniture was much damaged and the clock, that he had, was also spoiled. Though he had never before seen the construction of any clock, he, in order to mend it, took it to pieces and after cleaning them so adjusted them that it began to work as before. When this was known by the people of his neighbourhood they brought their watches and clocks to him to be mended, for which he, of course, charged them,—thus increasing his earnings. After only two years of happy married life, his dear wife after giving birth to a son, unfortunately died. Partly to lessen his grief and partly to earn more money, he, after entrusting his child to a relative, went to Scotland. After a residence of some months, having saved £ 25, he returned to his country to see his parents and son. On his return, he found that his father, by an unfortunate accident, had lost his eyesight, and was unable to work, and moreover had borrowed a small amount of money for the family's maintenance. Needless to say George paid his debts, removed them to a house near his own and took care of him and his mother and

other members of his family, and tried to give liberal education to his son, who was named Robert. Soon after his return, a large engine at Killingworth High Pit was somehow or other spoiled and did not work as usual. The pit was useless as long as the engine remained in this condition, and so almost all skilful engineers were employed to remedy it, but all of them failed to do so. George often went to see that engine, and gave some advice relating to its remedy. But, as he was looked upon as only an ordinary engine-man, at first nobody listened to his advice. One day, a workman happened to ask him about its remedy. He replied that if nobody came in his way, he could remedy it. The workman told the manager about this who said to George: "They tell me you think you can put the engine to right." "I think, I could, sir," replied George modestly. As the manager found no other skilful man he allowed George to try. Strange to say that he did "put the engine to rights," within only four days. The manager, at this, was so delighted that besides his usual wages he gave him £10 and, soon after, engaged him to surperintend the works for the future. When this was known by the public, he became famous as the most able and skilful engineer. I need not say that he still did extra work at home, *e.g.*, mending shoes, repairing watches and clocks, etc., in order to support his family and to give liberal education to his son. He also still devoted some time to his study. Within a few years, when the chief engineer of the Killingworth coal mines died, George was asked to succeed him on a salary of £100 a year. He accepted this promotion and now ceased to do extra work, as this salary was more than enough to meet the wants of the family. He, now, was able to devote more time to his study and to the improvement of engines. Soon after this promotion, he contrived a sloping road in order to remove coals from the pit to the loading place. He also made some useful and advantageous improvements in the mines and in the steam-engines. After a few years, he invented the safety lamp, to test the usefulness of which he even risked his own life. Thenceforward, no careful miners have lost their lives by explosions. Just one year before this invention, he made his first engine which was named "My Lord" and which was the best of all other engines. When he was nearly forty-two years old, he was appointed to survey and report upon a possible line of railroad between Darlington and Stockton. He took six weeks to complete the survey and the rail, which was the first of its kind in England, was laid on May 23, 1822. Then he proposed the establishment of an engine factory at Newcastle. He had saved £1,000, by dint of great exertion, but he wanted £1,000 more. He soon received this sum from his admirers and a factory was started at Newcastle which soon became prosperous. He, then, took active part in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester railway. When this was proposed, the authorities concerned were not certain as to the kind of the power to put on the railway. Some were in favour of horse-power and the rest, who were in

majority, were in favour of steam-power. In order to get the best steam-engine, it was proposed that he, who constructed the best engine, would be given a prize of £500. When Stephenson came to know of this proposal, he was greatly interested and worked with his son for the construction of an engine. When it was completed, it was first tried on the Killingworth railway. It fulfilled all hopes of both the father and his son. They named it "Rocket" and sent it to Liverpool to the authorities concerned who had also received three other engines, namely, the "Novelty," the "Sanspareil," and the "Perseverance." When the trial was made on a level piece of railway, it was found that the "Rocket" was the best and the most perfect engine, and so, it was declared to have won the prize. This achievement established the reputation of Stephenson, and he soon after became famous all over England and the whole world. After a few years, this great engineer and scientist, having already made his name immortal, breathed his last. He rose to eminence by self-help, never asking others to help him.

Lord Tenterdon was the perfect example of self-help. He was the son of a poor barber and by sheer self-help was able to become Lord Chief Justice of England. So also was Bunyan, the author of the immortal "Pilgrims' Progress." Though he was born and bred in the lowest and meanest stratum of society and though he had to undergo many sufferings, he distinguished himself.

Had it not been for self-help James Ferguson would never have distinguished himself. His father, a poor man, was an ordinary labourer. As he knew the value of education, he taught his children how to read and write on their reaching what he thought to be the proper age. But James was too impatient to wait for the "proper age." Whenever his father taught his elder brother, he listened attentively to him; and when he happened to be alone, he took his brother's book and mastered the lesson he had heard. He, of course, often met with difficulties, but he tried his best to get over them. He was too bashful to let his father know what he was doing. One day, however, his father found out the secret, but he did not at all reproach him. James was fond of mathematics, from his childhood, to which was given impetus by an incident that took place in his cottage. The incident was that the roof of it, one day, gave way; and his father, in order to raise it again, applied a beam to it which he worked upon a prop. To James, this seemed to be a miraculous feat. He reflected and reflected for days together, and by so doing happened to remember that his father, while making use of the beam, had brought all his strength to bear on its extremity. This he rightly thought to be the mystery of his father's feat. Then he tried to put this theory to its test. He performed some experiments by which he found that he was right and by which he also established the mechanical rule that the effect of any force or weight applied to the lever is always in exact proportion to the distance from the fulcrum of the point on which it rests. He saw that by means of a lever, a weight

could only be raised slightly; but, as he wanted to raise it to a great height, he thought and thought over this matter, and then the idea occurred to his mind that the weight might be lifted to any height, by pulling round a wheel, to which a piece of rope should be fastened, and the rope be wound to the axle of the wheel. He also conjectured that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick. He put these theories to test by performing experiments which showed that he was right, and which led him to discover the properties of the lever and the wheel and the axle. This he did simply by self-help. He had not read any book on mechanics, nor had he proper tools. He then thought of making these discoveries known to the public by writing a book. But, before writing it, he happened to come across a book on mechanics which he read and then found that his discoveries were already anticipated. When he became big enough, he was employed to take care of the sheep of a farmer. This employment happily afforded him a good deal of leisure, of which he made use by making models of mills and spinning wheels, when it was daylight; and, at night, he observed the motions of the stars. It is said that he used to go to the fields with a blanket wrapped about his body and a lighted candle in his hand, and lying down on the grass he used to observe and study with unflinching enthusiasm and unflagging industry. He continued this industry and power of observation till the end of his life and he distinguished himself in many branches of science.

Sohrabjee Shapurjee Bengali was also a self-made man. He lost his father in his childhood and, consequently, the whole burden of training him fell upon the shoulders of his poor mother, in whose memory he afterwards built a school in Bombay. When he knew how to read and write perfectly well, he had to find some employment. Happily, he soon found one. He entered business under an Englishman, on a salary of Rs. 20. Then, he became an accountant in the Mercantile Bank and, then, a broker to Messrs. Graham & Co. in company with Varjivandas Madhavdas and Narotamdas Mathavdas. He did not make the question of bread and butter the chief object of his thoughts. His aim in life was to be of some use to his community and his country. He commenced his public life by writing articles on various topics in vernacular journals. His favourite newspaper was "Rast Goftar" which was founded by Dadabhai Naoroji and Naoroji Fardunji, in 1851. It was in this paper that he commenced his crusade of social reform. He hated, from the bottom of his heart, the barbarous customs that the orthodox Parsis observed. He agitated a great deal for their annihilation and he did succeed in his object. He also served the Parsi Community by taking active part in the promotion of the Parsi Law Association of which he was a joint secretary. Another service that he rendered was the active part he played in starting female education and establishing the Student's Literary and Scientific Society. He also helped much to establish the Female Hospital in Bombay, and

to bring into existence the annual feature of the Parsi Presidency cricket matches. As a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, he fought on behalf of the mill operatives and by dint of great exertion got the Factory Act passed, and heavy export duties diminished. He, also, served India by taking part in questions political, and he was one of the originators of the Bombay Presidency Association. In 1873, when the Dungar Wadi Riot broke out, he rendered great service to his community by fighting on its behalf along with the late Sir Pherozshaw Mehta. He rendered many such services to his community and his country. Thus it was by self-help that Bengali distinguished himself.

Behramjee Malabari was the son of poor parents. In his childhood, he lost his father and when he was twelve years old, as his dear mother died, he had to struggle hard to keep body and soul together as well as to educate himself. He had no friends and no relatives who would help him. So, he helped himself. He earned a little money by teaching young boys and girls from seven o'clock to nine in the morning and six o'clock to eight in the evening, and himself went to learn to a school from ten o'clock to four. He had to cook his own meals, at that time, and worked hard till late at night. By sheer industry and self-help, Behramji Malabari rose to be a great writer and a great social reformer.

The late Mr. Andrew Carnegie was also a self-made man. Like Malabari, from the time he was twelve years old, he had to earn his living. Sir Jamshedji Jeejeebhoy and Sir Shapurji Bharucha were also self-made men, and so were Dadabhai Naoroji and Gokhale and Abraham Lincoln and Jamshedji N. Tata.

Pope Adrian VI was a perfect example of self-help. He was the son of a poor barge-builder who contrived to give him education at the University of Louvain. When he attended it, he was, pecuniarily, in almost a miserable condition. So poor indeed was he that he was unable to buy candles whereby to study at night. Consequently, he contrived to study by the light of street lamps. After he had passed through a succession of ecclesiastical promotions, he was appointed preceptor to the grandson of Ferdinand, King of Spain. He was, then, elevated to the Papal throne which he occupied for two years.

It was by self-help that Luderg Von Beethoven became a great musician. His father was a good-for-nothing fellow and a confirmed drunkard who cared nothing for his son. Beethoven had to earn his living, from his very boyhood. When he was eleven years old, he was placed in theatre orchestra, and, at thirteen, he became an organist of a chapel. When he was seventeen, he had to support his whole family and to provide for the education of his two younger brothers. His deafness began, when he was only twenty-six and had to bear some other calamities also. And in spite of this and in spite of failures, he rose to be one of the greatest musicians, the world has ever seen.

Winckleman, the well-known writer on classical antiquities and the fine arts, was the son of a poor shoemaker. From his boyhood, he had to support himself as well as his father and for this he had to work hard.

Longomontanus, the Dutch astronomer, was the son of a labourer. Though he had to support himself by working hard, he was successful in becoming one of the greatest astronomers of his time.

The late Lord Fisher was also a self-made man. He had to start his life in extreme poverty. Butter was a thing which he seldom saw in his childhood. His staple food was boiled rice with brown sugar.

Some of the present most prominent of men in England were born in extreme poverty. According to Mr. A. M. Thompson, Mr. Frank Hodges, who has succeeded in rising to a place of public prominence, began life as a miner. Mr. Ben Tillet, M.P., worked in a brickyard at the age of eight; Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., began to work for his living at the age of six; Mr. J. Sexton, M.P., was a half-timer in a St. Helens glass works; Mr. Herbert Smith, the miner's acting president, was born in a workhouse which he now controls as Poor Law Guardian; Mr. C.T. Cramp, the industrial secretary of the railway-men, was a passenger guard on the railway; the Right Hon. J.H. Thomas, M.P., the son of a labourer, who started earning his living, with no education, at the age of nine, is now a member of his Majesty's Privy Council.

Viscount Takahashi, the ex-Premier of Japan, is a self-made man. He has had a romantic life. Fifty-four years ago, when he was sent to America to be educated, he was one of the most miserable boys in the world. He did not at all like America, and so he returned to his country. He first took a post as a bank clerk. In time he rose to the rank of a director. After some years he became the Vice-Governor and later Governor of the Bank of Japan. Then he became Minister of Finance, and later on Prime Minister of Japan.

Many such examples past and present can be multiplied, but I hope the examples, that I have given, are sufficient to impress upon the minds of my readers that in however miserable poverty a man may be born, however great be the obstacles in his path, he can win success in life by sheer self-help. Once more let me emphasize the point that you must always keep your hope verdant,—even when everything goes dead wrong. Never under any circumstances be discouraged. Discouragement has caused many failures, much misery, affliction, disaster, and ruin. Form the habit, if you have not already formed, always to vigorously expect the best. Expect that you will realize your aspirations, that you will surely achieve success in life, that you will surely reach the point you aim at.

You are sure to get what you expect, provided you help yourself. You will not get anything more than your expectation. If you expect nothing, you get nothing. Even if you practice self-help for winning success in life, but if you expect that you will be a failure, you will most probably be a failure.

Do not forget that like attracts like. If you wish for prosperity, but all the while expect adversity, you will never know what prosperity is. You can never get rid of poverty, if you continually harp upon poverty thoughts, if you expect that you will remain poor.

And bear in mind that pessimistic expecting will lower your life standards and will sap your energy and vitality. A Spanish proverb says that every time a sheep bleats it loses a mouthful of hay. Similarly, every time you expect misery and affliction and failure, you lose a certain amount of energy and vitality.

If you have an ideal and if you wish to make it a reality, you must continually expect it, you must continually harp upon it.

CHAPTER V.

LUCK,—THE CRY OF FOOLS.

" 'Tis weak and vicious people who cast the blame on Fate. The right use of Fate is to bring up our conduct to the loftiness of nature. Rude and invincible except by themselves are the elements. So let man be. Let him empty his breast of his windy conceits, and show his lordship by manners and deeds on the scale, of nature. Let him hold his purpose as with the tug of gravitation. No power, no persuasion, no bribe shall make him give up his point, A man ought to compare advantageously with a river, an oak, or a mountain. He shall have not less the flow, the expansion, and the resistance of these."—*Emerson*.

* * *

"Inscribe on your banner 'Luck is a fool. Pluck is a hero.'"

* * *

"Men at some times, are masters of their fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."—*Shakespeare*.

* * *

"The really lucky man in this world is he who is possessed of his work, and who has learned to use the brains with which he is endowed and to cultivate them."

* * *

"Don't pray for the success, but for the power to create it. Persistence is better but repentance is folly."—*Anon*.

* * *

"Success is the bride of endeavour, luck but the meteor's gleam."—*Anon*.

The gates of success remain always open, and no one is prevented from entering it, by any will or power save his own. Among the men, who cannot enter it, are those who resign themselves to laziness and inactivity, being enaunoured of luck.

What is luck? Write it in your heart that there is no such thing as luck, as it is understood to-day. But if there is anything like luck, surely it is in every man's power to mould it. Every man is the master of his own fate. Every man has the power to govern his destiny and to rule his stars. The divinity, that shapes ends, is in every man's hands. In whatever circumstances a man may be born, he can surely become the master of them and change them if he has the will to do so.

Luck is, indeed, the cry of fools. Those, who, instead of helping themselves and trying to be the architects of their success, depend on luck for their success and wait for it to turn up, are undoubtedly greater fools than those young students who build their hopes of passing their examination on the clemency of their examiners.

Was it luck that made Dadabhai Naoroji and Pherozshaw Mehta, Gokhale and Tilak? Was it luck that made Jamshedji Jeejeebhoy and Jamshedji Tata, Dinshaw Petit and Cowasji Jehanji. Was it luck that made Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, Abraham, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt? Was it luck that made Pitt and Peel, Burke and Gladstone, Disraeli and Bannerman? Was it luck that made Shakespeare and Milton, Shelly and Keats, Longfellow and Cowper, Wordsworth and Tennyson? Is it luck that has made Lloyd George and Harding? Is it luck that has made Lord Balfour and Lord Reading? Is it luck that has made Sir George Lloyd and Sir Dinshaw Wacha? Is it luck that has made Rabindranath Tagore and Sarojini Naidu? Is it luck that has made Sir Stanley Reed and Dr. Orison Sweet Marden? Is it luck that has made Mr. E. S. Montagu and Lord Harding? Is it luck that has made Marie Corelli and Dean Inge? Is it luck that has made John Gregg and Madame Marie Curie? Is it luck that has made Edison and Bose? He is a fool, indeed, if he answers these questions in affirmative. Chance or luck has made no man, makes no man, and will make no man. Chance or luck has accomplished nothing, accomplishes nothing, and will accomplish nothing. Says Goethe "Every man has his own success in his hand, just as the sculptor has the rough material which he intends to fashion into a statue. But it is with this art as with every other; *capacity* for it alone is born with us; to succeed in it we must learn and practise it.

"Chance will not do the work ;

Chance sends the breeze,

But if the pilot slumber at the helm,

The very wind that wafts us towards the port

May dash us on the shelves."

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air" is no longer true. This is an age of appreciation. Nobody, in this age, has to rail at the world for the neglect of his talents.

It is no exaggeration to say that it has become, nowadays, almost a fashion with men who have failed in their aims to cry about their ill-luck. They would say that they were unsuccessful, because they were born under an unlucky star and, consequently, they got no opportunity and no chance. If these men, instead of imputing their failures to misfortunes, and instead of whining about their so-called ill-luck and bemoaning their so-called unlucky fate, will impute their failures to their own mistakes and faults, and after finding these out would gird their loins and begin to work in spite of many failures, their efforts would surely be crowned with success. If they would take the trouble to analyse the careers of men who have become successful and who are getting along in the world, they would see that the difference between them and these successful and progressive men is the difference of industry or perseverance.

“ Never despair—it kills the life,
 And digs an early grave—
 The man who rails so much at Fate,
 But makes himself her slaves.

Up ! rouse ye to the work—
 Resolve victory to gain,
 And hopes shall rise and bear rich fruit,
 Which long in dust have lain. ”

“ Nothing, ” says St. Bernard, “ can work me damage except myself; the harm I sustain I carry about with me and never am a real sufferer but by my own faults. ”

Robert Louis Stevenson, after he became almost blind wrote.

“ It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul. ”

The motto of a man, who is really the captain of his soul, should be :

“ Be it what it will
 I greater than my fate shall ever be. ”



CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER :

"A high degree of moral principle is in itself a necessary qualification in a post of trust and responsibility, and it is usually associated with a cultivated and improved state of the intellectual faculties."—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

* * *

"A gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner."—*Thackeray.*

* * *

"I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by tho' other lose,
That they combine not there."—*Shakespeare.*

* * *

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny."—*Thackeray*

* * *

"Free choice doth man possess of good or ill,
All were but mockery else. From Wisdom's way
Too oft perverted by the tainted will
Is his rebellions nature drawn astray;
Therefore an inward monitor is given,
A voice answers to the law of Heaven."

* * *

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives."—*George Herbert*

* * *

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not inthrall'd."—*Milton.*

* * *

"A false balance is abomination to the Lord :
But a just weight is his delight."—*Proverb.*

The true honour and renown, distinction and reputation, equity and celebrity, glory and nobility, majesty and divinity, of life consist in character. It is unique and precious, important and prominent, influential and substantial,—so unique and precious indeed that it can never be justly exchanged for anything in this world, so important and prominent indeed that wealth and fame sink into insignificance before it, so influential and substantial indeed that it itself is a great power. It raises and exalts, advances and promotes, elevates and ennobles, magnifies and dignifies, mankind.

A man may possess great wealth and immense knowledge, but if he does not possess character, he cannot command any respect. But, on the contrary, a poor and illiterate man of character commands respect of everybody, everywhere. It is character that makes a man's worth which should be estimated not by what he has but by what he is. It is the most distinctive mark of an individual. Theodore Parker used to say that Socrates was worth more to a nation than many such states as South Carolina. It has been rightly said that when wealth is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; but, when character is lost, everything is lost. Ruskin has somewhere remarked that what we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is, in the end, of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do.

Without character there can be no success in life. Character is the backbone of it. A man may have acquired millions, but if he has no character, he should be considered as a failure. A man without character is like a well without water, a shadow without substance, a husk without fruit. There is an African proverb which says that wherever a man goes to dwell, his character goes with him.

The immortal Shakespeare teaches us that character determines a man's destiny. When he says that there is a Divinity which shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will, he does not at all mean by Divinity destiny or fate or any such thing, but, as Bishop Stubbs remarks, the Divinity of moral law.

Character is power,—a greater power than either wealth or knowledge. "Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone." And, it is because of this that hundreds of men were and have been able to become great. Benjamin Franklin, as a public man, attributed his success to character and not to his talents or his oratory. One of the secrets of success of Sir Robert Peel was character, about which, the Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, a few days after his death, spoke: "Your lordships must all feel the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with him I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact."

Everybody trusts a man of character and everybody is willing to follow him. Why did the working classes of England repose trust in Lord Kitchener? Simply because he was a man of character.

Would Ralph Waldo Emerson ever have remarked that man begins to hear a voice that fills the heavens and the earth, saying God is within him, if he had no character? Would he ever have said that he had found this revelation of his immediate relation to God, a solution of all the doubts that oppressed him, if he had no character? Would he have recognised, if he had no character, as he remarked, the distinction of the outer and the inner self; the double consciousness that within his erring, passionate, mortal self sat a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers he did not know, but he knew that it was stronger than him, wiser than him, that it never approved him in any wrong?

"She is an excellent creature," Disraeli used to speak of his beloved wife, "but she never can remember: who came first, the Greeks or the Romans." Better an illiterate person of character than a learned and talented man without it. Better an illiterate man with character than a learned and talented rascal like Horatio Bottomley.

A man of character is like a powerful king. He looks every body in the face. He is afraid of no one. He does not at all fear death. He does not die, even a single time, before his actual death. He tastes death but once. To him, it is as natural to die as it is to live.

On his death-bed Addison was quite calm and serene "See," he said to his nephew, "how a Christian can die." It was because he led a good life that he died thus.

When Socrates was speaking before his accusers, he did not speak, as Cicero remarks, as a man condemned to death but as one ascending into heaven.

On the day of his execution, just before the draught of poison was brought before him, he said to his friends: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not, but of this I am sure that I have at all times made it my endeavours to please him, and I have a good hope that my endeavour will be accepted by Him."

Just before appearing at the Diet of Worms, under a questionable assurance of safety, Luther said to his friends, who entreated him not to go, reminding him of John Huss, whom in a similar situation, the pledge of protection had not saved from the fire: "I am called in the name of God to go, and I would go, though I were certain to meet as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses."

In 1666, the whole of England was oppressed with the belief that the end of the world was close at hand. This belief took the shape of certainty, when a terrible storm suddenly arose, accompanied with flashes of lightnings and claps of thunder. Consequently, all men and women were seized with consternation and, believing that the day of judgment was to begin, at once began to pray to God. But there was one man who did not do so and that was Sir Matthew Hale. At the time the storm took place, Sir Matthew was taking the Western Circuit. The persons, who gathered there, forgetting their business, betook themselves to prayers. But,

Sir Matthew quietly went on working with the business of the court in his usual manner which seemed to an observer "that his thoughts were so well-fixed, that he believed if the world had been really to end, it would have given him no considerable disturbance." And why should he be disturbed? He had done nothing wrong in his life, and even at that time he was simply performing his duty.

"That reminds me of a story," said a man, "and as there are no ladies present,"—"But there are gentlemen present," interrupted another man who was General Grant. That person only should be call a gentleman or a gentle-lady who is truthful and honest, kind and magnanimous, heroic and courageous. There can be no doubt that truth and honesty, kindness and magnanimity, heroism and courage, are the chief characteristics of character

Tennyson and Goethe were both intellectual giants; but how is it that we do not have as much regard and respect for the German poet as we have for the English one? Because one had character, the other was a selfish egotist. The German poet had no sympathy and no love towards anybody. He was not a bit ashamed to trifle with the feelings of his own fiance, Frederica, who died of a broken heart. From his autobiography we learn that he cultivated love-affairs with several women to provide heroines for his novels. Gervinus, the German critic, tells us that Goethe once wished to emulate Shakespeare, but later, when he felt that the great English dramatist would sink him to the bottom, he, like Voltaire, became out of humour with him.

On the contrary, Tennyson was a man of sound character. He looked upon poetry as a means for the propagation of truth,—not only to give pleasure, but to dignify and magnify mankind. Like Milton, he was imbued with the idea that he was a dedicated being. Stopford Brooke rightly says that he never bent his art to the world for the sake of money or place or to catch the popular ear or to win a transient praise. Well might Tennyson say:

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

In his old age, he is said to have spoken to an English lady that all he could hope was that he had brought men a little nearer God.

It was because of his character that Darius the great Persian King, was so much respected by his subjects. He was a zealous Zoroastrian, and a fanatical foe to the heretical creed of the Medes and the Magi, which he called "the Lie." "All that I have done," the glorious King wrote, "I have done by the help of the Almighty; and the Almighty brought me help because I was not heretical, nor a believer in the Lie, nor a tyrant."

TRUTHFULNESS AND HONESTY.

Truthfulness is a thing that is highly eulogized, but unfortunately seldom practised. He who tells lies forgets that lying is a bad trade, that it is sinful. A lie is not only harmful to others, but also to the person who tells it, because, by so doing, he loses his self-respect.

Everybody respects and admires a truthful man. John Stuart Mill was a very truthful man. He was a friend of the working classes and, as a true friend, he also exposed and showed them their faults and weaknesses. Once, he publicly told them that they were given to lying. At this, they became indignant, and so, when he sought their votes at a public meeting, some of the workers, who were present, asked him whether he had seriously said that they were given to lying, and if so, why he asked for their votes. Mill was not a bit afraid to tell them the truth. He boldly replied that he had said previously that they were given to lying, that he even then thought so, and that he would not flatter them for their votes, and that he would tell them when they were wrong, because he was their true friend and not their eye pleaser. This frank reply was so much liked by the workmen that they voted for him and elected him, as their representative, in the House of Commons.

The Duchess de Longueville was a model of truth. When she did not succeed in obtaining a favour for one of her friends from the King of France, she was so much hurt that, in his absence, she spoke some indiscreet words, in an unguarded moment, about him, which were reported by a gentleman, who was present at that time, to the King who reported to her brother. The latter declared that it could not be true, for he did not believe his sister had lost her senses. The King himself said: "I will believe her, if she herself denies it." The Prince went to his sister who spoke frankly everything to him. He was much amazed and tried to persuade her to speak untruth to the King, as on that occasion sincerity would be folly. But, he was unsuccessful in persuading her. "Do you wish me to repair it," she said to him, "by a greater, not only towards God but towards the King? I cannot lie to him, when he has the generosity to put faith in me, and believe me on my word. The man who has betrayed me is much to blame, but after all, I must not let him pass for a slanderer, which he is not." On the following day she went to the court and met the King. She threw herself at her feet and begged pardon for the indiscreet words which had escaped her. Needless to say, the King pardoned her, and ever after treated her with more kindness and favour than before.

"Go, my son," said the mother of Abd-el-Kader, after giving him forty coins of silver and taking from him the promise of never telling a lie, "I consign thee to God; we will not meet again until the day of judgment." The boy started his journey, but, within a few days, he was attacked by robbers. "What money have you got with you?" asked one of them. "Forty dinars, sir," replied Abd-el-Kader. At this, the robber laughed. "I say, what money have you really with you?" asked another sternly. Kader repeated his former reply which the robbers did not believe. Then, the chief of the robbers asked: "What money have you in your possession?" "I have told two of your men already that I possess forty dinars, but they do not seem to believe me." "Examine his clothes," commanded the chief to his men. They obeyed him and they found exactly forty dinars.

All of them were amazed at the boy's truthfulness. "And how came you to speak the truth!" asked the chief to Kader who replied: "Because I would not be false to my mother whom I promised never to tell a lie to anybody. "My boy," said the chief, "You although so young, are so mindful of your duty to God, and I, so old, am so insensible to my duty to God! give me your hand, that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so, and, one by one, his followers imitated his example.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehood, he replied: "Not to be credited with when he shall tell the truth." A man, who has previously lied, is not believed even when he speaks the truth. "Once a liar, always a liar."

"Oh! 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
But, liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And tries to hide it makes it two."

Honesty is always associated with truth. In fact, truth is honesty and honesty is truth. Honesty is undoubtedly the best policy. An honest man is more likely to succeed in life than a knave. The former wins respect and honour, gains confidence and trust, makes admirers and friends.

The path of honesty is always smooth and plain and easy, but that of dishonesty is difficult and crooked and rough.

Even if it pays, to use the phrase in the vulgar sense, to be dishonest, nobody should practise dishonesty. Honesty is undoubtedly the best policy; but, he, who is honest from policy, should not be considered as an honest man. The merit of every action should always be weighed by its motive. The motive of policy is gain, but the motive of integrity of character is nothing but purity of soul and rectitude of conscience. Pope says:

"Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind."

When you become dishonest, in order to achieve money, you thereby sell yourself, sell your soul, sell all that is best in you. Better to starve than to get money by acting against the dictates of your conscience. Oliver Goldsmith never sold himself. Political wirepullers tried to buy him, but he was not bought. He preferred honest poverty to dishonest riches. He died a poor man in debt. Had he wished, he would have died rich by doing dirty and dishonest political work. But the very idea of being bought by others was repugnant to his mind.

The story is told of him that when he published his "Deserted Village," the publisher gave him one hundred guineas for the copy-right. A friend, who was present at that time, observed that it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth," said

Goldsmith, "I think so too," and saying thus returned it to the publisher and requested him to pay him out of the profits of the sale.

The Earl of Chatham and his son, William Pitt, considered money as dirt beneath their feet, compared with the public duty. When the former was appointed Paymaster to the Forces, he refused to take one farthing beyond the salary which the law had fixed to the office. At that time, when it was peace, the Paymaster was allowed to keep a large sum, amounting to thousands of pounds to his credit and was allowed to appropriate the interest upon it to his own use. But Chatham did not take even a farthing.

When George III, who was favourably disposed to men of literary merit, bestowed upon Dr. Johnson a pension of £300 a year, he first hesitated to accept it, because he was afraid that his acceptance might be regarded as a political bribe and he had made up his mind to be the tool of no government. It was only when Lord Bute assured him that it was conferred upon him, not for what he might yet do, but for what he had actually done, that he accepted it.

When Themistocles found that his daughter was courted in marriage by two men, one of whom was a dishonest fool but rich and the other poor but wise and virtuous, he chose the latter for his son-in-law, and said to those who were surprised at this: "I value more a man without riches, than riches without a man."

Abraham Lincoln was, from his childhood, perfectly honest and truthful. He never tarnished his lips with a lie. Never in his whole life did he ever become dishonest. To be sure, there was not a single black spot on the white flower of his life. So great indeed was his love for truth, frankness, and righteousness; so considerable indeed was his devotion to equity, fairness, and impartiality; so abundant indeed was his affection for integrity, rectitude, and honesty; that even when he was hardly out of his teens, men, when they had quarrels between or among themselves, used to go to him and submit to his judgment; he was always chosen as an umpire or a referee in cricket or hockey matches. His integrity was inflexible, his candour was fearless, his honesty was daring, his righteousness was unswerving. As a statesman, he never belied the confidence reposed in him.

Many are the authentic anecdotes told of his honesty, a few of which I give below:—

- (1) On one occasion, when he was a clerk in a store at New Salem, he sold certain articles, to a woman, amounting in value to two dollars and six and a quarter cents. After giving him the money, the woman went away. To make himself sure of correctness, when he counted the sum of money again, he found that the woman had given him six and a quarter cents too much. As he knew her house, after closing the store, he went there and delivered over the money to her.

- (2) On another occasion, just when he was on the point of closing the store at night, a woman entered it and asked for half a pound of tea. After giving the tea and receiving the money, he closed the store and went home. The following morning, as soon as he opened the store, he found that on the previous night he had given the woman, by mistake, a less amount of tea. He closed the store at once, went to her house and delivered over the remainder of the tea to her.
- (3) As a lawyer, Lincoln never took the wrong side of any case. Once, when he was requested to do so, he said: "Oh no! All the while when I will be talking to that jury I will be thinking: 'Lincoln, you're a liar; Lincoln, you're a liar' and I think I may forget myself and speak these words out."
- (4) On one occasion, a client in his office was talking very earnestly and in a low tone to him about a case, so that nobody else in the office could hear him. But, one person overheard both of them, and he related Lincoln's reply thus in a letter to one of his friends:

"Yes," Lincoln said, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighbourhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

The story is told of an Indian, named Ramdual, who was in the service of a rich merchant of Calcutta, that once his master sent him to a certain suburb of Calcutta, with Rs. 14,000, in order to buy some property at a public auction which was held there. On his way, Ramdual had to pass along the riverbank, where he saw a newly arrived ship with her cargo undischarged. He stopped there and inspected the vessel and tried to calculate the amount of damage she had suffered. He then went on his way, but as he had waited there too long, when he arrived at the place of auction, he found that the property was already disposed of. He became very sorry. On his way back, he again went to the wharf, just at the time the ship with her cargo was brought under the hammer. There were not many people and the bidding was poor. Ramdual also began bidding, though the money in his pocket was his master's and though he had hardly one hundred rupees in the world he could call his own, and succeeded in knocking down the ship to him for Rs. 14,000. Half an hour after this, an Englishman came running there and haughtily asked Ramdual to give up the ship and take back the money. Ramdual, of course, naturally refused

to do so. The Englishman tried to threaten him in various ways, but Ramdulal was not made of so poor stuff as to yield to the Englishman. When the latter found that his threatenings produced no effect upon him, he took recourse to coaxing Ramdulal. But in this he also failed and seeing that he had to deal with a shrewd man, he offered Ramdulal 20-30-50-75 and even 100 thousand rupees, but Ramdulal did not accept the offer. The Englishman still increased his offer and at last Ramdulal accepted the offer of 114 thousand rupees. Late in the evening, Ramdulal returned to his master. He was afraid that his master would be angry with him for not having bought the property, as he had been told to do so. He was also not quite sure, whether his master would like the transaction at the wharf. But, afraid though he was, he told the whole story in detail to his master and when he gave him the cheque, he (i.e. the master) at once stood up with delight not at that gain but at his honesty and gave him that whole sum saying: "Dear Ramdulal, take it as a reward for your honesty. May it prove a blessing to you!"

On one occasion, in the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria, the Prime Minister urged her to sign a certain document on the ground of "expediency." She looked up at his face and calmly said: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but 'expediency' is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

When George Washington was President of the United States, a lucrative office in the gift of the President fell vacant. Two candidates came forward for the office, one of whom was a favourite friend of George Washington and the other was his political opponent. Everybody thought that the latter's case was hopeless and that the former would surely obtain it. But Washington appointed his political opponent and not his friend. When a mutual friend, who was interested in this affair, tried to reproach the President for his injustice, he replied: "My friend I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States; as George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing."

When Marquis Wellesley found that his father had died in debts amounting to several thousand pounds, he resolved to discharge all those debts, in spite of the fact that by virtue of a law he inherited his father's property without being liable for the payment of those debts. But the Marquis was a conscientious, honest man, and so, he lived for a few years with great economy, and thus saved money enough to discharge all the debts which he did discharge.

The brother of the Marquis, the Duke of Wellington, was also a man of integrity of character. He never sold himself and

never accepted any bribe. When he was offered a large sum of money by the minister of Hyderabad, who wanted to know a secret from the Duke, he said: "It appears, then that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly." "Then so am I," said the Duke. He refused the offer, and the wily minister had to go away disappointed. When the Rajah of Kittoor, through his minister offered him a bribe of a large sum of money, he indignantly refused to take it and said: "Inform the Rajah that I and all the British officers consider such offers as insults, by whomsoever they are made."

That most charming and popular English writer,—I mean, Lord Macaulay was a man of great character. Though his teachings are of the earth earthy, though he explicitly teaches us, as the seer of America so wisely remarks, that 'good' means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity, he considered money as dirt to integrity of character. Rightly did Sydney Smith say of him: "I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles, before him in vain. He has an honest genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests." When Lord Lansdowne offered Macaulay a seat in the Council of India, he wrote to his lordship: "Every day that I live, I become less and less desirous of great wealth. But, every day makes me more sensible of the importance of a competence. Without a competence, it is not very easy for a public man to be honest; it is almost impossible for him to be thought so. I am so situated that I can subsist only in two ways; by being in office, and by my pen.....The thought of becoming a bookseller's hack: of writing to relieve, not the fulness of the mind, but the emptiness of the pocket; of spurring a jaded fancy to reluctant exertion; of filling sheets with trash, merely that the sheets may be filled; of bearing from publishers and editors what Dryden bore from Thomson, and what, to my knowledge, Mac-kintosh bore from Lardener, is horrible to me. Yet, thus it must be if I should quit office. Yet to hold office for the sake of emolument would be more horrible still."

The story is told of an Indian munsiff, whose life was accepted by an insurance company as a doctor had certified him to be in good health, that scarcely had he paid two quarterly premiums before he was thrown into a severe illness. He believed that the doctor, who had previously examined him, did not do so carefully, and, owing to the doctor's carelessness only, his life was accepted by the insurance company. This belief worried him greatly, and as he believed that he would be cheating the company, if he would not release it from its obligations, he wrote a letter to its agent, in which he explained all the circumstances and released the company from its obligations.

The story is told of one George Dade, who was a house-steward of a rich gentleman, that he was the great favourite of his master and still more of an unmarried sister of his master. This sister loved Dade secretly. Dade knew this very well and he would

have secretly married her. But, being a conscientious man, he thought that, by so doing, he would give great pain to his master and all the members of her family, as they would consider themselves as degraded by such a marriage. His conscientiousness told him that it was his bounden duty to inform his master of the circumstances and request him to take steps to divert the mind of his sister from him who was unworthy of her love. When he informed the master of this, he was struck by his honesty. He removed his sister and obtained for Dade a good appointment in a public office. Here Dade, by his industry and honesty, rose rapidly and, within a few years, he was in a condition to accept the hand of the lady. He, with the consent of his former master, married her and their marriage life was perfectly happy.

It must always be remembered that honesty does not simply consist in taking no base advantages and in being incorruptible, but also in adhering to your promises steadfastly, whatever may happen.

Four years after his captivity, John, King of France, who was taken prisoner in a battle between England and France, was allowed to return to his country so that he might persuade his subjects to agree to the terms of the peace proposed by the king of England. One of the terms was for the payment of four millions of gold crowns as a ransom for the French monarch. This was not favourably received and, consequently, as peace was not effected, he resolved to immediately return to England and surrender himself, once more, into the hands of her king. Some of the councillors tried to persuade the king not to go, but they were unsuccessful in their attempts. "If faith and loyalty," said John, "were banished from the rest of the world, they ought to remain still enshrined in the hearts of kings." Accordingly, he returned to England, was captivated again, and soon after died there.

"I must do what I believe to be right." This was what Sir Thomas More, the immortal author of *Utopia*, said when his friends persuaded him to swear according to the wish of king Henry, who wanted every man to believe that he had done right in divorcing his wife, in order to save his life. When he was brought out from the Tower of London in order to be put to death, his beloved daughter Margaret rushed through the crowd of soldiers who were around him, and putting her hands round his neck weeping, begged him to swear as the King wished. But, "I cannot do that," was his reply to her. When he reached the scaffold, he talked cheerfully with his friends and said to the head-man: "Friend, you are going to do me the greatest kindness that any man can, for you will open the door to the great life after this one."

When Regulus, the noted Roman general, who was captured by the Carthaginians, was sent by them to Rome with ambassadors to sue for peace, it was on condition that he should return to his prison if peace was not effected. He acceded to this condition, took the oath and swore that he would return if peace was not

effected. In Rome, he urged the Senators to continue the war and he succeeded in doing so. When the time for returning to Carthage came, the senators urged him not to go back. They tried to persuade him to do so by saying that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, it was not his duty to go back. But Regulus was determined to go. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he asked them and remarked: "I know that death and torture would be my lot, but what are these to the shame of dishonesty or the tortures of a guilty conscience? Slave though I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my sacred duty to do so. Let the gods take care of the rest." Needless to say, he returned to Carthage where he was tortured to death.

The Story is told of Krishna Pauti that he once made a verbal contract with an English trader to supply him with a large quantity of rice, when the price of it was very low. But, soon after owing to heavy rainfall, its price began to rise, until at the time fixed for the delivery, it was three times as great as when Krishna Pauti and the Englishman had entered into the contract. The latter looked upon it, as it was verbal, as a mere proposal which in no way bound either him or Krishna Pauti, especially under the altered circumstance, and had no thought of demanding its fulfilment. But, to Krishna Pauti, that verbal contract was as binding as a written one, and in order to fulfil it he sent for the Englishman. The latter, of course, called upon him. Just think of his astonishment, when Krishna Pauti requested him to take delivery of the rice exactly at the price which prevailed at the time the contract was made. In spite of the Englishman's objection to that, Krishna gave orders to his men to begin loading the Englishman's boat with bags of rice. It was not until the boat was loaded with nearly one third of the quantity, when the Englishman piteously protesting cried out: "Enough! enough! my boat will sink if we take any more of this good man's things," that Krishna asked his men to stop loading it.

One day, Sir William Napier, while taking a walk near Freshford, met a little girl who was sobbing, as if her heart would break, over a broken bowl. She said that she would be severely beaten by her mother for having broken it. When she happened to see Sir William, a sudden gleam of hope appeared in her eyes, and she said to him: "But, you can mend it, can't ee?" Sir William explained that he could not mend it, and requested her to buy a new one with the money he would give her. The girl became ready to buy it, but Sir William, to his sorrow, on opening his purse, found that it was quite empty of silver coins. Consequently, he made amends by promising to meet her on the same spot, at the same hour, next day, and to bring money with him, and asked her to tell her mother that she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child entirely put her trust in him, and went on her way. On his return home, Sir William found that he was invited the following evening at a dinner and to meet

some one whom he specially wished to see. He first thought whether he would be in time for the dinner party after meeting that little girl. But, finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the kind invitation, on the plea of a 'pre-engagement.' That little girl, who was only five years old and who was a complete stranger to him, he had promised to meet and Sir William did not see it at all right to violate his promise. "I cannot disappoint her," Sir William said to his friends who were present at that time, "she trusted me so implicitly."

KINDNESS AND MAGNANIMITY.

**" Kind words ! they in our troubled hours
 Fall on the heart, like dew on flowers ;
 While all the wealth the earth could bring,
 Would never reach its hidden spring.
 And life—what is it ? when 'tis past
 The good, the true alone will last,
 And gentle words and kindly deeds
 Are all parting spirit needs.
 Kind words—they are the breath of Heaven ;
 To cheer earth's sorrowing ones they're given,
 While they whose words wound the oppresse'd,
 May live and die, alike unblest."**

It is the duty of every man to be kind and beneficent to others. Every one, whether he be rich or poor, high or low, should be treated gently and kindly. It is not enough simply to speak kind words, but also to perform kind deeds. Humanity does not simply consist in hearing tales of sorrows and miseries of others, but also in trying to relieve them. It is the duty of every man to give a helping hand to any man who is in trouble.

Abraham Lincoln was a very kind man. He never lost the opportunity of doing any kind action. One day, in Springfield, while walking in a street, he—at that time he was a lawyer—saw a little girl in full dress, standing, at the gate of her house, and sobbing as if her heart would break. "Why, what's the matter?" Lincoln asked. "The Servant has not come to get my trunk," she replied, "and I will miss the train." "How big is the trunk?" he asked. "There's time enough if it isn't too big." When he saw her trunk, he said: "Oh, ho! wipe your eyes and come on, quick!" Before the little girl knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk and began walking fast. They reached the station in time.

The mother of that great Bengali, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, was extremely kind and beneficent. One day, when she was busy as usual, a poor woman came in her small room with a child at her breast. On account of the cold, both of them were shivering, as they had no proper clothes on their bodies. She said to the mother of Vidyasagar whose name was Bhagabati Devi: "Mother will you kindly give me an old piece of cloth for the child? I have nothing to cover him properly, and it is so bitterly cold!"

The Devi, with the utmost efforts refrained herself from tears, when she saw the wretched condition of that woman and her child, and, without speaking a word, went at once into her bedroom, brought a new coverlet and gave it to that woman saying : " Take this ; it will be warmer than a piece of cloth." It must be remembered that the Devi herself was very poor. The coverlet that she gave to that woman was the only one in her house to protect herself from the cold. But as she gave it away, she, in her turn, had to shiver.

Her son, Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, was like herself. He never lost any opportunity of doing good to others. On one occasion, when he was in the house of a rich man, a servant came and gave him a letter. Vidyasagar saw that the servant was extremely tired and was with difficulty breathing. He was filled with pity and, consequently, he asked him to be seated on a fine carpet under a swinging punkah near him. He, then, read the letter and wrote a reply to it. When he saw that the servant had taken enough rest, he dismissed him after giving him some money. When he was gone, some gentlemen who were at that time in the house, remonstrated upon Vidyasagar's conduct, because their dignity was so to say lost by that servant having been given a fine seat in their company. Upon this, Vidyasagar is reported to have said " Be pleased to listen to me patiently, and I will explain my reasons. I did not consider the man inferior to me in social rank from the orthodox Hindu point of view, inasmuch as he was a Kanajn Brahman, who would disdain to eat food cooked by me. But, looking at the matter from the standpoint of a servant, I have not forgotten, and I say it without shame, that my father also was once a servant receiving no higher wages than this man. Could I, therefore, treat him otherwise without casting disrespect on the memory of my dear father? "

The late Sir Arthur Pearson, was a very kind man, His kind-heartedness made him a keen censor of the jokes that were to appear in his " Pearson's Weekly." It is said that he disliked any play on words which would be likely to hurt the feelings of his individual readers. He banned all jokes that giped at personal afflictions.

Alexander the Great was, in many respects, kind. One day, as a poor Macedonian was driving a mule laden with the King's money, the mule grew tired. Thereupon, he took the burden upon his own shoulders and carried it till he almost tottered under it. Alexander happened to notice him and said : " Hold on, friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your own tent, for it is yours. "

When Porus was taken prisoner, Alexander asked him how he would like to be treated. " Like a king," replied Porus. " And have you nothing else to request? " " No," said Porus, " everything comes under the word " King'." Alexander not only restored him his own dominions immediately, but also added some of his own territories to them to be governed by Porus.

Queen Victoria's heart was, from her childhood, full of the milk of human kindness. When she resided at Claremont, she used to take walks with her mother in the neighbourhood. One day, while she was taking a walk, a bright-eyed girl, not knowing who she was, said innocently to her: "Tell your fortune, my dear, you were born to good luck: you shall have a lord across the seas now; you shall have seven children and a carriage to ride in." She, then, requested the Princess—mind you! the girl did not know that she was the Princess—to assist her poor mother who was very ill. The Princess saw that the girl was very poor, and so, she desired to be conducted to her mother whom she found on a comfortless bed. After giving her a good sum of money and saying some kind words, she departed. The following morning, the Princess again went to that poor woman's house followed by a servant who had with him blankets, clothes, food etc. She gave all these to that woman and after making enquiries about her health left her amidst blessings.

When the first warrant for execution was presented to Queen Victoria, it is said that she burst into tears. Lord Melbourne said: "Your Majesty knows that you have the prerogative of mercy." "Then," she replied, "let the sentence be changed to transportation for life."

To be sure, a man, who does not think of himself always but also devotes time to the happiness of others, soon wins respect and honour. The Prince Consort, soon after the marriage of his eldest daughter wrote to her: "If you have succeeded in winning people's hearts by friendliness, simplicity and courtesy, the secret lay in this, that you were not thinking of yourself."

When the Coronation and its accompanying delights were postponed on account of the illness of Edward VII, the one thing that weighed much upon his Majesty's mind was the disappointment of the public at this postponement and said: "Will my people ever forgive me?"

Tennyson's heart was full of the milk of human kindness. He was always willing to relieve the necessities of deserving literary men in distress. It is said that refusing honours for himself, he asked the English Government only three favours at long intervals, viz: (1) to increase the Government Savings Bank interest for small deposits; (2) to grant a pension to a poor author; and (3) to increase another poet's allowance. In 1869, when his publisher, Edward Maxon, died in difficulties, Tennyson anonymously gave Mrs. Maxon and her daughters a considerable annual pension. An eccentric American once crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of reciting the poem, "Maud," to Tennyson. "My father," says his son, "allowed him to do so, but suffered from the recitation."

Men like Tennyson are England's boast. Men like him, besides immortalizing their names, perpetuate the moral glory and intellectual supremacy of England.

Why, O why, did the whole of England go almost mad with joy on the 28th. of February, 1922, on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Mary, which will remain for ever a red-letter day in the glorious history of England? To what was due that extraordinary outburst of love and loyalty of the English people on that glorious and splendid occasion? To be sure, not simply because of the fact that Princess Mary is the daughter of the greatest and most glorious King in the world, not simply because of the fact that the national pride of the mighty and patriotic English people was stirred by the purely national festival, but also because of the fact—and this is still a greater reason—that the Princess has always been kind and good towards the people. The English worship their Princess, because she is not haughty and proud and could cook and sew as well as the humblest of their daughters. They worship her, because she has, from her girlhood, delighted in showing practical kindness towards the poor. In many a poor slum in England, tales are told of this good and kind Princess. During the War, she worked every day for a considerable number of hours to help the wounded and the children of the soldiers who fought for her most glorious father and country. Casting aside her rich silken gowns, the fair and noble Princess wore the humble garb of a nurse and worked long hours in a children's hospital every day. Her motto is the same as that of her glorious brothers: "I serve my King and country."

Most of the Royal Houses in this world are as a sort of curse to their people, but the glorious English Royal House is a perfect blessing to England and the mighty British Empire.

Kindness and goodness always beget happiness. The story is told of a king's little son that, in spite of the fact that he was loved by everybody and that every desire of his was always gratified, he was unhappy and a scowl of uneasiness was always to be seen on his face. Nobody could relieve him of his unhappiness, as nobody could understand the cause of it. One day, a great magician came to the palace of his father, and told him that he could make his son happy. "If you can do so," said the king, "I will give you whatever you ask." The magician took the prince into a private room, and after writing something with a white substance on a piece of paper, he gave it to him and asked him to go into a dark room and hold a lighted candle under it and read anything that might appear on the paper. The young prince did so and, on account of the light, the white letters were turned into blue which were: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince followed this advice and, needless to say, soon became happy.

It must always be remembered that a truly kind and beneficent man is always magnanimous and forgiving. He not only does not find faults with others, he not only does not injure others, but is also ready to forgive them for any harm done to him by them. He always keeps in mind the fact that to forgive is divine. He is always magnanimous.

When Philip, King of Macedonia, was told that the Athenian orators were slandering him abroad, he only said : " It shall be my care, by my life and actions, to prove them liars."

When he was advised to banish one of his subjects for having rebelled against him, he said : " Let us first see whether I have given him any cause to do so. " He soon found that that rebel had done him some services without receiving any reward. Thereupon, he not only forgave him, but acknowledging that the fault had been his, immediately rewarded him.

The story is told of a Chinese emperor that once he heard that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of his provinces. " Come, my friends, " he said to his officers, " follow me, and I promise you, that we shall destroy our enemies." When he marched there, the rebels at once submitted. All his officers thought that he would inflict condign punishment on them. But, instead of that, the rebels were treated with kindness and humanity. At this conduct, the officers became angry with the king. " What ! " cried one of them, " is this the way in which you fulfil your promise ? You had promised that you would destroy your enemies, but you have pardoned all of them, and even shown special favour to them " " I promised," replied the king, " to destroy my *enemies*. This I have done. For see, they are enemies no longer ; I have made them my friends."

When Theodore Roosevelt was studying in the Harvard College in America, he used to take part in college sports. On March 22, 1879, he enrolled in the light weight sparring at the meeting in the Harvard Gymnasium, and, it is said, defeated his first competitor. When the referee called out " time," Roosevelt immediately dropped his hands, but his competitor dealt him a severe blow on his face. At this, all the on-lookers shouted out : " Foul ! foul ! " and they hissed that man. But Roosevelt turned towards them and said : " Hush ! He didn't hear."

It must always be borne in mind that it is not only our duty to be kind and generous to men, but also to animals—dumb animals. Do not think even for a moment that in virtue of your unique and superior position in creation, you are to lord over the dumb animals, treating them in any way you like. It is your sacred and bounden duty to treat them kindly, to see to it that they are well-fed and well-housed. By all means use them, but do never ill-use them. To harm them and to injure them is as sinful as it is to harm and injure men. Says Longfellow :

" He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door."

You have no more right to kill any innocent animal, for any purpose, than you have to kill a man. Life is as dear to them, as it is to you. The Almighty has never meant you to kill them and eat their flesh.

" Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live."

Shelley tells us that there is a relation between the human soul and the brute creation. And, indeed, it is so, for the Almighty has made men as well as animals and he loves animals, as he loves men.

Write it in your heart that

“ He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast ;
He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small ;
The dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all. ”

The story is told of Babu Bhuban Mohan Mar, a homeopath, that one very hot day, a gentleman sent a carriage to fetch him to his house to examine the condition of his son who was ill. It was, then, mid-day and, on account of the extreme heat of the sun, the ground was burning hot. When the Babu looked at the coachman and two horses, he was filled with pity, for they were extremely tired. He then asked the coachman to take his carriage under the shade of a large tree which was not far-off and take rest. Then, he set off to go to the house of that gentleman. When the master of the house inquired as to the cause of not coming in the carriage he had sent, the noble Babu said : “ My dear sir, the coachman seemed to be in such a sorry condition on account of this extreme heat and the poor horses seemed to me to be so exhausted that I preferred to walk rather than give them trouble and pain.”

Leonardo de Vinci, who was a staunch vegetarian and a keen humanitarian used to buy birds in cages for the purpose of restoring them to liberty,

When General Outram was in Egypt, a friend of his, knowing that they had no meat to eat, shot a bird. Outram, though a sportsman, said with sorrow : “ I have made a vow never to shoot a bird,” He refused to eat it.

Ruskin, from the bottom of his heart, hated vivisection. Consequently, when he heard that vivisection would shortly be introduced at Oxford, he, with deep sorrow and profound wrath, threw up his professorship.

Abraham Lincoln was also a great humanitarian. One day, in order to go from Indiana to Illinois, his family had to cross a stream in a wagon. After crossing it, they learned that they had forgotten their favourite pet dog to bring with them, who stood on the other side of the stream in great distress. As it would not pay to turn the wagon back to recover the dog, except Abraham, all the members of the family decided to go forward without the creature. Lincoln could not endure the idea of abandoning him and so he pulled off his shoes and socks, waded across the stream, and triumphantly returned with him under his arm. Lincoln, while narrating once this incident said that his frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid him for all the exposure he had undergone.

COURAGE AND HEROISM.

Courage is one of the important factors of success in life. Disraeli once remarked that success is the child of audacity. A business man who is not courageous is sure to fail. A politician, who is not couragerous, is sure to become a demagogue. A talented man, who is timid, will not come forward in public and so he will die obscure. A courageous man will not give up his hopes on account of difficulties and failures. But a coward will surely fall a prey to despondency on seeing difficulties and experiencing failures.

Nobody, who wishes to be of some use to others, can afford to be without courage. Courage prevents a man from speaking falsehood, from becoming dishonest and unjust.

When Raghunath Rao murdered his nephew, Narayan Rao, and usurped the throne of the Peshwa at Poona, so greatly were the Mahrathas indignant at him and so great was the torture of his own conscience, that he resolved to fight against the state of Mysore and thus for a time be in safety and free from remorse. On the eve of his departure from Poona, he held a durbar which was attended by all the well-known officers of the state, including Ram Shastri, the Chief Judge of the High Court. Raghunath Rao delivered a short speech which he concluded thus: "By the great Mahadeo's blessings and your good wishes, my fellow-labcurers in the state, we hope to render such an account of ourselves in that land of impure and unholy people, as will occupy, for ever, a glorious place in the annals of Maharashtra." The great part of the audience, at these words became more indignant and Ram Shastri could not even hold his tongue. "Raghunath Rao, murderer and usurper," the Judge indignantly burst forth: "neither are the blessings of the great Mahadeo yours nor are our good wishes. A hand, spoilt with your nephew's innocent blood, cannot wield a victorious sword. Again, you are arraigned before my tribunal to answer for your ghastly deed, by the mighty public opinion. I forbid you to depart from Poona until your trial has taken place." When he spoke these words, he was heard with breathless attention. And even after he took his seat, deep silence reigned there until Ragunath Rao, who was for a time vastly affected, broke it by saying: "Who talks of trying the ruling Peshwa of Maharashtra? If there be such a man, let him bear in mind that both court and judge derive their authority from the ruler of the land and can exercise it when he pleases. It is he who makes the laws and he is above them. Ram Shastri, I abolish your court, and I dismiss you as a judge! The Judge was not made of poor stuff. He buldy remarked. "You have no more power, even were you the rightful Peshwa, to abolish the court and tamper with the laws of the country than you have to restore life to the nephew whom you have murdered. I refuse to be dismissed by you, but of my own free will I throw up my office. I prefer to do this rather than serve under a criminal like you." So saying, the courageous Judge left the durbar and shortly after Poona and returned, only when Narayan Rao's son was installed on the throne.

Sir William Gascoigne was not a bit afraid to condemn a friend of the son of Henry IV. in spite of the fact that the Prince defended him. The Prince was so much enraged at this that he struck the Judge. Upon this, Sir William boldly punished the Prince by imprisoning him. A cowardly judge would have been cowed down at this conduct of the Prince, but Sir William was not a bit afraid to punish him. Of course the Prince had to submit to this punishment. When the King was informed of this conduct of the Judge, he said : " Happy am I in having a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws ; and still more happy in having a son who will submit to such chastisement." The Prince himself after a few days begged the Judge's pardon for his rudeness in court; and when he became King, he made him Lord Chief Justice of England saying, " Since you were so honest as to put the law in force against me, I am sure you will always use it to protect the people."

When dangers arise, a courageous man faces them bravely, He never gives way to fear. Fear is a thing which he does not know.

On one occasion, in his childhood, Nelson happened to have lost himself, to the alarm of his relatives. On his being found, when wonder was expressed that fear had not driven him home, he replied : " Fear ! What is fear ? I have never seen fear."

The story is told of Alexander the Great that, in his boyhood, when his father ordered to take away the horse Bucephalus, because it was unmanageable, he said : " What a horse they are losing, for want of skill and spirit to manage him." At first, his father, Philip, took no notice of these words, but when he repeated them again and again and showed great uneasiness, Philip said to him : " Young boy, you find fault with your elders, as if you are wiser than them or could manage the horse better." " And I certainly could," replied Alexander. " If you would not be able to ride him, what forfeit will you pay for your rashness ? " asked the King. " I shall pay the price of the horse." Upon this, the courtiers laughed ; but, as the King and the Prince agreed as to the forfeit, Alexander ran with joy to the horse, and laying hold of the bridle, turned him to the sun, for he had observed that the shadow which fell before him and moved whenever he moved, disturbed him. Alexander brought the fury of the horse to an end by speaking softly to him and stroking him, and then leaped on his back. Then, without pulling the reins hard and using the whip, he set him going. On his way, when Alexander saw that the animal was quite calm, he, to the great distress of his father and courtiers, put him to a full gallop. When the Prince turned the horse and returned safely to his father, all the courtiers received him with acclamations and his father wept for joy and kissing him said : " Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of the talents, for Macedonia is too small for thee."

When Louis XVI was led to the execution, he exclaimed :

" Am I afraid ? Feel my pulse."

On one occasion when the French general, Turenne, was going into a battle, he was trembling with fear. But instead of cowardly yielding to his physical fear, he exclaimed to his body : "What! Are you trembling now? Just wait and see what you will have to go through presently."

When Wellington was in great danger of being drowned at sea, the captain of the vessel said to him : "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," replied Wellington, "then I shall not take off my boots."

Courage and heroism, on the part of one man, have saved many lives from destruction. Had not Grace Darling encouraged her father to make the attempt at saving men of the *Forfashire* which was wrecked on the rocks of the Great Harkars, and had she not herself accompanied her father, all of them would have perished.

A courageous man is a self-respecting man. He will do anything, he will even risk or give his own life for the sake of self-respect or honour. Dryden rightly says :

"The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpowered with arms, deserts his cause ;
Unshamed, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man."

"Come and take them," was the bold reply of Leonidas King of Sparta, to the messenger sent by Xerxes to Thermopyloe. Xerxes said : "Go and tell those mad men to deliver up their arms." Leonidas, again, boldly replied : "Go and tell Xerxes to come and take them."

Mr. Lloyd George is a very courageous man. He is perhaps the most courageous of all politicians and statesmen. Much as we may blame him for his inconsistency and vacillation, much as we may reprove him for his materialism, much as we may denounce him for preferring expedients to principles, we cannot but admire him for his pluck and courage. Courage seems to be the chief characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George. It is his inherent and innate quality. Mr. Herbert Du Parcq, in his biography of him, narrates the following incident of his piece of courage which he showed as a solicitor.

In May 1889, four quarrymen were charged before the Carnarvon County magistrates with unlawfully fishing with a net in the Nantelle lower lake. They retained Mr. Lloyd George for their defence and his conduct of the case is a good example of his determined policy of resistance to a Bench he considered prejudiced.

In the course of the case, the solicitor for the defence, i.e. Mr. Lloyd George, contended that the Bench had no jurisdiction.

The Chairman said that that would have to be proved in a higher court.

Mr. Lloyd George : Yes, sir, and in a perfectly just and unbiassed court too.

Mr. Chairman : If that remark of Mr. George's is meant as a reflection upon any magistrate sitting on this Bench, I hope

that he will name him. A more insulting and ungentlemanly remark to the Bench I never heard during the course of my experience as a magistrate.

Mr. Lloyd George: But a more true remark was never made in a Court of Justice.

Mr. Chairman: Tell me to whom you are referring. I must insist upon your referring to any magistrate or magistrates sitting in this Court.

Mr. Lloyd George: I refer to you in particular, sir.

Mr. Chairman (rising): Then I retire from the Chair. Good-bye, gentlemen. This is the first time I have ever been insulted in a Court of Justice. (He then left the court).

Another magistrate: In fairness to the Chairman and other magistrates I must say that Mr. Lloyd George was not justified in making such remarks.

A third magistrate: I decline to proceed with this case until Mr. Lloyd George apologises.

Mr. Lloyd George: I am glad to hear it.

A fourth magistrate said that he would not sit any longer to hear the case until Mr. Lloyd George had withdrawn or apologised.

Mr. Lloyd George took no notice of these remarks, and he therefore vacated his seat.

Then one of the few remaining magistrates asked Mr. Lloyd George to tender an apology to the Bench.

"I say this," Mr. Lloyd George then spoke, "that at least two or three magistrates at this Court are bent upon securing a conviction whether this is a fair case or not. I am sorry the Chairman has left the court, because I am in a position to prove what I have said: I shall not withdraw anything, because every word I have spoken is true."

The result of this declaration was that every magistrate left the court. But after some time four magistrates came back and the new Chairman announced their unanimous opinion that Mr. Lloyd George's remarks were unjustifiable and should have been withdrawn and that under all circumstances it was better that the case should proceed.

Mr. Lloyd George made no remark and the case was proceeded.

Rightly does Mr. Parcq remark that one almost pities the indignant magistrates, rising one by one, from the seat of justice to return with a tame admonition to the offender whom they could not quell.

However great may be the dangers, a courageous man does not lose his courage and consequently his presence of mind. His mental balance is always in the proper order. He is always level-headed.

The story is told of a lady that when she was seated on a lawn, her children around her, a mad dog, who was pursued by peasants, suddenly made his appearance there. And what did the lady do? Just think, dear reader, what would you have

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done, had you been in her place? She went straight to the dog, took his head in her thick gown between her knees, and muffling it up, held it firmly till assistance came. Thus, by her presence of mind, which was of course the result of courage, no one was hurt by that dog.

The story is told of a man whose hand was unconsciously seriously cut and an artery divided, with his sickle, while reaping in a field. Consequently, he bled profusely but the people around him, instead of taking steps to prevent the blood from flowing, stood stock-still, as they had lost their presence of mind. The poor man would soon have bled to death, had not a quick-witted girl made her appearance, there, in the nick of time. No longer did she see the man bleeding than she went to him, slipped off her simple garter, and bound it tight above the wound, so that the bleeding was stopped.

Was Captain Smith at all frightened, did he lose his mental balance, when a sudden and severe shock came to the Titanic? Not a bit. He at once went to the deck. An officer said to him: "An iceberg has just passed the vessel, and shaved her side."

But his experienced ear told him that it was no slight shave. "Close all the water-tight doors," he began to give orders. "They are closed sir," replied that officer. "Send the carpenter to sound the ship," was the Captain's second order. The carpenter went to sound the ship, to see if there was any water in it, but he went for ever. He never returned. Captain Smith knew that the gigantic Titanic was doomed, but keeping his level-headedness he continued to give orders and, by his presence of mind, he was able to save seven hundred and three persons.

"Come with us," the men on the ORIENT cried to the boy, Casabianca; but the brave boy replied, "I cannot go; I have, promised my father to stay." "Come, while there is time," the men shouted but the boy remained firm. The ship was on fire, and so all men quitted it except Casabianca who was ordered by his father, before the battle began, to stay in a certain place until he should tell him to leave it. During the battle the father had died, but the brave boy was ignorant about this. "Father, my father, must I stay?" But there was no reply. All sides of the vessel were overtaken by the cruel flames, and the ORIENT burst into a thousand and one pieces and Casabianca perished with it. His brave deed has made him immortal for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

OPPORTUNITY.

"To each man's life there comes a time supreme ;
One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
One freighted hour, one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam,
One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One once, in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,
And ready for the passing instant's boon—
To tip in favor the uncertain beam.
Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and work and stand
On Life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
To seize the passing moment, big with fate,
From opportunity's extended hand,
When the great clock of destiny strikes New."—
Mary Townsend.

* * *

"We must take the current when it serves or lose our ventures."
—*Shakespeare.*

* * *

"Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make,
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."—*Wordsworth.*

* * *

"Opportunity is no respecter of persons. It treats all alike the only difference being that people have a different way of taking hold of opportunity."

This world is full of opportunities. But still, there are many people who seldom meet with any. And why? The answer is that they are blind in spite of their eyes and deaf in spite of their ears. Men with open eyes and open ears find opportunities everywhere in sterile deserts or in fertile plains, in captivity or in freedom.

Every man, who is made of the right kind of stuff, has the power to make opportunities. Those who have the will to succeed in life will find opportunities enough ; and if they do not find, they will make them. They do not wait for opportunities to turn up ; they turn them up for themselves. There can be no doubt that they strike while the iron is hot ; but, even if the iron is not hot, they will strike until it gets hot. Bacon remarks that a wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. "Those who know," says John Stuart Mill, "to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them."

When Alexander the Great was asked whether he intended to take a certain city, if he had an opportunity, he replied : " Opportunity ! Why, I make opportunities ! "

" I will find a way or make one, " was Sir Philip Sydney's motto.

Though this world is full of opportunities and though we can make them, yet it is nothing less than folly to let slip a single one of them. There are some opportunities which do not come again and again. Certain moments in our life are such that upon them, our destiny of many years depends. As the immortal Bard of Avon says :—

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life.

Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

If we let slip a good opportunity now, perhaps years will be required to recover it, and perhaps, to our great remorse, we will never recover it.

" Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,

Old time is still a-flying,

And this same flower, that smiles to-day,

To-morrow will be dying."

Opportunities should be seized by the forelock, because they have hair in front, but behind they are bald. And make it a point always to make the most of them. Says Cowper : " You do well to improve your opportunity ; to speak in the rural phrase, this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you look for can never be yours, unless you make use of it. The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. "

CHAPTER VIII.

VALUE OF TIME,—PUNCTUALITY,—PROCRASTINATION.

"Is that a birthday? 'tis alas too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year."—*Pope*.

"Time is worth as much as machines and men."

"There is no saying :hocks me so much as that which I hear
very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time."—*Cowley*

"We take no note of time

But from its loss. To give it then a tongue

Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke.

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,

It is the knell of my departed hours :

Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.

It is the signal that demands despatch :

How much is to be done? My hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge Look
down."—*Young*.

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,

To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise."

"To-morrow is a period no-where to be found,

Unless, perchance in the fool's calendar :

Wisdom disclaims the word nor holds society

With those who use it."—*Cotton*.

"Time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;

And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,

Grasps in the corner : welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek

Remuneration for a thing it was ; for beauty, wit,

High birth, vigours of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time."—*Shakespeare*.

Few people realise the proper value of time. Many people are economical in money, but indeed few are in time. They deal with it as lavishly as prodigals deal with money. It is indeed a matter for deep sorrow that time, which is so potent and powerful, people deal with as if it is shadowy and nugatory? time, which is so sound and substantial, people deal with as if it is futile and frivolous; time, which is so profitable and ser-

viceable, people deal with as if it is unreal and profitless ; time, which is so useful and valuable, people deal with as if it is trifling and trivial ; time, which is so transient and fleeting, people deal with as if it is regainable and restorable.

Time is indeed the most precious of all things. Every man should consider it his bounden duty to make the right use of time. To Lord Chesterfield, it was astonishing that any one could squander away in absolute idleness one single moment of that portion of time which is allotted to us in this world. This should be astonishing to every man. Every man has to spend nearly half of his life in sleep only ; he has to spend time in dressing and undressing eating and drinking, walking and talking, etc. Just take this into consideration and think how little time is left for work ! Is it not folly not to make the most of this remainder of time ? Most certainly it is. And yet, people waste it in all sorts of ways. Ten or fifteen or even thirty minutes, which they occasionally get are nothing more than dust to them.

Almost all men, who have made their mark in the world, never wasted, in any way, any amount of time. To J. Pierpont Morgan, every hour was worth a thousand dollars. Gladstone always used to make use of the odds and ends of time. This was indeed one of the secrets of his success in life. He assures us to use his own words, that the thrift of time will repay us in after-life with an usury of profit beyond our most sanguine dreams and that the waste of it will make us dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beneath our darkest reckonings.

According to Dr. Samuel Johnson, an Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate,—an estate indeed that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants or laid out for show rather than for use.

"We are afraid," said some visitors to the divine, Baxter, "that we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the divine bluntly.

Napoleon, who once remarked that every moment lost gave an opportunity for misfortune, never wasted any amount of time. Once he invited some officers to dinner. As they did not come at the appointed hour, he went alone to give justice to it. When he was done with it, they walked into his room. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon to them, "the dinner is now over ; so, let us proceed to business."

When the private secretary of George Washington excused himself, for going late to his business, by laying the blame on his watch, he calmly remarked : "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."

"Dost thou love life ? Then, do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." These are the words of Benjamin Franklin whose time was always very precious. Once a customer

came to his bookstore in Philadelphia. After spending more than an hour, he selected a book and asked the clerk for the price of it. The clerk told him the price which seemed too exorbitant to him. He expressed his wish to the clerk to see the proprietor. "Mr Franklin is very busy just now in the pressroom," replied the clerk. But, the man insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Franklin came out from his room hurriedly.

"What is the lowest price," asked the customer showing the book to Franklin, "you can take for this book, sir?" "One dollar and a quarter," at once replied Franklin. "What! A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now!" "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work." The customer, who thought that Franklin was not in earnest, thereupon said jokingly: "Well, come now tell me your lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half," was the prompt reply of Franklin. "A dollar and a half!" the customer with astonishment remarked. "Why, you just offered it for a dollar and a quarter!" "Yes," replied Franklin, "and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now." Without speaking a single word more, the customer laid one dollar and a half on the counter and left the store with the book, somewhat downcast.

It is said of the virtuous Sully, the friend and minister of Henry IV of France that he was not less economical of his time than of the revenues of the state. From his memoirs, we learn that he used to rise early in the morning and that he was an indefatigable worker. He used to rise at four o'clock every morning. The first two hours he spent in disposing of the papers that were laid upon his desk and in reading. This he termed sweeping the carpet. At seven, he went to the council and spent the rest of the forenoon with the king who gave him instructions concerning the different departments over which he presided. He took dinner at noon and after that he gave audience to which persons of all ranks were admitted, the clergy being first heard, then persons of low condition and lastly the nobles. He, afterwards, engaged himself in business till supper-time. After supper, he usually indulged in social pleasures with some of his friends. At ten, he used to go to bed. This was the kind of life which he almost invariably led, during his ministership.

Time is not simply money. It is far more than that. It is growth of character and everything good. It is self-education and self-improvement, self-progress and self-development. Some of the poorest of men, who had to work hard for their living and who were not able to afford to take school or college education, educated themselves, improved themselves developed themselves, by using the odds and ends of time which they frequently got as leisure time. Those men would not have been successes in their lives, had they wasted bits of time considering them as worthless, as millions of their contemporaries did and as millions now do. Some have written books by using the odds and ends of time.

Charles Frost, an American, who was a shoemaker became a well-known mathematician by studying one hour every day, within a few years, Kirk White mastered the Greek language while walking to and from a lawyer's office. By using the "odd moments," Elihn Burritt mastered nearly eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two European dialects. Similarly did Sir William Jones, before he was twenty, master the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Persian and Arabic languages. Dr. Darwin composed most of his scientific poems and Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius, while their carriages conveyed them from house to house. Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes, while waiting for the princess, to whom she gave her daily lessons. Charles Dickens formed most of the plots of his novels while taking walks.

When Drexelins was asked by a friend how he could do so much as he had done, he replied: "The year has three hundred and sixty-five days or eight thousand, four hundred and sixty-four hours: in so many hours great things may be done, the slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time."

People often complain of the shortness of time, but in most instances we find that they do not make use of the odds and ends of time. It is nothing but sheer waste of time to complain of the want of it. "Take care of the pence, for pounds will take care of themselves" is quite true. Equally true it is that "Take care of minutes, for hours will take care of themselves." Says Zimmerman: "Time is never more misspent than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinctured with peevishness. The Yoke of life is certainly the least oppressive when we carry it with good humour; and in the shades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a resolution to pass our hours with economy, sorrowful lamentations on the subject of time misspent, and business neglected, never torture the mind."

Time is, indeed, very transient and fleeting. Any man can regain lost wealth by working, lost health by obeying Nature, lost knowledge by study, lost character by goodness, and lost reputation by good conduct; but who can regain lost time? Lost time is gone for ever. Nothing can bring it back,—neither money nor industry nor virtue nor flattery nor tears and bemoaning and crying and weeping. No power can bring it back again. It is gone, gone for ever, never again to return. Come what come may, Shakespeare tells us, time and the hour runs through the roughest day. Time waits for no man; take hold of it by the forelock, as behind it is absolutely bald. Goethe somewhere remarks that since time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing. Respect time and you will be respected.

There are some industrious men, too, who complain of the want of time. Such persons are, to be sure, not methodical. Method is the best manager of time. "Make the most of time," says Goethe, "it flies away so fast; and yet method will teach you to

win time." A time for everything and everything in its time is as true as a place for everything and everything in its place. It is advisable to draw up a short scheme of employment with an apportionment of hours to each task, which should be observed, not necessarily as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The following was the scheme of employment of Benjamin Franklin, America's first self-made man :—

Morning	5	} Rise, wash, and address the Almighty Father ; contrive the day's business, and take the resolution of the day ; prosecute the present study : breakfast.
[Question: What good	6			
shall I do this day ?]	7			
			8	} WORK
			to	
			11	
Noon	—	..	12	} Read or look over any accounts, and dine.
			to	
			1	
Afternoon	2	} WORK
			to	
			5	
Evening	6	} Put things in their place ; supper ; music, or diversion, or conversation ; examination of the day
[Question: What good	to			
have I done to-day ?]	9			
Night	10	} Sleep.
			to	
			4	

A man, who understands the value of time, will never be unpunctual. Punctuality is a virtue of no mean order. It is absolutely necessary for success in life. A man's character is measured by his regard for others. A man, who does not keep his appointments, shows not only that he does not attach much importance to them, but also that he has no regard for other people's time. Such a man is honoured by no one, respected by no one and trusted by no one, because he proves false to the confidence placed in him and because people consider him to be selfish.

It is the duty of every person to keep appointments and he or she must be punctual at all costs. Griefs may be surrounding you and calamities may be hovering over you, misery may be threatening you and disaster may be staring at you, but still you must be faithful to your promises and appointments that you may have made. The self-denial and self-sacrifice, that they may perhaps involve, may be very great, but still you must do your duty. Such sort of punctuality makes you extremely truthful and honest.

"Punctuality," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings." This is undoubtedly true. But it is equally true that it is the politeness of all persons and not of kings only,—it matters not whether they may be poor or rich, peasants or nobles. A truly polite man has always a regard for others and consequently he cannot but be punctual. According to Samuel Smiles, when a certain nobleman,

who had made an appointment with George III. went to his Majesty too late, the King made a remark upon his unpunctuality to which the nobleman replied: "Better late than never." "No," said the King, "that is a mistake, I say, better never than late."

On one occasion Queen Victoria was to take part in a public ceremony at an appointed time. But the Duchess of Sutherland, who was bound to accompany her as she held the high position of the office of mistress of the Robes to the Queen, did not come in time. Just when the Queen, after waiting for her for a long time, was about to enter the carriage without her, the Duchess in "breathless haste" appeared, muttering words of excuse. "My dear Duchess," said the Queen, "I think you must have a bad watch." While speaking these words, her Majesty unloosed from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore, and passed it around the neck of the Duchess. Though given as a present, the lesson it conveyed made a deep impression upon the mind of the Duchess. It is said that she changed colour and a tear fell upon her cheek. On the next day, she tendered her resignation, but the Queen did not accept it. Ever afterwards, she was punctual.

Unpunctuality is a great enemy to success in life. Many young men have lost promotions and good opportunities because of it. The story is told of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt that he once made an appointment with a young man, who had solicited his aid in securing a position, asking him to call at his office on a certain day at ten o'clock in the morning. The young man called on the day appointed, but twenty minutes past the said appointed hour. Mr. Vanderbilt was not in his office at that time. A few days later the young man happened to meet him and when Mr. Vanderbilt asked him why he did not keep his appointment, he replied: "Why, Mr. Vanderbilt, I was here at twenty minutes past ten!" "But the appointment was at ten o'clock," Mr. Vanderbilt reminded him. "Oh, I know that, but I did not think fifteen or twenty minutes would make any difference." "Indeed!" said Mr. Vanderbilt, sternly, "you will find that punctuality in keeping appointments does make a great deal of difference. In this instance your lack of promptness has deprived you of the place you desired, for the appointment was made on the very day upon which you were to meet me. Furthermore, let me tell you, young man, that you have no right to consider twenty minutes of my time of so little value that I can afford to wait for you. Why, sir, I managed to keep two other appointments within that time."

An unpunctual man is a nuisance to all persons with whom he deals. They do not know when he will come and consequently have to wait for him in feverish anxiety,—especially if the appointment is important. Generally, everybody ceases intercourse with such a man, in the long run. Then he goes to the wall and becomes a miserable human worm of the dust.

Punctuality is no mean factor to success in life. Lord Nelson once remarked that he owed all his success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before his time.

It is said of the celebrated John Adams that he was so remarkable for his punctuality that Americans, who knew him, took their time from him as from a clock. On one occasion, in the House of Representatives at Washington, of which he was a member, it was proposed to begin the business of the House; but many members objected to this, saying that Mr. Adams was not in his seat. On enquiring, it was found that on that day the clock of the House was three minutes too fast. Needless to say that before they elapsed, Adams walked in and took his seat.

In special cases, unpunctuality is extremely dangerous. It may cause disaster and ruin. Unpunctuality in the starting of a train often causes disastrous accidents. Napoleon once said that he beat the Austrians, because they did not know the value of five minutes. He himself was defeated at the Battle of Waterloo because of his unpunctuality and because of the punctuality of the English.

Promptitude is as essential as punctuality. Procrastination is undoubtedly the thief of time. It is the greatest, the shrewdest, and the most active thief, in this world. Procrastination is the habit of putting off till to-morrow what we can do to-day. This is a nasty habit, but unfortunately it is world wide. People do not realise the uncertainty of to-morrow. By to-morrow, circumstances may have changed, situations may have varied, positions may have shifted, new features may have introduced, and new incidents may have taken place: consequently, it may take more time, require more energy, have to think all over again, to do that very thing. Procrastination is often absolutely dangerous, because it is absolutely out of one's power to do or to get certain things done that one intended. Many things have to be done at their proper time; otherwise they will not yield good results, aye the results will even be disastrous. If a farmer delays to till his fields and sow seeds, when the rains set in, what will be the result? Can a seed sown out of season ever thrive? If a person, who is ill, delays to take steps to cure himself, what will be the consequences? Many firms and business houses have gone to the wall because of delaying to face the difficulties, to take steps against the wrongs. Difficulties, in business, become impossibilities, if they are not in the beginning removed.

There is intense competition in this world,—so intense indeed that a procrastinator has to go to the wall, because he is outstripped by his active rivals. There is a tide in our affairs which, taken at the flood and at the flood only, will produce good results; otherwise it will land us in ruin and disaster.

“Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:

Next day the fatal precedent will plead:
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves,
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.”

A traveller delayed to supply a nail, and lost his horse's shoe ; he delayed to supply the shoe, and his horse became lame ; he delayed to cure his lameness, and the result was that the horse stumbled and the traveller lost his life.

The Earl of Essex had to lose his head and Queen Elizabeth to break her heart, on account of the dilatoriness on the part of the Countess of Nottingham to send in time the ring of Essex to the Queen. Delay on the part of Athenians to embark for nine days on account of an eclipse of the sun, when they made war with the Svracusans, proved fatal to them as they had to suffer an ignominious defeat. Delay on the part of Spartans prevented them from forming an empire. "Truly," as Thucydides observes, "the Spartans were a very convenient people to be at war with." Mac Ian of Glencoe and all his clan had to lose their lives, as the chief delayed to submit to the English Government, in the reign of William III. Caesar's delay to read a message cost him his life, when he reached the senate house.

From the above examples, can any one say that often delays have not dangerous ends, that they do not breed remorse, cause repentance, create compunction ? They also generate idleness, sap energy, kill initiative, dampen enthusiasm, and above all ruin character. "By the street of By and By," says Cervantes, "one arrives at the house of Never." No man can hope to succeed in life, if he is addicted to the habit of putting-off. On the contrary, the habit of promptitude helps a man to win success in life.

When James VI. demanded of Thomas Hamilton the secret whereby he had amassed his enormous wealth, he replied : "I never defer till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

"How," asked a person of Sir Walter Raleigh, "do you accomplish so much and in so short a time ?" "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," replied Raleigh.

Sir Walter Scott, in his letter to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave him the following excellent advice : "You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from the habit of not having your time fully employed ; I mean what the women very expressively call dawdling. Your motto must be *HOC AGE*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this : this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect

to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock,— hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution."

To my mind, nothing seems to be a greater folly than to defer till to-morrow what we can do to-day. Is it not madness to do so, when promptitude eggs us on to work and procrastination makes us form the habit of indolence, when promptitude is a developer of character and manhood, and procrastination is a destroyer of character and manhood when promptitude is a generator of energy and procrastination is a sapper of energy, when promptitude stimulates our ambition and procrastination dampens our enthusiasm, when in short promptitude is a friend to success in life and procrastination is a foe to it?

Why defer to work on a future occasion, when you can do so to-day? Why not work to-day? Why not act in the living present? Is to-morrow better than to-day? Not a bit. How can it be so, when it is quite unknown to you? Franklin says that one to-day is worth two to-morrows. I will go further and say that one to-day is worth one hundred and one to-morrows. You cannot trust to-morrow,—any more than you can trust a devil. To-day is the only day on which you can depend. Consider to-day to be the greatest day and work to-day. Do not waste it. Turn it to account and develop yourself and improve others, in some way or other. That is the best preparation for to-morrow. Take care of to-day and to-morrow will take care of itself.

"Happy the man and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own;

He who secure within can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst for I have lived to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

SELF-CONFIDENCE AND ENTHUSIASM.

"Confidence in one's self is a chief nurse of success, and every student must aim at this, and strive to reach the happy mean between too little confidence and over-confidence in his own powers. Too great confidence is the likeliest way to prevent success, and too little confidence is the likeliest way to fail."—*James Fleming.*

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"Confidence in oneself is the chief nurse of magnanimity."
Sir Philip Sydney.

* * *

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still."—*Beaumont and Fletcher*

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"Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait."—*Milton.*

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"Enthusiasm flourishes in adversity, kindles in the hour of danger, and awakens to deeds of renown."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

* * *

"Without enthusiasm a man is only a statue."

Do you know why the lion—and not the elephant, the elephant who is far more bulky, far more huge, far more gigantic, far more sound and strong, far more sturdy and vigorous, than the lion—is the king of the forest? Because one is self-confident and self-reliant, whereas the other is diffident and timid. The lion is bold and brave, daring and dauntless, valiant and venturesome,—conscious of his capability and cogency, assured of his energy and expertness, aware of his power and potency, sensible of his skill and strength; whereas, the elephant is cowardly and cringing, fearful and faint-hearted, timid and timorous,—ignorant of his ability and aptitude, capacity and cleverness; insensible of his power and potency, sway and strength; unaware of his bigness and bulkiness, greatness and grandeur; unconscious of his skill and soundness, sturdiness and stupendousness. So cowardly and cringing, fearful and faint-hearted, timid and timorous, indeed, is the elephant that it fears to live alone. Always afraid of somebody, something, elephants always live in groups and when they

sleep, one or two of them, by turn, keep watch over the rest. A single daring dash of a lion is sufficient to affright and alarm the whole group of elephants and to put them in confusion and bewilderment.

What is true of animals in the forest, is also true of human beings in this world. The world is governed and managed, moulded and ruled by self-confident men and self-confident men only. They and they only can be the leaders. They and they only can command and control people, can reign over and restrain them.

Civilisation and progress owe a deep debt of gratitude to self-confidence. In this world, everything good and great, influential and important, powerful and prominent, significant and substantial, rare and remarkable, unique and uncommon, unparalleled and unprecedented, is the result of self-confidence. The history of civilisation and progress is nothing but the history of self-confidence.

Self-confidence is absolutely vital to success in life. It is one of its greatest factors. You are living in a fool's paradise, if you expect to be successful in your life, even though you do not possess this great qualification. Write it in your heart that, without self-confidence, nothing good and great can ever be achieved and accomplished, attained and acquired; nothing influential and important can ever be got and gained, performed and procured; nothing powerful and prominent can ever be composed and carried out, completed and consummated; nothing significant and substantial can ever be worked out and won, received and realized; nothing rare and remarkable can ever be effected and executed, finished and fulfilled; nothing unique and uncommon can ever be done and discharged, conducted and carried through.

Ah, what has not self-confidence accomplished! It has made the miraculous common, the supernatural commonplace, the preternatural natural, the superhuman ordinary, and the impossible possible. It governs and directs, commands and rules mankind. It produces in them ardour and fervour, eagerness and earnestness, excitement and enthusiasm, warmth and zeal. It emboldens and encourages them, assists and animates them, elevates and exalts them, forwards and furthers them, incites and inspires them, nourishes and nurtures them, sustains and stands by them, urges and upholds them. It is their actuator and accelerator, disposer and driver, impeller and inspirer, inducer and inciter, launcher and leader, persuaser and propeller, projector and prompter, stirrer and swayer. It is a spur to action, a stimulus to ambition. It can triumph over any obstacle, can overcome any difficulty, can conquer any encumbrance. It knows no turning back, recognizes no defeat, confesses no failure, accepts no misfortune, acknowledges no adversity, admits no affliction, avows no calamity, and endorses no disaster. It laughs at hardships and mishaps, it ridicules reverses and troubles, it submits not to misery and ruin.

"Good God, that I should have entrusted the fate of the country to such hands!" exclaimed the Earl of Chatham to Temple,

after General Wolfe, the day before his embarkation for Canada, had told him how he would fight bravely, how he would perform daring deeds and how he was sure to defeat the wily Frenchmen. Chatham took Wolfe for an egotistical man. He did not realise, at that time, that it was not vanity or egotism, but self-confidence and belief in his own powers that made Wolfe speak like a braggart. Chatham had not even the faintest idea then that that 'egotistical man,' even when sick, would lead his troops to glorious victory, upon the plateau of the Heights of Abraham.

It was not egotism, but self-confidence that made Alcibiades say: "I will make them feel that I am alive," when the Athenian Assembly convicted him of sacrilege, confiscated his property, and decreed a curse upon his name. Needless to say that he did make the Athenians feel that he was alive. Within a few years, the attitude of the Athenians to him was changed. When he returned to Athens after some of his victories, Athens gave him a warm and cheerful welcome,—so warm and cheerful indeed that it was seldom given to any man before him. According to Plutarch, those who could pass near him crowned him with garlands and they who could not come up so close stayed to behold him afar off, and old men pointed him out and showed him to the young ones. Soon after his return, he was restored to his full rights, his property was returned, and the curse upon his name was revoked.

During the Rockingham Ministry, when William Pitt, who was at that time barely twenty-three years old, was offered, through Shelbourne, the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland, a highly paid and easy post, he declined the offer without any hesitation. He was determined not to accept any post which excluded him from the Cabinet which then consisted of only seven members, and a few days later he announced that resolution in the House of Commons. For a poor barrister like him to decline such a highly paid office and aspire to sit in the Cabinet was considered as arrogance by the Englishmen of those times. But it was not arrogance; it was self-confidence and nothing else. He did become a member of the Cabinet and that too soon after, and then, within a short time, he became the Prime Minister of England. It was again self-confidence that made his father say, when the Seven Years' War began, to the Duke of Devonshire; "I am sure I can save this nation and that nobody else can." And he did save his country which nobody else could.

It was self-confidence and not arrogance that made Bacon, Milton, Wordsworth, Dante and others predict their fame and place in the world's history.

Just imagine! what would have been the fate of Shakespeare, if he would not have been self-reliant? Even in his sonnets, his self-reliance is to be seen. He promises the young friend, to whom they are addressed, an immortality through his verses which shall endure as long as men can breathe or eyes can see. The Dramatist challenges Time to do its utmost; in spite of its destroying power, his beloved shall, through his poetry, live in eternal youth.

Francesco Nitti is so great a man in Italy to-day, because he has self-confidence. A full year and a half before the last world-wide war ended, Nitti declared: "Before the end of the next year, Germany will have to make peace. I propose to be the premier who will sign for Italy. Italy needs me. I am the strongest man in Italy." At the time Nitti boasted thus, he was an ordinary member of the Italian Parliament and a professor in the University of Naples. Consequently, he was considered by the people of Italy as an idle braggart. But he was no "idle braggart." His prophecy came true. When the war came to an end, his country needed him badly. He did sign the Peace Treaty for Italy. "My success in life," he recently spoke to a journalist, "is due to the fact that I have always had the greatest confidence in myself. I have never failed to believe that I could do the thing that I set out to do—and I have tried to infuse that belief in others."

Just think, to what would Columbus have amounted if he had no self-confidence, if he had distrusted himself? To nothing, absolutely nothing. His project was looked upon even by the most learned men of his time as no better than the ravings of a lunatic. Only a few men, who could be counted on one's fingers in a minute, believed in his ability and powers. With the exception of these, all others ridiculed him, and Spanish boys, whenever they saw him in the street, ran after him pointing their fingers to their foreheads, thus intimating that he was a fit candidate for Bedlam. Had he no faith in himself, he would have died obscure, a miserable wretch.

If Caesar and Alexander and Napoleon, Bismarck and Disraeli and Gladstone, Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, Dadabhai and Mehta and Gokhale, had no faith in themselves, would they have made their names? would they have left their mark on the world?

Dr. Johnson had colossal faith in himself. He never distrusted himself. Self-confidence was characteristic of him, even when he was a child. One day, when he was hardly four years old, as the servant who usually took him to and fro failed to go to the school he attended in order to carry him back home, he set off alone as he was impatient for his dinner. His school mistress, lest some mishap should occur, followed him, keeping some distance between him and her. Suddenly, the child happened to turn round and as soon as he saw her, he, indignant at being **thought** unable to take care of himself, ran hastily and angrily to her and struck her for some time.

When Balzac resolved to make literature his profession, his father remonstrated against it. "In literature," said his father, "One must be either beggar or king." "Then I will be king," replied the son. His confidence in himself did make him a king in literature.

When his son Daniel refused a highly paid clerkship in the court of common pleas in New Hampshire, Webster, who had laboured hard to secure it for his son after he had left college, was

highly disappointed and pained. "Daniel," he asked, "don't you mean to take that highly paid office?" "No, father dear; I hope I can do much better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen. I mean to be an actor, not a register of other men's acts." Needless to say Daniel did "much better than that" and he did so because he was self-confident.

Macaulay had invincible faith in his powers. When he started upon his work of writing the History of England, it was self-confidence that made him write to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review thus: "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the fashionable novel on the table of young ladies." His History, the chief merit of which lies in the charm which has made it so exceedingly popular, was met with success from the very beginning. When the first and second volumes of it appeared in November 1848, the whole world was taken by storm. No serious work was ever sold so rapidly in any country. The second edition was wanted in December of the same year, the third was exhausted before the end of March of the next year, and by April there were half a dozen rival pirated editions circulating in America. The third and fourth volumes appeared in December 1855 and were sold more rapidly than the first two. Twenty-five thousand copies were ordered before publication, and the cheque for £ 20,000, which was paid on account in March has been preserved by Messrs. Longmans as a miracle. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the success of Macaulay's History has been unique. As soon as the volumes of it appeared, every civilised nation hastened to secure his History in its own tongue. At one time, six rival German translators were engaged in turning it into German. Its popularity has not still diminished and never will be diminished. It is as popular now as it was then. It is no exaggeration to say that it has taken its place by the side of the Bible and the plays of Shakespeare. The Late Lord Acton once consulted with the learned English historians Bishops Stubbs and Creighton and their German colleagues Harnack and Mommsen. Their unanimous verdict designated Macaulay as the greatest historian the world had ever produced.

From all these examples, it will be seen that self-confidence is indubitably one of the chief secrets of success in life. The man, who has colossal faith in himself, who has a well-grounded confidence in his powers, is sure to succeed in the tasks he undertakes. Even if he is not gifted and talented, he has far greater chances of success than a diffident man of superior ability. A self-distrusting man, for fear of failure, shrinks from undertaking any task which can be easily performed by any self-confident man. The latter is always ready to accept any post of difficulty and danger, hindrance and hazard, insecurity and encumbrance, risk and peril. Whereas, the former wants to accept only the post of assurance and assistance, safeguard and shelter, safety and security.

There is no law, no principle, no philosophy, by which you can hope to succeed in life, if you have no self-confidence, no well-

grounded faith in your powers. Hundreds of thousands of men have failed on account of the lack of self-confidence. The world has lost much on account of its lack.

If you have no confidence in yourself, what on earth can help you to accomplish anything in this world? Your achievement can never rise higher than your expectation, than your self-faith. If you do not believe in your powers, what on earth can make others believe in you? how can others put confidence in you? Self-confidence is attractive. If you believe in yourself, it is very likely that others will also believe in you; but if you distrust yourself, others are also sure to distrust you. As you think of yourself, so will others think of you. Self-distrust begets self-distrust.

Leave and lose, if you must, wealth and estates, gardens and palaces; but do not leave and lose confidence in yourself, belief in your own powers. Wherever you go, carry with you your self-confidence which must impress others. Walk and talk and do everything as if you are a lord, a governor, or a king. For God's sake, do not go about with an expression of self-distrust which gives everybody the impression that you are dismayed and distrusted, confused and consternated, diffident and doubting, weak and vacillating. When you lose self-confidence, you lose your chief power of accomplishing anything. It is said that half a giant's strength lies in the conviction that he is a giant. As you think, so will you be. Your destiny depends upon your thoughts. It matters not what other people think of you, of your ability, of your powers. All that matters is your confidence in yourself, belief in your own powers. Your value is that which you set upon yourself. Let your confidence in yourself be invincible. Never allow anybody or anything to shake it. You must be firmly imbued with the belief that you are sure to win success. Write it in your heart that self-confidence is the chief asset in the fight for it, in the battle of life.

Self-confidence creates enthusiasm which makes one work with ardour and fervour, passion and devotion, earnestness and excitement, fervency and intensity, warmth and vehemence.

The celebrated Italian actor Salvini defined genius as the "ability to kindle your own fires."

For good, thorough work, enthusiasm is exceedingly necessary. If an engine is to be kept going, it must have a proper supply of coal and water. If the fire is not kept up, the engine immediately slackens its pace. Similarly the human engine will not work properly, if its fire is not kept up. The fire is, of course, nothing but enthusiasm. If you go to your work with coldness and dullness, with indifference and lukewarmness, with trouble and sadness; your work will necessarily be dirty and disorderly, bad and boorish, coarse and clownish, defective and deformed, imperfect and incomplete, poor and perverted, raw and rough, spoiled and slovenly, untidy and unpolished. On the contrary, if you go to your work with ardour and fervour, passion and devotion, fervency and intensity, earnestness and excitement, warmth and vehemence,

zeal and enthusiasm, with cheer and pleasure, with contentment and enjoyment, with delight and satisfaction; your work is sure to be absolute and accurate, clean and correct, complete and consummate, orderly and original, positive and perfect, trim and tidy. Emerson has somewhere remarked that every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

"Men are nothing," exclaimed Montaigne, "until they are excited." If you will analyse the careers of great men, you will find that all of them were always on fire, always enthusiastic. All of them used to go to their work with radiant energy and verdant hope, with fervid and gushing enthusiasm flaming and burning zeal. That is one of the reasons why they became great.

Enthusiasm is the master-key that unlocks all difficulties. It makes you animated and alert, active and alive, breathing and brisk, sprightly and vivacious. It has been rightly said that enthusiasm is the spark of life which animates any organization which is progressing and that it is the mighty power which moves mountains of difficulties and the silent, unseen lubricant which keeps the wheels in motion.

Says J. Ogden Armour: "A wonderful thing is this quality which we call enthusiasm. We can cut through the hardest rock with a diamond drill and melt steel rails with a flame. We can tunnel through mountains and make our way through any sort of physical obstruction. We can checkmate and divert the very laws of nature by our science. But there is no power in the world that can cut through another man's mental opposition, except persuasion. And persuasion is reason PLUS enthusiasm, with the emphasis on enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the dynamics of your personality. Enthusiasm is the high art of persuasion."

The world wants enthusiastic men,—men who radiate energy, men whose eyes burn with enthusiasm, whose faces shine with enthusiasm, whose voices are full of enthusiasm.

Your talents will do nothing without enthusiasm. They are sure to lie dormant. Cultivate enthusiasm, cultivate it, therefore if you wish to amount to SOMETHING, if you wish to be **SOME-BODY**, in this world.

Enthusiasm is a miracle-worker. It was enthusiasm that made Newton a discoverer, when he was hardly out of his teens. It was enthusiasm that made Chatterton and Keats and Shelley great poets in their youth. It was enthusiasm that made Pitt become a member of Parliament at the young age of twenty-two, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three and the Prime Minister at twenty-four. It was because of enthusiasm that Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-three, and at twenty-five became the Lord of the Treasury. It was enthusiasm that made Charles James Fox and Robert Peel become members of Parliament at the age of nineteen and twenty respectively. It was because of enthusiasm that Palmerston succeeded in becoming the Lord of the Admiralty at the early age of twenty-three. It was enthusiasm that helped Benjamin Franklin found the first

public library in Philadelphia before he was twenty-one. It was enthusiasm that made Lousia Alcott write poetry before she was fifteen, Victor Hugo write a tragedy before he was sixteen, and William Pitt also a tragedy before he was eight. It was enthusiasm that made Macaulay compose a compendium of Universal History at the early age of seven, and before he was eight, fired by Scott's *LAY* and *MARMION*, begin a poem on the Battle of Cheviot which he left off only to begin an epic on Claus the Great, the mythical ancestor of the Aulovs.

Enthusiasm keeps young men young, and makes old men young. It was enthusiasm that made the Grand Old Man of England and the Grand Old Man of India,—I mean, William Gladstone and Dadabhai Naoroji work like zealous young men even in their extreme old age, for the good of the British Empire the latter especially working for India. It was enthusiasm that made Dr. Johnson write the "Lives of the Poets" at the age of seventy-eight that made Newton write *Principia* at eighty-three, that made Mrs. Somerville write "Molecular and Microscopic Science" at eighty-nine, and that made Louis Cornaro write comedies at eighty-three. It is enthusiasm that makes Dr. Clifford, who is nearly eighty-two years old, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, who is nearly ninety, work still. It is enthusiasm that helps Dr. Thomas Hardy write novels, though he is more than eighty years old. Take out the fire from the hearts of Mrs. Annie Besant and Sir Dinshaw Wacha, both of whom are more than seventy-five years old, and they would immediately cease to work

CHAPTER X.

AIM IN LIFE.

"Vital action everywhere is emphatically a means, not an end; life is not given us for the mere sake of living, but always with an ulterior external aim."—*Carlyle*.

* * *

"Live to some purpose, for life was not given
To be squandered away at your will;
Each act of your life is recorded in heaven
To answer for good or for ill."

* * *

"But we that have but 'span-long lives' must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results, as compared with the worth of various alternative results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied."—

Herbert Spencer.

* * *

"Were man
But constant he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults."—*Shakespeare*

No man can play an adequate and advantageous, efficient and effective, healthful and helpful, potent and profitable, salutary and serviceable, solid and substantial, valuable and worthy, part in life, without having a definite design, a perspicuous plan, a systematic scheme and a clear-cut and well defined aim before his mind. A man without a defined aim amounts to nothing.

What is a ship without the compass? It may have all the maritime ease and all the nautical facilities, it may even sometime get some direction from the stars or the rising sun, but still it will never make port. The ease and facilities are practically of no use to it, and what it attains at certain times in headway it loses in leeway at other times, for lack of proper direction and permanent guidance.

Your education may be admirable and your culture may be splendid, your knowledge may be vast and your learning may be refined; you may have polished elegance and politeness and refinement; your personality may be attractive and magnetic; your character may be upright and virtuous, your nature may be blameless and faultless, your moral record may be spotless and

stainless, your temperament may be innocent and exemplary, your reputation may be pure and righteous; you may have loving friends and powerful influence; you may be opulent and wealthy but still, if you have no definite aim, you will simply ply hither and thither in the sea of life without making port, you are practically useless and worthless. A ship may be loaded with precious gold and rare gems and useful goods, but of what practical worth is its cargo if it is unable to make a port delivery? Your most animated attempts and your most energetic efforts will end in smoke, your most ardent application and your most earnest exertion will prove futile, your most painstaking perseverance and your most patient persistence will come to nothing, your most enthusiastic endeavours and your most sedulous struggles will amount to nothing,—if you are not inspired by a definite and clear-cut aim. In order to be **SOMEBODY** and to amount to **SOMETHING**, to be effective and efficient, to be of consequence and of importance, to be great and grand, to be powerful and profitable, to be potent and prominent, to be serviceable and substantial, to be weighty and worthy,—you must keep constantly before your mind your aim which you must stick to, which you must never waver from.

The man who works but who cannot tell what he is going to do or to be, it is indeed a pitiful spectacle to look at. To be successful in your life, you must have a definite goal to reach to. You must know why you are working, what you are working for, and what you are going to be; you must know where you are going, what you are going for, and what you are going to do.

Always bear in mind that you must keep only one aim in your life. You cannot be a good scientist as well as a good philosopher, a good philosopher as well as a good artist, a good artist as well as a good professor. If you will try to master two or more absolutely different things, you will succeed in neither. Have one fixed aim and steadfastly apply to it and you will succeed. Do not spread your powers over a wide area. By so doing you simply shatter and weaken them. By so doing, to use the words of Mr. W. Adams, you secure breadth, but you lose depth.

Do not forget that this is an age of specialisation. Everywhere people want specialists and not men who know one hundred and one subjects but not a single one of them perfectly. "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine," says Emerson. Do not forget that proverb which says that Jack of all trades is master of none.

Almost all men who have made their names in something or other had one aim and one aim only. And that is one of the reasons why they succeeded. Your powers are after all limited. Edison the scientist was heard on one occasion to remark that no one knows one hundredth part of one per cent. of any one thing. Just ponder over these words, and then you are sure to realise the truth of my advice. Just mark, observe, and inwardly digest

the following two lines of Pope :

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

If Shakespeare and Milton would have aimed at being poets as well as scientists, would they ever have succeeded in their aims? I most emphatically say that they would have made their names neither in poetry nor in science. If Jagdish Bose would have aimed at being a scientist and also a philosopher, he would not have become famous to-day. What is the secret of success of Lord Northcliffe as a journalist? Nothing but the concentration of his aim. "I feel that whatever position I have attained," said his Lordship once, "is due to focussing my energies and time. When I went into journalism I made up my mind that I would master the business of editing and publishing." With such zeal and enthusiasm, fervency and intensity, did he devote and apply himself to this aim that he became the leading journalist, of the whole world.

Let me not be misunderstood. When I advise you to have one aim in life, do not for a moment think that I advise you to be a person of "one idea." To be a person of "one idea" is not at all advisable. If you aim at being a political economist, do not on that account deny yourself the pleasures of poetry or music. Have one aim, but do not degenerate into a machine.

And see to it that the calling you chose fits your talent. Do not be led away by mere sentiments. Your capacity and talents must have the first, the last and the sole voice in your aim. If you do not find the right place, if your nature rebels against your aim and still you follow it, then failure is absolutely inevitable for you. Your aim must be in harmony with your ability, your powers, your nature, your conscience, if you wish to attain success.

It is indeed a matter for deep sorrow that so many men, against the voice of their powers and conscience, prefer one aim to another and blindly follow it. Says Sydney Smith; "If you desire to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, and the persons along these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole." And says Swift.

"Brutes find out where their talents lie;

A bear will not attempt to fly,

A foundered horse will oft debate;

Before he tries a five-barred gate;

A dog by instinct turns aside

Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.

But man we find the only creature

Who, led by folly, combats nature;

Who, when she loudly cries, 'Forbear'!

With obstinacy fixes there;

And, where his genius least inclines,

Absurdly bends his whole designs."

Write it in your heart that it is exceedingly demoralising to be in the wrong place. If you persist in taking up the calling, against which your very nature rebels, it will within a short time annul your ability, destroy your dexterity, debilitate your energy, unsettle your potency, and shatter and upset all your powers. Moreover, you will lose your peace of mind.

Be reasonable, not sentimental. Do not simply give preference to a calling and follow it, simply because it is or it was a calling of your father or grandfather, brother or uncle. By all means, seek the advice of your elders, but do not be led away by them. Do not follow the calling which they request or ask you to follow, if your nature rebels against it, if it is not within the range of your powers. Even if they be angry with you for not following their advice, never mind! Assert yourself. In this instance, you cannot afford to please them. You must please yourself; you must please your nature, your conscience, your powers,—at any cost. Galileo's father wanted him to be a physician. Galileo did not like this. He opposed his father. And when he was compelled to study medicine, he would hide his Euclid and study it stealthily. Turner's father asked his son to be a barber. But the son obeyed his own conscience and became one of the greatest landscape-painters the world has ever seen.

CHAPTER XI

INDEPENDENT THINKING, ORIGINALITY.

"There are a thousand people who will do faithfully what they are told, to one who can lay out a programme or execute it; a thousand who can only follow, to one who can lead. It is a rare thing to find a young man who has the power of initiative and the ability to put a thing through with the force of originality."—*Orison Swett Marden.*

* * *

"Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer."—*Young.*

* * *

"Fools are not planted or sowed; they grow of themselves."
—*Russian Proverb.*

* * *

"Neither does it so much require book-bearing and scholarship as good natural sense, to distinguish true and false."—*Burnet.*

* * *

"The path to success is common sense."—*Anon.*

* * *

"The little mind, who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar; but the great will be bravely eccentric and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence."—

Goldsmith.

* * *

"Do not imitate even your heroes. Scores of young clergymen attempted to make their reputation by imitating Beecher. They copied his voice and conversation, and imitated his gestures and his habits, but they fell as far short of the great man's power as the chromo falls short of the masterpiece. Where are those hundreds of imitators now? Not one of them has ever made any stir in the world. The world puts its ban upon all imitations."—*Orison Swett Marden.*

* * *

I am sure I do not at all use the language of exaggeration, when I say that imitativeness and mental debility are the most widely-spread vices in this world.

It is only a few persons who think properly, clearly, vigorously, and independently. Others are mere dumb-driven cattle. Thinking is regarded now-a-days as wearisome, tiresome, and irksome. No doubt thinking is hard, laborious, trying, and toilsome, but still it must be done, because the Creator has intended so. All the application and assiduity that it entails, all the efforts and

exertion that it implicates, and all the patience and perseverance that it involves, are met with just reward and requital. Manhood or womanhood does not consist simply of physical growth, but also of mental growth. There are many persons who, though they have attained full physical growth, are still like children as far as thinking is concerned. Their limbs are strong and vigorous but their judgements are faint and feeble. Their physical muscles are mature, but mental ones immature. They can run and jump, leap and skip, frisk and dance,—without anybody's help ; but they cannot independently argue and discuss, reason and judge, contrive and plan.

It is writing absolutely within compass to say that many persons avoid things that require them to exercise their mental faculties. They like physical exercise, but mental exercise they seem to abhor from the bottom of their hearts. And yet these persons freely give their opinions on various subjects and controversial questions. "In my humble opinion.—" "I for one think,—" "For my part I believe,"—these are the stock phrases with which they begin to opine and argue, but, the opinions that they give are not their own, are not the result of their thinking. Thinking is absolutely vital to forming an opinion, but many persons are neither afraid nor ashamed to take one side or the other of a controversial question which they have not even properly studied, and to give their opinions and pass remarks on any and every thing which they have not taken the trouble to consider and they have not thought over. Such a practice, to say the least, if you follow, instead of dignifying and magnifying you, debases and degrades you ; instead of ennobling and exalting you, disgraces and dishonours you. It tends to diminish your honour, your self-esteem, your self-respect, your uprightness. It makes you doubt yourself, mistrust yourself, distrust yourself, suspect yourself. Write it in your heart that you are a slave until you form the habit of thinking.

Cultivate, I say, then, cultivate the habit of thinking independently. Why depend upon others to form opinions ? Why allow others to think for you ? Is it not demoralising and disgraceful on your part not to make the right use of your God-given mental faculties ? You are defeating the Almighty's very object in creating you, when you allow them to rust and degenerate into idleness.

Thinking is absolutely indispensable to success in life. It saves you from adversity and calamity, failure and misery, ruin and sorrow. Thinking is the best friend of success. Consider it as a boon and a blessing. If you will analyse the careers of successful men, you will find, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that they all thought for themselves independently. They considered it almost as a crime, a shame, an evil,— to blindly believe what others say, to blindly follow others, not to think independently. This sort of practice was almost disgusting and abominable hateful and dis-

graceful, to their minds. They looked upon it almost as a curse, a horror, an offence. They were always accustomed to thinking and this habit led them to success.

Be original. Shun the habit of imitating. Assert yourself. As Dr. Marden says, success cannot be copied successfully. Greatness cannot be imitated. No man ever made a success who tried to copy anybody else, who tried to be somebody else.

Progress is the law of Nature. There is need for improvement and progress everywhere and in every calling. Do not be afraid to be original. Do not worship traditions and obey precedents. Upset traditions and smash precedents,—let traditions go to hell and precedents to the dogs, if they come in your way to hamper you. You are not at all bound to worship and obey them. The Almighty never intended that. It is human beings who have made them and, consequently, they can also break them. Be absolutely free from anything and everything that comes in the way of your ambition, your welfare, your prosperity, your success.

This is an age of appreciation of talents. You are sure to get a hearing and admiration, if you have something new to offer and contribute to the progress and civilisation of the world. People now-a-days want something new, something original. They like and admire men who, by upsetting traditions and smashing precedents, do and create something that is helpful and healthful to them.

Nothing else attracts so much attraction as originality. Originality is force and influence; imitation is powerlessness and ineffectiveness. Originality is action and life; imitation is inaction and death. This world is full of followers and attendants, retainers and henchmen, learners and worshippers. The greatest dearth, that is at present rampant all over the world is the dearth of original men,—men who make their own path men who are not afraid to smash precedents and upset traditions men who are not afraid to walk on the unbeaten path.

If you wish to be *Somebody*, if you wish to amount to *something*, if you wish to make any impression on the world, you must be original, ceasing to copy, to follow, to imitate, to learn. There is no calling in which original men can fail. Whatever your calling may be, do not do your work just as others have done before you, but in your own improved ways and methods.

Everything, that is great and grand, influential and important powerful and prominent, significant and substantial, weighty and valuable, in this world is the result of originality, of smashing and upsetting traditions. All men, who have contributed something to the happiness, welfare, progress, and civilisation of this world, were independent thinkers, smashers of precedents, and upsetters of traditions.

Soon after the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, Descartes made up his mind to get some knowledge of the world by taking part in the said war. But he thought more than he fought

One day, it struck him that he had no reason for believing anything, for each and every thing that he had already accepted as true had come to him on the authority of someone else. He therefore began thinking for himself. His motto was *Cogito, ergo sum*,—"I think therefore I am." Besides being the founder of modern philosophy, he was the discoverer of analytical geometry.

Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Pericles and Demosthenes, cared not a pin for traditions. Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, Pitt and Disraeli and Gladstone, Dadabhai and Mehta and Gokhale, whenever it was necessary, were never afraid to smash political precedents and traditions. The Late Lord Fisher would not have made his name, had he been a tradition worshipper. He never hesitated to make great alterations and sweeping changes. He never obeyed precedents and was never afraid to upset traditions. It was due to this habit that he discovered "Dreadnought," which has been described as the greatest event in the naval history of the world, and about which he would say characteristically: "La Verrier and Adams did not invent Neptune; they only discovered it. The calculations of science had made the discovery inevitable. I happened to be La Verrier—that is all. England gave the lead, instead of having to follow."

Andrew Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Jamshedji Tata would have amounted to nothing, had they worshipped business traditions. The position, that the New High School of Bombay occupies to-day, is due to the habit of upsetting traditions and smashing precedents on the part of the late Mr. Jalbhoy Dorabji Bhurda. After graduating first class first, he became a teacher in the Fort High School then under the principalship of the late Mr. Maneckji Cooper. There Mr. Bhurda had to obey the traditions of the school, and found that his work was too circumscribed. Consequently, being fired with ambition, he thought of founding a model teaching institution. With his friend, Mr. Kaikobad Marzban, he succeeded in establishing such an institution,—the New High School. Mr. Bhurda was never afraid to be original. His school was always uppermost in his mind. He introduced new methods and plans for its betterment often and often, and to-day the New High occupies a premier position among the educational institutions of India.

One of the main characteristics of Tennyson was his intense love of personal freedom. He demanded not only liberty of speech, but also of manners, of movement, and even of dress. It is amusing to note how Gladstone was disturbed in mind when he was offering the peerage to Tennyson in 1883, lest the Poet should insist on wearing his bandit-like sombrero in the House of Lords.

CHAPTER XII.

DREAMING AND AMBITION.

"Our visions do not mock us. They are evidence of what is to be, the foreglances of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle on the earth."—*O.S. Marden.*

* * *

"That spirit of his, Inspiration lifts him from the earth."
Shakespeare

* * *

"The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievements great ;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive not our end.
Wouldest thou be famed ? have those high acts in view,
Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue."—*Young.*

* * *

"Ambition ! the desire of active souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of nature,
And elevates the hero to the gods ;
That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
And ripen 'em to men in spite of nature."

* * *

"It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upwards, unless he has beautified his nature, and quenched the spuit of immortality which is his portion."—*Southey.*

* * *

It is no exaggeration to say that most of the men, who were successful in accomplishing something unique, something unmatched, something unusual, something unprecedented, were laughed at and ridiculed, mocked and scoffed at first. When they dreamt of extraordinary things, they were considered as idle visionaries. Most of the seers and prophets, until their predictions and prophecies came true, were laughed at and ridiculed and even punished.

When George Stephenson talked of railroads, locomotive engines, and railways, people not only condemned his plans, but they also mocked and insulted him. Pamphlets were published, declaring that the railway would prevent the cows from grazing and hens from laying eggs, and horses passing along the roads would be driven mad ; carriage makers and coachmen would starve

for want of work ; smoke would pollute the air which would kill the birds ; houses near the line of railways would be burnt by the fire thrown from the engine ; there would no longer be any use for horses and consequently their breed would become extinct ; travelling by rail would be absolutely dangerous, as boilers would burst and blow passengers to atoms. Many people also thought that the weight of the engine would prevent its moving, and railways, even if made, could never be worked by steam power. Stephenson was not only opposed by the uneducated, but also by the educated. The chief engineers and leading lawyers and members of Parliament opposed and condemned him. No stone was left unturned by them to bewilder him by cross-examination. He was asked if he was a foreigner. When he said that he could drive an engine easily and safely at the rate of twelve miles an hour, he was told ; " Who can believe what is so notoriously in the teeth of all experience ? The witness is a madman." One member of the Parliament spoke regarding this : " What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as horses ? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways it may grant, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured upon." One educated gentleman went to the length of saying : " He is more fit for a lunatic asylum than anywhere else ; he never had a plan,—he is not capable of making one."

When Columbus made known his plans of discovering new lands, people laughed at him and ridiculed him. To the mind of even the educated men of those times, they seemed no better than the ravings of a lunatic. When he asserted that the world was round, he was told : " Is there any one so foolish as to believe that there are people with their feet opposite to ours, people who walk with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down ? " The most highly educated men said to him something like the following : " Columbus, have you lost your reason ? Can you not see, Columbus, if the earth were round, and you were to go with your boat to the end of the earth, you would go down, down for ever ! "

When Galileo said that the earth revolved, he was told that he was possessed of the very devil and that it was heresy. For this heresy, people wanted him either to sign the document of abnegation or be burnt at the stake. To sign the document would do him no harm, and to be burnt at the stake no good. So, Galileo signed it, but as soon as he did so, he said : " But she moves just the same ."

Elias Howe, when he dreamed of the sewing machine, was called a fool and a crank. When Cyrus Field made known his dream of the Atlantic Cable, people took him for a fool. They

called his scheme a "fool scheme." Prophets like Zoroaster and Christ, and seers like Emerson and Ruskin, were shamelessly ridiculed and people called them idle visionaries.

Dreaming is not at all a waste of time, provided it is followed by industry to make dreams realities. Those who build castles in the air should not be denounced, provided they try to make those imaginary castles in the air real castles on the earth. It is the dreamers who have made this earth what it is to-day. Every thing, that is great and grand, powerful and prominent, in this world, was once a mere dream,—a castle in the air. Dreams always precede realities. Castles in the air always precede castles on the earth. If there would be no dreams, there would be no realities; no castles in the air, no castles on the earth. The plan always precedes the building. It is to the dreamers,—practical dreamers that we owe our present comfort, felicity, pleasantness, and amenities of life.

"Take the dreamers out of the world's history," says Dr. O. S. Marden, "and who would care to read it? Our dreamers! They are the advance guard of humanity; the toilers who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut smooth roads over which man marches forward from generation to generation."

It must always be remembered that it is only practical dreaming that counts. Dream! By all means, dream; but leave no stone unturned to make your dreams realities. By all means, build castles in the air, but see to it that you try to make them real castles on this earth. Let your dreaming and ambition be followed by industry and exertion, in order to fulfill them. It is only such sort of dreaming that I praise. Idle dreaming should always be denounced. Idle dreamers should be considered as worthless and burdensome fellows.

Had he not been idly dreaming, Hartley Coleridge would have made his name. But the realities of the world made no appeal to him. From his childhood he lived only in his own mind and never came into vital touch with the real world. Once when he was five, someone called him by name, "Hartley!" "Which Hartley?" asked the dreamy boy. When his father, on one occasion, rebuked him for his want of concentration and for inattention, the boy said in defence: "It can't be helped; I am always being a bad boy when I am thinking of my thoughts." He was always thinking of his thoughts,—and this was the secret of his failure.

Do not abuse the dreaming faculty. If you go on dreaming day and night without any effort to make your dreams realities; if you go on building castles in the air day in and day out, year in and year out;—you soon degenerate yourself into nothing, you make yourself amount to nothing, and you undermine your own character.

Dreaming is connected with ambition. Dreamers, generally are ambitious, and the ambitious are dreamers. Ambition is vital to success in life. The present civilisation of the world owes a great deal to ambition. Its history is nothing but the history of ambition. Ambition gives a spur to action. It prevents you from falling into indolence. It has been rightly said that he who does not look up will have to look down. He who does not soar is sure to grovel. Ambition stimulates your energy and produces fire in your heart. It itself is zeal, is power, is life, is growth, is progress. All great men were ambitious and all their achievements were the result of ambition. No man ever amounted to anything who was not ambitious. Contentment is an enemy of growth, of progress. You have reached your culminating point, if you are satisfied with yourself.

Therefore, be ambitious. Be fired with ambitions. Live always in an ambition-arousing atmosphere or environment. Ambition is not an innate quality, as some people think it to be. It needs arousing and awakening. If you live in a depressing, miserable, and wretched atmosphere, if you constantly mix with contented and careless, satisfied and indifferent persons, you cannot be ambitious, your latent powers cannot be roused. Constant familiarity with inferiority tends to lower your life standard and make you inferior and deteriorated. It has rightly been said that ambition is contagious. Therefore, live in an environment that makes you ambitious, that makes you discover yourself by arousing your latent powers; and mix constantly with persons who make you do great things, who awaken and arouse your latent powers, who never throw cold water over your aspirations, who never discourage you, and who never blight your hopes. And let all your ambitions be high and noble. Let not your ends and aims be doubtful and do not stoop to base means for their attainment. You are what your aspirations are. High and noble ambitions prevent you from moral degradation. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, rightly remarks that the most effectual method that has been devised for diverting men from vice is to give free scope to a higher ambition.

"Do you like your work?" asked Lord Northcliffe, in his usual kind manner, of a member of the staff of one of his newspapers.

"Yes," was the reply, "I like it very much."

"How much money are you getting?"

"Five pounds a week. my Lord."

"And are you happy and contented?" his Lordship enquired.

"Quite my Lord."

"You are so!" Northcliffe remarked; "Well, remember, then, I want no man happy and contented in this firm at five pounds a week."

CHAPTER XIII.

TACT

“Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable ; tact is all that and more too. . . . It is useful in all places, and at all times. . . . Talent is power—tact is skill : talent is weights—tact is momentum : talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it : talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected : talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries against talent—ten to one.”

“ To know that which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ! ”—*Milton.*

“ But what is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom ? Vast unwieldy, burthensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtilities ; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.”

"Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness."—*Colton*.

I always prefer a tactful man to a talented one. Tact is something far more than talent. Where a talented man fails, a tactful man succeeds. Everywhere we see the power and success of tact. It is indeed rarely that a tactful man fails to achieve his object anywhere. For, a tactful man is a wise man. Tact is common sense in an uncommon degree. It is wisdom of the life, of the world, of time and the place. It is the surmounter of difficulties and remover of obstacles. It makes the most of anything and everything. It wrests safety from danger, expedient from difficulty, contrivance from obstacle, triumph from defeat, advantage from damage, benefit from injury, profit from loss, usefulness from poison. It is undoubtedly a magic wand.

“Where the eye of pity weeps,
And sway of passion sleeps,
Where the lamp of faith is burning,
And the ray of hope returning,
There the “still small voice” within
Whispers not of wrath or sin,
Resting with the righteous dead—
Beaming o’er the drooping head—
Comforting the lowly mind,
Wisdom dwelleth—seek and find.”

A really tactful man always lays his hand upon and does the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, and in the right place. He never loses his temper ; never speaks an unwise word ; he is cautious and knows the nature of men from their face : never reposes confidence in the foolish and trust in the faithless ; he is always frank and sincere : reigns in the souls and hearts of men ; he is always courteous and mannerly : his words are full of honey ; he is courageous : no worldly fears can daunt his heart ; he is wise worldly and not worldly wise : does not believe in garrulity ; he does not answer a fool according to his folly : nevertheless gives wise answers to all questions, he has the power to interpret riddles ; is not confounded by difficult questions.

On one occasion, Louis XI of France, was outwitted by an astrologer who had foretold that the girl, whom he loved, would die in eight days. His prediction proved true. The King unnecessarily bore a grudge against him, on account of her death, and ordered him to come to his palace,—to be thrown out of the window on a signal. “ You who pretended to be such a wise man,” said the King, “ knowing so well the fate of others, tell me this moment what will be your own fate, and how long you will live !” Upon this the astrologer without showing any fear, though he guessed the intention of the King, replied : “ I shall die just three days before your Majesty.” Upon this, the King changed his mind at once and, instead of throwing him out of the window as he had resolved began to take from that day particular care of satisfying him and fulfilling every wish of his. The tact of the astrologer saved his life.

When Johnson sent the last sheet of his dictionary to the bookseller Miller, the latter, whose patience was quite exhausted on account of its delay, acknowledged its receipt in the following terms : “ Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him.” To this uncourteous note, the Doctor thus smartly replied : “ Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Miller, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Miller has the grace to thank God for anything.” This reply was the result of Johnson’s tact.

Once a Frenchman, meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began to sneer at the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them even three francs. “ That is true, to be sure,” replied the tactful English soldier ; “ it did not cost the English Government even three francs, but it cost the French a Napoleon.”

A gallant old gentleman, whose name was Page, it is said, finding a lady’s glove in a watering place, sent it to her with the following words :—

"If from your glove, you take the letter G,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee."

To this the lady replied tactfully thus :

"If from your Page, you take the letter P,
Your Page is Age, and that won't do for me."

Thackeray tells us of a tactful Irish woman, begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out : "May the blessing of God follow you all your life," but, when he only pulled out his snuff-box she added : "and never overtake ye."

On one occasion, according to Buckle, Wordsworth told Lamb that Shakespeare was much overrated, and expressed his opinion that he could, if he had a mind, write as well as Shakespeare. "But then you see," remarked Lamb, "Shakespeare had not the mind."

One day, Lord Chesterfield, at an inn, where he dined, complained somewhat angrily that the plates and dishes were very dirty. The waiter, upon this, observed : "It is said that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." "That may be true," remarked his Lordship, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

"Make way, gentlemen," cried a representative to the crowd in a procession : "Make way, we are the representatives of the people." "Make way yourself," replied a tactful man in the crowd "we are the people themselves."

When Baxter, on one occasion, was brought before Judge Jefferies the justice said : "Baxter, I see a rogue in thy face." "I did not know," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

It was tact, to a great extent, that made King Edward VII popular. Once, while sailing in his yacht, on the Mediterranean Sea, he decided to land at an Italian seaport. As it was a rainy day and the roads were very dirty, a carpet was spread on which his Majesty might walk from the landing place to the carriage which was kept ready for him. At the eleventh hour it was found that the carpet was too short to reach to the carriage ; so, to complete the pathway, the authorities of the town concerned, spread their national flag, the only piece of cloth which they found, in their hurry, at that time. When his Majesty reached the end of the carpet happily he noticed the flag. Without hesitating even a moment, he stepped aside on the roadway, at the same time raising his hat out of respect for the flag of the Italians. This act of royal courtesy, which was the result of the Peacemaker's tact served to win the hearts of the Italians.

When unrest prevailed in Alexander the Great's army, on account of his marriage with Roxana, it was tact that made him say that they were free to leave him if they liked; and that he would merely enter his protest that when on his way to make the Macedonians the masters of the world, he was left alone with a few friends. This tactful declaration was too much for his soldiers, who shouted that they would go with him anywhere he pleased.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an orator as he rose to address a large audience, "I shall divide my subject into twelve parts,—but on this occasion, I shall omit eleven of them." The orator had beforehand resolved to deal with all the twelve parts, but, being tactful, he, seeing that his hearers had become impatient as soon as he mentioned that he would divide his subject into twelve parts, without any hesitation declared that on that occasion he would omit eleven of them,—so that his audience might hear him with proper attention.

Viscount Lascelles, the husband of our beloved Princess Mary, tells an amusing story concerning an Englishman who was staying at a hotel in Berlin. He had secured comfortable rooms, but the landlord informed him one day that he must give them up in favour of a fresh arrival, the Elector—i.e., the Governor—of some petty German State with an unpronounceable name. "Nonsense!" said the Englishman. "You do not know who I am, Bring the visitors' book and I will add my title." The book was brought, and in a bold hand he wrote after his name, "Elector of Middlesex." Upon this, the ignorant German was impressed and he allowed that Englishman to keep his rooms.

"Is Robert still doing his sums?" Lord Derby shortly after the announcement of the resignation of Lord Salisbury, which was due to his detailed study of the figures involved in the Reform Scheme of 1867, asked this question of Lady Salisbury. "Yes," the shrewd lady at once retorted, "and he has reached rather a curious result!—take three from fifteen and nothing remains."

It may be said here that along with Salisbury, two others had resigned and fifteen was the number of members of Lord Derby's Cabinet.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHEERFULNESS.

"Cheerfulness is a small virtue it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its happy influence."

* * *

"If solid happiness we prize
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam."

* * *

"You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people, why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy."—*Mrs. Child.*

* * *

"Mirth of heart will bestow a more excellent grace,
Than perfection of features, or beauty of face."

* * *

"Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the heart, which is reflected in the face."

* * *

"Cheerfulness is an excellent working quality imparting great elasticity to the character. It has been called the fair weather of the heart."—*Smiles.*

* * *

"Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of sunshine in the soul and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."—*Addison.*

* * *

"Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of Care ;
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen !
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Attune my jarring thoughts to rest."

* * *

"Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills, it calms its strife ;
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there."

* * *

Thoughts make the man. In shaping and building him, the chief essential and determining factor is thoughts. Upon him their action is considerable ; their agency is decisive ; their effect is prominent ; their force is powerful ; and their influence is momentous. Constant good thinking makes you good ; constant evil

thinking makes you evil. As you think, so will you be. What you are at present is the result of what you have thought. You are founded on thoughts. Lord Zoroaster gives the highest place to thoughts. He says that the quality of actions are the result of the quality of words which again are the result of the quality of thoughts. In other words, words and deeds are the outcomes of thoughts. Lord Buddha says that if a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart.

Just as thoughts make a man good or bad, they make him also happy or miserable. The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts. Constantly indulge in care thoughts, worry thoughts, fear thoughts, despair thoughts,—and you become miserable and gloomy. To be happy, it absolutely lies in your own hands. No outside force has the power to make you either happy or miserable. Once upon a time, a king of Persia became very miserable and sick of his life. He asked his physicians what he should do to become healthy and happy. None of them was able to suggest any remedy. He then consulted with the soothsayers, but they also proved failures. An old hermit then came to the king and said "Thy case is indeed simple. Wear a happy man's shirt, and thou wilt be alright." Accordingly, the king sent his messengers to search for a happy man and bring his shirt. Needless to say they did their best to find such a man, but throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom, no such man could be found. There was always something wanting in every man's happiness. But at last, one of the messengers, while returning to the palace sorrowfully, came across a poor shepherd boy in a lonely valley, lying on the grass merrily singing. The messenger immediately engaged with him in conversation and found out that he was really happy. He then told him of the king's plight and asked him to give his shirt. But the lad told him laughing that he possessed no shirt. The messenger told the king about this lad, and at first he could scarcely believe him. But on reflecting, he did believe him and learned the secret of happiness, which, as he rightly thought, depended on the mental attitude.

In one of his books, Sir Hall Caine tells us of a man, who imagined himself to be pursued by a monster, that the latter, as the man imagined, would set fire to his barns, kill his cattle, ruin his land, slay his first-born. Being vastly tormented by such thoughts, he, one day, in mad desperation, lay in wait for the supposed monster, who lived near his house, at night. When it was exceedingly dark, he saw him. With a fierce cry of rage, he rushed upon him and there ensued a fierce fight between them which lasted long. The man succeeded in overthrowing the monster, and no sooner did he take out his knife to kill him than the moon shot through the clouds, by the light of which the man saw the monster's face. But the monster's face was his own face. The monster was imaginary and the fight between them was imaginary.

Both these examples are enough to prove that mental attitude has everything to do with happiness. Let your mental attitude be always cheerful. Cheerfulness has rightly been described as the lubricant of the "Wheel of Life." It, certainly, as has been said, like the oil, in a bicycle bearing, reduces friction and prevents a world of wear and tear. It smooths life's discords, calms its strifes, and soothes its pains. It is the sunshine of life and, consequently, it makes you happy. If you do not possess it, darkness and gloom must be surrounding you on every side. If you do not possess it, you are now and then quite likely to collapse into sorry and hysterical depressions; quite likely to indulge in doleful forebodings; quite likely to fall a prey to grief and worry; quite likely to merge yourself in sentiments of idle compassion.

Many years ago, Oliver Wendell Holmes, while walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, came upon a plain, upright marble slab which bore an epitaph of only four words, but, as he says, to his mind they meant more than any of the laboured inscriptions on the surrounding monuments,—“She was so pleasant.” “That was all,” says Oliver Holmes, “and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more.”

According to Samuel Smiles, Hume was accustomed to say that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things—than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year. Indeed, wealth is almost dirt compared to cheerfulness.

Indeed, cheerfulness is one of the essentials of life, if it is to be a man's life and not a brute's. It is simply priceless. It may be considered as better than even wisdom, for what can wisdom do if it is imbued with sadness?

A cheerful man is an optimistic man. He never forgets to look at the bright side of things. He always keeps before his mind the fact that every cloud has a silver lining which he would always see,—no matter how dark the cloud may be.

Make it a life-rule never to see the dark side of things only. Bright side is the right side and never ignore to see it. By all means also see the dark side, but do not continually dwell on it. Try to make it bright, cheerfully. Do not be pessimistic after seeing it and say that everything is dark. If you bear such an attitude, you will not like to do anything to make it bright. Optimism is hope, health, and life; pessimism is despair, disease, and death. Samuel Johnson says that the habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand pounds a year. One of the secrets of success of Lord Reading is that he has never fallen a prey to the fell disease of pessimism.

It is said that once a pessimist and an optimist happened to meet each other and they began to discuss this world. The pessimist brought, as he thought, the discussion, to a triumphant

conclusion, by saying : "Well, I believe I could have made a better world than this is myself." "True," replied the optimist, "that is what we are here for. Now let us go out and do it. That is what we are here for."

Almost all great men were optimists. The poet Browning was, beyond all his conclusions and deeper than all his arguments, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton says, passionately interested in and was in love with existence ; if the heavens had fallen and all the waters of the earth run with blood, he would still have been interested in existence, if possible a little more so. In one of his poems, he declared that pessimists were liars, because they really loved life while pretending it was all suffering. In his poem, "Saul," he says :

"How good is man's life, the mere living ! how fit to employ
All the heart, and the soul, and the senses for ever in joy."

To be sure, Browning was not at all ignorant about distress and suffering in this world. He had full knowledge of that, but still he liked to go on his way cheerfully singing :

"God's in his Heaven,
All's right with the world."

Mathews says that a sunny disposition is the very soul of success. The truth of this statement will only be seen from the fact that cheerfulness enables a man to do good and thorough work and prevents him from being exhausted within a short time. The immortal Bard of Avon rightly says : "A merry heart goes all the day, the sad tires in a mile." The quality of your work has everything to do with the quality of your mental attitude, with which you go to it. Again, cheerfulness prevents a man from shrinking from difficulties and dangers, and from despair, when he meets with failures.

Says Carlyle : "Give us, Oh ! give us the man who sings at his work ! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

All great workers were cheerful workers. To Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta, work was worship. Dadabhai Naoroji and William Gladstone would not have rendered so great services to the British Empire, had they not been cheerful. Abraham Lincoln always kept a copy of the latest humorous work and he used to read it, whenever he was either tired or worried, so that it might relieve him. It was his cheerful temper that enabled him to stand up under all sorts of difficulties and calamities.

Andrew Carnegie owed his popularity and also, to a great extent, success and happiness to his cheerful, sunny disposition. In his old age he said : "My young partners do the work.

and I do the laughing, and I commend to you the thought that there is very little success where there is little laughter."

When Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked as to the secret of his marvellous youthfulness, in his eightieth year, he replied that it was chiefly due to a cheerful disposition and invariable contentment in every period of his life with what he was.

Let your mind be always full to overflowing with cheerful thoughts. The times may be very hard, calamities may be hovering over your head, aye, may have befallen you, but still you must try to rise above them and remain cheerful. Mind is the master force. It can dominate any and every calamity. Says Milton :

" A mind is not to be changed by place or time,
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The same idea is expressed by the poet Lovelace in the following well-known lines :

" Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

The truth of this will only be seen from the fact that some of the greatest literary works were written in prisons, a good many examples of which I have already given in the third chapter. Nothing, nothing there is in this world that can serve to fetter the mind.

It is said that when Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, in 1695, she sang and herself composed some songs. " It sometimes seemed to me," she is believed to have said, " as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had now nothing to do but sing. The song of my heart gave a brightness to the objects round me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. My heart was full of that joy which God gives to all that love Him, in the midst of their little trial." So she sang :

" A little bird I am, shut from the fields of air ;
And in my song I sing to Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee."

To be sure, the test of a man comes in adversity. The time to show your mettle and the stuff of which you are made is when you meet with troubles and afflictions. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

" 'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows on like a song ;
But the man worth while is the man with a smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

Agesilaus, the great Spartan, though very short in height and lame, was very cheerful. Another man in his place would have unnecessarily made himself miserable ;—especially thus we believe when we take into consideration the fact that the Spartans set especial store by physical perfection. But Agesilaus often used

to make joke of his deformity and, in spite of it, freely took part in sport and war. According to Plutarch, the goodness of his humour and his constant playfulness of temper, always free from anything of moroseness, made him more attractive even in his old age than the most beautiful and youthful men of the nation.

I will at once admit that there are certain calamities, e.g. the death of a dear friend or relative, on account of which we cannot be cheerful, but on the contrary, we are thrown into grief. This is but natural, but this should be kept within proper limits. There are persons, who, when such a calamity befalls them, throw themselves into paroxysms of grief, shed copious tears, beat their breasts, even dash their heads against the ground, and refuse to eat for days together. In what way, does such excessive grief mitigate their suffering? On the contrary, it enhances it. It weakens them both physically and mentally. Reasonable grief, i.e. grief which should be moderate both in its intensity and extent, is indeed not harmful, but, on the contrary, advantageous. Shakespeare rightly says that moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, but excessive grief is the enemy to the living.

When Anaxagoras, the philosopher, was told that both his sons were dead, he laid his hand upon his heart, and after a short pause consoled himself in the following terms: "I knew they were mortal."

The story is told of a king that on the death of his wife, whom he loved very much, he excessively mourned and shed copious tears. A philosopher, observing the king's grief, told him that he could really comfort him by restoring her to life, if only he would supply him with what was needful in order to do so. The king, with great joy, said he would supply him with anything he wanted. The philosopher was provided with all things he wanted, and after performing some ceremonies, he told the king that if he would inscribe the names of three persons who never mourned, his wife would at once come to life again. The king, after inquiry, told the philosopher that he could not find one such man. "Why then," remarked the philosopher, "O absurdest of all men, art thou not ashamed to mourn as if thou hadst alone fallen into so grievous a loss, whereas thou canst not find one person who hast not met with such domestic affliction?"

Grief should not be continued for a long time. It is an enemy to your success and happiness. No good but positive harm will come out of it. Remember that you increase your sorrows, when you brood over them. Make light of your afflictions,—whatever they may be. Forget the sorrowful past and live in the cheerful present. How can you do anything solid and substantial, how can you be at all cheerful and happy, if you persist in recalling to your mind the sorrowful past?

There are also persons who are addicted to worry. They always fear that something ill and frightful might happen to them, some sort of calamity might be in store for them, and several troubles might overtake them. The story is told of a girl that, one day,

she was sitting in deep despondency near a well. When asked the cause of it, she replied: "I was thinking that one day I might marry and have children, and that one of my children may fall into this well."

Worry is the worst and the most widely-spread disease, in this world. It is impossible to estimate the harm it has done and does to mankind. It is responsible for many suicides. It benights your sense and besotst your wisdom. It makes you sad and miserable, as it prevents you from the sunshine of life. It corrodes your heart, saps your vitality and pulls down your organism. It, in short, is your greatest and bitterest enemy,—enemy to success and happiness.

When such is the truth about worry, is it not sheer folly to indulge in it? Why should you at all bother your head with the future troubles that, as you think without any earthly reason, are going to overtake you? In the first place, why should you at all anticipate them? Why not concern yourself only with the present? You are made for happiness,—not for misery; for work,—not for doleful forebodings.

It has rightly been said that it is not work that kills men but it is worry. Work is healthy and wholesome, worry is harmful and diseased; work is advantageous and beneficial, worry is baneful and deadly; work is invigorating and life-giving, worry is insalubrious and obnoxious; work is profitable and serviceable, worry is ruinous and poisonous. You can never sink under the burden of to-day. But, if you are so impudent as to add to it the future burden, of course then you will not have the power to stand up under it.

Therefore, young men, clear your mind of these enemies. Let them not enter your mind. They are the greatest thieves. They rob you of peace and sleep, comfort and happiness, success and prosperity. If they succeed in entering your mental house, drive them out at once. Delay, in this case, will be dangerous. But how will you drive them out? Surely, you cannot drive them out as you can thieves and robbers, if they enter your house, by calling the help of the police. You cannot also banish them by directly fighting with them. There is only one way to do so, and that exactly resembles the way in which you can drive away darkness. You can drive away darkness, not by calling the help of the police, not by fighting with it, but by letting in the light. Similarly, you can banish grief, worry, and other morbid thoughts by filling your mind with the opposite thoughts. The antidote of darkness is light. The antidote of grief, worry, anger, etc., is cheerfulness. Therefore apply this antidote,—this sovereign remedy, when these devils enter your mind; and immediately,—on the spur of the moment, they will take to their heels, because the mind can think only of one thing at a time. This can easily be done, if you have only the will and a little patience in the beginning.

Do not forget that worry and grief thoughts are after all abnormal thoughts and anything that is abnormal is not natural. When you are under their pressure, you can never think clearly and reason vigorously and do any work, whether physical or intellectual, in a good, thorough manner.

Consider it always your bounden duty to be cheerful. When you are full of grief and worry, you make others, who come into contact with you, disconsolate and even miserable. You thus rob them of their sunshine and happiness and act as a nuisance to them. On the contrary, when you are gay and when you are radiant with smiles, you prove a blessing to them.

CHAPTER XV.

SELF CONTROL.

"Anger and excitement are like echoes ; they do not exist until we call for them, and the louder we call, the louder is their response. We can never drown them ; yet, if let alone, they will drown themselves."—*Austin Herbert.*

* * *
"May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wise and better as life wears away."—*Watts.*

* * *
"Words beget anger, anger brings forth blows ;
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes."

* * *
"The difficult part of good temper consists in forbearance,
and accommodation to the ill-humour of others."

* * *
"Never anger made good guard for itself."—*Shakespeare.*

* * *
"The best quality of man is the restraining of his tongue."—
Arabic Proverb.

* * *
"There may be glory in the might
That treadeth nations down—
Wreaths for the daring warrior,
Pride for the Kingly crown ;

"More glorious is the victory won
O'er self-indulgent lust,
The triumph of a brave resolve
That treads a vice to dust."—*Whittier,*

* * *
"Anger is like a full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him."—*Shakespeare.*

* * *
"Forbear ! wrath only kindles wrath,
And stirs up passion's fire ;
While answering softly mildly tends
To check the bitterest ire."

* * *
Anger is temporary madness. A man in anger is like a ship in a troubled sea without a pilot. It is indeed a pitiful spectacle to look at a man flying into a terrible passion,— his eyes staring and burning, his mouth foamy and frothy, his hair bristling and dishevelled, his blood boiling and bubbling through heat, his pulse high and feverish, his breath deep and quick, his voice noisy and

frightful, his speech rapid and inarticulate. He does not know what he does and utters, as long as he is in anger. His sense being at that time absolutely benighted, his passions absolutely unchecked, his eyes practically blind, his tongue absolutely uncontrolled, he acts exactly like a madman.

Lose, if you must, wealth and estates, gardens and palaces ; but, do not lose your temper. It is too precious to lose. Loss of temper is an enemy to success in life. Many a man has lost good positions simply on account of not controlling it. Everybody wants and wishes to have intercourse with men of cheerful temper who do not lose it. You must not forget that whenever you lose your temper, you waste a great amount of your energy which you might use for a good purpose. Also, do not forget loss of temper involves loss of self-respect and self-esteem, pride and honour, and consequently, success and prosperity. Anger, like an excited horse, overthrows its rider.

You really make a farce, you really make a sport of yourself and an ass of yourself, when you lose your temper. All that you have spoken and all that you have done will surely be repented by you, when you recover yourself, when your temper again becomes normal. The end of anger is the beginning of remorse. That is why it is said that an angry man is again angry with himself, when he recovers his reason.

Control yourself. And the first step to control yourself is to govern your tongue. To govern your tongue is, indeed, magnificent and majestic. It is undoubtedly difficult to do so, but after all not at all impossible. A little patience and perseverance are all that are needed. If you have no check upon your tongue, if you cannot govern it,—you are quite unworthy of possessing it. If you have no control over it, you are sure to use it like a knife or a sword in the hand of a madman. Many men have lost their friendships and love of their relatives on account of lack of control over it and have become miserable. Words once uttered can never be recalled. Therefore deliberate much, think much, before you utter a single word. There is an Indian proverb which says : “Thou art master of thy unspoken word, thy spoken word is master of thee.” It is said of Julius Caesar, that, whenever provoked, he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he uttered any word,—so that he might not be unjust to the man or men who provoked him or do any foolish thing. Do not forget that when you have full control over your tongue, you will not lose your temper or fly into a passion,—whatever may happen. Even when others harm you or insult you, you must control your tongue and not give vent to anger.

Socrates perfectly controlled his temper,—throughout his life. Nothing,—no act of insult and injury, could make him lose it. Indeed, he is as well-known for governing it as for his philosophy. Once, he received a box on the ear by a person who was in every way inferior to him. And what did Socrates do ? He did not pay

him in the same coin, but smilingly observed: "It is a misfortune not to know when to put on a helmet." On one occasion, he, meeting a gentleman of rank in the street, saluted him; but, the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends in company, observing the gentleman's discourtesy, told Socrates that they were so exasperated at the man's unmannerliness and incivility that they had a mind to take him to task and resent his conduct. But, Socrates calmly replied thus: "If you meet any person on the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think that you had reason to be angry with him on that account? If not, pray then, what greater reason can you have for being enraged at a man of worse habit of mind than any of yourselves?" Socrates' wife, Xantippe, was an uneducated woman of bad and peevish temper. Socrates often maintained that her bad temper qualified her to be the wife of a philosopher or to make a philosopher of her husband, just as a man wishing to learn horsemanship would choose not the tamest but the wildest horse. She, once, so terribly flew into a passion against him that she tore off his cloak in the open street. His friends, who noticed this, told him that such treatment was insufferable, and that he ought to give her a severe drubbing for it. But, Socrates, upon this advice, said to them: "Yes, a fine piece of sport, indeed! while she and I were buffetting each other, you in your turns, I suppose would animate us on to the combat: while one cried out, 'Well done, Socrates;' another would say, 'Well hit, Xantippe.'" On another occasion, after angrily scolding her husband, she poured over him a pailful of foul water. Upon this, Socrates did not set up his bristles, but only laughed and remarked: "After thunder we usually have rain."

Pitt, when once canvassing for himself, came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he to the blacksmith, "will you favour me with your vote?" Whereupon, the blacksmith replied: "Mr. Pitt, I admire your head but hate your heart." At this rash reply, Pitt did not lose his temper, but calmly remarked: "Mr. Blacksmith, I admire your candour, but hate your manners."

M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva, was never out of his temper. Some of his friends, one day, resolved to put him to the proof. They took the philosopher's female servant into their confidence, and promised her a sum of money, if she would endeavour to make him angry. She consented. She was in his house for thirty years, and she well knew that he was particularly fond of having his bed well prepared. She, on the day appointed, neglected to make it. Abauret noticed it and next morning calmly spoke about it to her. She told him that she had forgotten to make it. She spoke not a word more, but on the same day, she again deliberately neglected it. On the morrow, the philosopher spoke about the circumstance in his usual manner; and she made, in reply, some excuse in a cooler manner than before, so that he might be provoked. But her expectation was not fulfilled. Again on that day she neglected to make it. This time, she was quite

confident that he would be angry with her on the next day. But her expectation was falsified. He said to her : " Yesterday you again forgot to make my bed : you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, and you probably found that it fatigued you. But, after all, it is of no consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is." As soon as he finished speaking, she threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him.

One day, Sir Issac Newton left his favourite little dog, which he called Diamond, alone in his study-room for some minutes. When he returned, he had the mortification to see his precious papers, which had taken him years to write, in flames, as Diamond had thrown down a lighted candle on them. This loss, as he had no copy of the papers, was absolutely irretrievable. But still, without beating the dog at all, he calmly rebuked him only saying : " O Diamond ! Diamond ! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done ! "

When Robert Ainsworth, the Scottish lexicographer, learned that his wife, in a fit of passion, had committed his voluminous manuscripts to the fire, he uttered not a single word, but calmly turned to his desk and recommenced his work.

When John Stuart Mill sorrowfully informed Carlyle, from whom he had borrowed the manuscripts of his French Revolution upon which Carlyle had spent three years of his life, that by mistake they were burnt to ashes, Carlyle said not a word of reproach to him. When Mill went out, he turned to his wife and remarked. " Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up. We must endeavour to hide from him how very serious the business is to us. With these words, he turned to his desk and set about the task again,

When Bernard Shaw was about to make a speech at the conclusion of one of his plays, a gentleman from the gallery, cried out : " Boo ! Boo ! a farce ! " At this incivility, Shaw only laughed and remarked : " I agree with you, sir, but what are we two against so many ? "

When Beaconsfield, during his maiden speech in the House of Commons, was laughed down and insulted, he exclaimed with self-control : " I have begun several times many things and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed a jury, because it was illegally chosen to favour Cromwell, the Protector became highly displeased with Sir Matthew and told him in anger that he was not fit to be a judge. To this, Sir Matthew only replied that it was very true.

Pericles, the great Athenian, possessed so perfect self-control that when a vile and dissolute fellow insulted and abused him for hours together one day, he bore his insolence and brutish conduct with patience and continued in public for the despatch of some

urgent affair. Even in the evening when he was going homeward the rascal following him abused and insulted him with the most scurrilous language possible, the whole way. When he reached his house, it had become dark. And what did Pericles do? Did he order his servant to catch the brute and flog him? No, not at all. On the contrary, he ordered his servant to take a torch and light that vile fellow home.

When a rash young fellow told Solon, who always observed silence in company, that he was silent because he was a fool, Solon only replied calmly that there never was a fool that could hold his tongue.

"Don't you understand me?" thundered, it is said, an old man who was trying to impress on another some argument, "why you must be quite a fool!" "True," calmly replied the other "I am very near one."

When Dr. Herman Boerhaave was asked by what art he could preserve such calmness and self-possession amidst manifold provocations, he replied that he was naturally of a bad and irritable temper, but had brought it under subjection by daily watchfulness and prayer.

When, by the order of Plutarch, a servant of his, having committed some faults, was stripped naked and whipped by another servant, he told Plutarch that he had done nothing and still was whipped severely. When the whipping was almost over, he upbraided his master by saying that he was not a true philosopher, as he vaunted himself to be; how he had often heard him say that it was an unbecoming thing in a man to be angry; how he had written a book against anger; and now to be plunged in rage to cause him so harshly to be beaten was quite contrary to his own teachings. Upon this, Plutarch calmly turned to him and replied: "What! You rascal, whereby do you judge I am now angry? Does my countenance, does my voice, does my colour, or does my speech give you any testimony that I am either moved or angry. Meseems my eyes are not staringly wild, nor my face troubled, nor my voice frightful or distempered. Do I wax red? Do I foam at the mouth? Does any word escape me of which I shall have to repent hereafter? Do I startle and quake? Do I rage and ruffle with anger? For, to tell you the truth, these are the right signs of choler and tokens of anger."

If a man gets angry with you, even without any reason, control yourself. Do not, you too, fly into a passion. If both get angry at the same time, there will be no end to high words and perhaps there will be an end to friendship or love. To try to suppress another man's anger by yourself taking recourse to it is like trying to quench fire by the help of fuel. Remember that by so doing that man's anger is sure to enhance, just as fire enhances if you add fuel to it. The only way to suppress his anger is to speak gently and softly with him. Jeremy Taylor rightly remarks that anger is like the waves of a stormy sea; when it is corrected with a soft

reply, as with a little strand, it retires and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells,—no permanent mischief. There is great truth in that Bible proverb which says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." The angry man's flames can never be put out by adding anger to them. Softness and gentleness are all that are needed to make them vanish into air.

It must always be remembered that self-control does not consist simply in governing your temper, but also in governing your passions which, if uncontrolled, lead you to all sorts of base pleasures. Many a man has ruined himself by being a slave to his passions.

Govern your passions or your passions will govern you. Passions are the greatest devils within you,—your bitterest enemies. If not controlled and governed by you, they will surely land you in ruin. Therefore be a master of them and govern them. God has given you ample power to do so. Make use of that power and you will succeed in becoming their master. It is indeed disgraceful and shameful on your part to obey your passions, and thus be a slave to them.

Plutarch said to the Emperor Trajan: "Let your Government commence in your own breast, and lay the foundation of it in the command of your own passions." No man is free until he governs his passions. He who reigns within himself, says Milton, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a King. Indeed, he who can govern his passions has conquered his basest and greatest enemies. "In the supremacy of self-control," says Spencer, "consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education, at least, strives to produce."

Write it in your heart that want of control over your passions is the greatest enemy to success and happiness in life. You can never succeed in life, if you do not possess self-control. Alexander, as a warrior and general, was quite successful. But, as a man, he was a failure. It was in a fit of passion that he killed one of his dearest and most-faithful friends. He could never resist the temptation of drinking wine. And it was this that was the cause of his premature death. He died drunken and debauched.

CHAPTER XVI.

POLITENESS.

"When is courtesy
In better practice, than when 'tis employed
In entertaining strangers?"—*Middleton*.

"Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things."—*Macaulay*.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."—*Pope*.

"Beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—*Emerson*.

"The very great part of mischiefs that vex the world arise from words, People soon forget the meaning but the impression and passion remain."—*Burke*.

"The difference between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this. One immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love one till you find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him."—*Johnson*.

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
of loyal nature and of noble mind."—*Tennyson*

"Most men are slaves because they cannot pronounce the syllable 'No.' A polite man may pronounce it whenever he chooses with less danger of offence than a rude man's 'yes';"

Politeness pays always and everywhere. It costs nothing but yields a great deal. Everybody wishes to have intercourse with polite persons. People go to only those shops and business houses where they are treated politely by the clerks and everybody concerned. Many a man owes his success and popularity to his politeness. It is the best passport to society and everywhere. It itself is the best letter of introduction that recommends the man with it to everybody with whom he comes into contact.

A man may have talents, power, and culture; he may be industrious, healthy, and self-confident; but, if he has no high breeding, if he is not polite, then it is very likely that he will fail in life.

Everybody wishes to be pleased. An unpolite man, far from pleasing others, with whom he comes into contact, displeases them and hurts their feelings. He breaks the most fundamental rules of good behaviour in society; e.g. laughing boisterously, spitting in the room, cutting finger nails, making practical jokes upon others, staring at strangers, speaking for a long time and not allowing others to speak, not listening to what one says, etc. He is not even ashamed to talk with others, in a rude manner, and insult them. Such a man is loved by nobody. Nobody wishes to come into contact with him. Everbody regards him as a venomous snake.

Make it a point always to be polite to others. Cultivate the art of pleasing others. Always speak gently with others. You have no more right, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing, than to knock a man down. Do not get angry, if others do not agree with you do not insult them, on that account. A man will forgive an injury sooner than an insult. Therefore, be polite and you will be loved and helped by everybody, and you will bring the goal of success nearer. A polite man must always be mannerly. Therefore, it is your duty to learn the manners of society and observe them. Says Burke : " Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them."

Sir Walter Scott was remarkably polite to all. A gentleman who was once his guest at Abbotsford, writes that he never saw a man who, in his intercourse with all persons, was so perfect a master of courtesy ; his manners were so plain and natural, and his kindness took such immediate possession of the feelings, that this excellence in him might for a while pass almost unobserved.

According to Emerson, it is related of the monk Basle, that being excommunicated by the Pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell for him. But, so great indeed was his politeness and so powerful indeed was his eloquence, that, wherever he went, he was received gladly and treated politely, even by the most uncourteous angels. When he talked with them, they did not contradict him, but instead, took his part and adopted his manners. Even good angels came from far to see him and took up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of suffering for him, thereupon, removed him to a worse place, but with no better success ; for, such was the contentment of Basle, that in every place and in every company he found something or other to praise, though in hell, and made a

heaven of it. At last, the angel returned with him to them that sent him, saying that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him, for, in whatever condition and in whatever company, Basle, remained true to his principles. The legend says that his sentence was remitted, he was allowed to go into heaven, and there was canonised as a saint.

One of the secrets of popularity of the late King Edward VII. was his great courtesy. When Prince of Wales, he invited an eminent man to dine with him. He, of course, accepted His Majesty's invitation. When coffee was served, the gentleman, to the great surprise of others, drank from his saucer. All other guests were amused and could hardly restrain laughing. But, the Prince, immediately, gravely emptied his cup into his saucer and drank after the gentleman's manner. By so doing, the Prince silenced the amusement and other guests had to imitate his examples.

It is said of a king that his head had the air of leaning downwards, in order not to humble anybody.

It was on account of his courtesy and charming manners that Charles James Fox, though he was a gambler and a slave to his passions, was liked by all—even his political enemies—with whom he came into contact. When William Pitt, who was his political opponent, was in France, a French gentleman expressed his surprise regarding the immense influence which Fox, a man of sensual pleasures, ruined by the dice box and the turf, exercised over the English nation "You have not been under the wand of the magician," Pitt tactfully remarked.

Louis XIV of France was very polite. Once, in a gay party given by him at his palace of Versailles, he told a story which proved rather insipid. One of his guests soon after left the room, and then the King observed: "I am sure you must have all observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was." His guests admitted that it was not exactly what they had been taught to expect. "I did not recollect," said the King, "till I had commenced my narrative, that the turn of it would reflect very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion I thought it far better to spoil a good story than to distress a worthy man." The King never indulged in practical jokes upon private individuals. Nor did he tolerate any member of his family, if he or she did so. He once said: "Such jokes from persons of our rank are thunderbolts and poisoned arrows." On one occasion, when his daughter-in-law spoke of a gentleman, so loud as would be heard by him, as the ugliest creature she ever saw, the King at once somewhat harshly spoke to her: "I esteem him the handsomest man in my dominions; he is one of my best officers and bravest defenders and I insist on your immediately apologising to him for the rudeness you have been guilty of." Needless to say she was compelled to apologise and show her regret to the gentleman.

It is on account of his politeness and charming disposition that the present Prince of Wales is so popular, all over the British Empire. When he returned from the upper wards of the St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which he visited recently with the Queen, he was requested by Lord Sandhurst to take his place in the lift. Noticing, however, that there were some ladies waiting for it, the Prince said laughing : "No, ladies first ; I'll run down the stairs for a change." And down he ran and met the Queen and his Lordship as they entered a ward on the ground floor.

It must always be remembered that true politeness should be the result of the goodness of heart. Your politeness should spring not from base motives, but, real goodness of heart, and you must be polite to all. You must not give special preference to men of rank, and treat the so-called low class or poor people with indifference. If you show politeness only to men who are your betters in rank and wealth, learning and culture ; and are indifferent to men who are inferior to you ; you should not be considered as a really polite man. No doubt, it is your duty to be polite to your superiors and equals. But equally great is your duty to be polite to your inferiors. You must treat all persons with politeness, irrespective of their social, intellectual, physical, and even moral status. You must treat anybody and everybody in the same manner as you would like to be treated by them.

The great Krishna did not consider it beneath his dignity to wash the feet of the Brahman guest's most of whom were beggars, assembled at the Rajsuya sacrifice of King Judhistir. Christ once, washed the feet of his disciples.

It is said that a peasant, upon meeting Artaxerxes, King of Persia, in one of his journeys, having nothing to present to his Majesty, ran to an adjacent stream, and filling his hands with water, offered it to him to drink. The King smiled at the present, but, however, thanked the peasant, in whom, he said, it showed at least a courteous disposition.

Once, a poor gentleman invited Keshab Chandra Sen, of whom he was an ardent follower, to dinner. As he was poor, the dinner, of course, was not sumptuous. Keshab, in order to please his host, ate with greater relish than he felt. The last thing that was served was a cup of boiled milk. As soon as it was put on the table, the guest, on account of its peculiar smell, guessed and rightly guessed that some castor-oil had somehow or other got mixed with it, and consequently thought that it was not fit to drink. But, the host, who was not aware of this, strongly recommended him to drink the milk which, he said, was pure and sweet, because it was of his own cow. Upon this, Keshab, lest his host's feelings should be hurt, drank it to the last drop. It was, indeed, with great efforts that he concealed from his host his feeling of nausea and smiled as if he had enjoyed it.

"You should not have returned their salute," said a priest, when Clement XIV. bowed to the ambassadors who had bowed in congratulating him upon his election. "Oh, I beg your pardon," replied the Pope; "but, I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

One day, President Jefferson and his grandson, while riding, met a slave. The slave saluted both of them. The President returned his salute, but the grandson took no notice of it. Upon this, the President rebuked him gently and tactfully by asking. "Thomas, do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself."

The chief reason, why Sydney Smith won admiration from rich and poor alike, was that he always treated the rich as well as the poor, including his servants, courteously and affectionately.

King George III had a female servant, who had lived so long in his palace and served him so faithfully, that, at her death he caused a monument to be erected, with a fitting inscription to her memory, over her grave near St. George's Chapel, in Windsor.

When Robert Burns was taken to task by a Scottish nobleman, with whom he was walking, for saluting a farmer in the open street, he at once exclaimed: "Why, you fantastic gomerai, it was not the great coat, the scone bounet, and the saunders-boot hose that I spoke to, but *the man* that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

Make it a point never to hide your goodness and kindness of heart under a mask of external rudeness. It is, indeed, nothing but folly to be outwardly rude to others, though you are inwardly their well-wishers and ready to help them in any way. If you do a kind action, do it with politeness; otherwise, it will lose its merit. It has been observed that if you throw a bone to a dog, he will run off with it in his mouth, but, with no vibration in his tail. But, call the dog to you, pat him, and let him take the bone from your hand, and his tail will wag with gratitude.

Dr. Johnson, though from his heart of heart, was a kind man, was called the "Great Bear." And why? Simply on account of his rudeness. He was really an unmannerly brute. Everybody who did not agree with him was a liar, according to him.

One day, at a banquet, where Johnson was present, Goldsmith asked a question about the American Indians. Upon this, Dr. Johnson, though he was not asked, rudely exclaimed: "There is not an Indian in North America foolish enough to ask such a question." "Sir," retorted Goldsmith, "there is not a savage in America rude enough to make such a speech to a gentleman."

On one occasion, the Doctor, after a distinguished lady singer had entertained him with her charming songs, complimented her by saying: "Madam, of all noises, music is the least disagreeable." Such was the "Great Bear."

I bring this chapter to an end by quoting the following notable paragraph from the essay on "Behaviour" by Emerson :

"We talk much of utilities,—but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business, we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with ; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuading and cheering force ; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together ; how, in all clubs, manners make the members how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth ; that for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part he marries manners ; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets ; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey ; and what divination is required in us, for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty."

CHAPTER XVII.

MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

"There is something about one's personality which eludes the photographer, which the painter cannot reproduce, which the sculptor cannot chisel. This subtle something which every one feels, but which no one can describe, which no biographer ever put down in a book, has a great deal to do with one's success in life."

* * *

"No object really interests us but man, and in man only his superiorities ; and, though we are aware of a perfect law in nature, it has facination for us only through its relation to him, or as it is rooted in the mind. . . . Knowledge of men, knowledge of manners the power of form, and our sensibility to personal influence, never go out of fashion. These are facts of a science which we study without book, whose teachers and subjects are always near us."

Emerson.

* * *

"Men judge of the nature and qualities of things by their outward appearance ; because it demands no painful exertion of the understanding, or slow process of investigation."—*Cogan.*

* * *

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich but not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. !—*Shakespeare.*

* * *

"Cleanliness promotes both health of body, and delicacy of mind."—*Addison.*

* * *

"As the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapter, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or women) give us a taste of the spirit and demonstratively point (as it were a marginal note from the margin) all the internal quality of the soul ; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered and slovenly outside."—*Messenger.*

* * *

Personality is not at all so insignificant as not to be taken into consideration in a book like this. It is, undoubtedly, a success asset. People naturally form a high opinion of a man who makes them attract towards himself. In society, persons of magnetic personality are always sought after. Their influence is so prominent, their magnetism is so shining, their temperament is so magnificent, their reputation is so well-known, and their appearance is so majestic, that nobody can afford to neglect them.

A man of magnetic personality, if he so wishes, can easily become a leader of his country. He naturally attracts others towards him and they naturally follow him : say ditto to everything that he says, approve of every action that he does. When he delivers lectures, he is heard with eagerness and breathless attention. He always holds his audience spellbound. Indeed, personality is as important to an orator as eloquence. An orator may have great eloquence; may have a stentorian voice as clear as a bell ; but, if he has no personality, he will not produce any substantial effect upon his audience. he will not carry it away with him. Mere gift of expression and clear voice do not count much.

Many a doctor, many a barrister, many a politician, owe their success to their magnetic personality. One of the greatest secrets of success of Sir Pherozeahaw Mehta was his magnetic personality. Though of little more than medium height, as his biographer Mr. H. P. Mody says, his strong and handsome features and broad shoulders gave considerable dignity and impressiveness to his general appearance. Whenever he spoke, he carried his audience away with him. The one thing his political opponents feared, was his striking personality.

Why did Jesus Christ "speak as one having authority ? " And why " his word was with power ? " Why were people afraid of his words that he spoke ? To a great extent, because of his magnetic and impressive personality. On one occasion, when he was delivering a lecture, the audience was so frightened that some persons besought him to stop speaking and leave his audience. John tells us how certain officers sent to arrest him in the marketplace lost their nerve in his commanding presence, and went back remarking : " Surely, never a man spoke like this man. " It is said that, on the night of his arrest, a band of soldiers approached him in the grove and asked for Jesus of Nazareth. And when he replied " I am he," so vastly were they impressed by his majestic personality that they prostrated themselves, they went backward, and fell to the ground.

When such is the power of personality, is it not necessary for you to develop it, so as to make it magnetic ? But, you will ask, how are we to make it magnetic ? It is necessary to answer this question. The first thing to be remembered is that you should take great care of your health. Health is, indeed, vital to magnetic personality. Never, on any account, break any health law. Take enough sleep, give exercise to your body, breath pure air, and eat good food, in which flesh should not necessarily be included.

You will say that one's personality much depends upon the natural gracefulness of one's carriage. This is, of course, to a certain extent, true. Indeed, finely moulded form and finely chiselled features play an important part in one's personal appearance. But, you need not despair, if you have deformed features. What of that, if you are bull-necked or bandi-legged or pigeon breasted or hare lipped or pot-bellied or bald-headed ? What of that, if you have prominent teeth or acquiline nose ? Deformity

does not always come in the way of health. And after all it is health that is the most important thing. The features of Sydney Smith were deformed, but, in spite of that, he drew towards him a large circle of friends. Socrates was in appearance ugly. He had upturned nostrils, short and flat nose, and his eyes were protruding. But, in spite of that, he attracted others towards himself and many men became his staunch followers.

Your personality, also, depends upon your dress. Indeed, apparel oft proclaims the man. It excites ridicule, if you are dressed unsuitably and in a slovenly manner. Nobody likes to closely come into contact with you, if you are slovenly.

A good dress is itself a letter of recommendation. People are, generally, to a great extent, influenced by outward appearances. Therefore, if you are eager to rise in the opinion of others, if you are eager to make good impressions upon others, if you are eager to be *somebody* and to amount to *something*,—you must be careful in your dress, so as to make your outward appearance attractive.

"By long experience
I know full well,
In this our century,
How dress will tell."

When Agesilaus went to Egypt, its king was so offended at his slovenly dress that he did not entrust him with the command of the Egyptian army. The king thought from his slovenly dress, and we cannot reproach him for so thinking, that Agesilaus was of mediocre talents. He could not believe that a really great mind could approve of such a slovenly dress.

Almost all great men cared very much for their dress. Napoleon was very particular not only about his own dress, but also of his officers. Sir Pherozchaw Mehta was, also, very particular about it. Nelson would never appear on deck, as the commander of the British Squadron till he had put on his full dress.

It must always be remembered that your dress has a great direct influence upon your mind. Slovenly dress prevents you from vigorously thinking. It torments your mind and makes you lose your self-respect.

Buffon, the great naturalist, once said that he was utterly incapable of thinking to good purpose except in full court dress. This he always put on before entering his study-room even not excluding his sword.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not at all say that you should dress yourself sumptuously and gaudily. I believe in simplicity. Your dress must neither be slovenly nor gaudy. Never dress yourself like a fop. Gaudy dress excites as much ridicule as a slovenly one. It is said that Lysander, the great Spartan, lost the respect of his fellow citizens, because, by his preposterous affec-

tation in dress, he incurred their ridicule and disgust and contempt. Affectation in dress, indeed, implies a flaw in the understanding.

Your dress must not be costly and gaudy. It must be cheap, but it must never be slovenly. Others may dress themselves sumptuously if they like, but make it a point always to dress yourself simply. It is not at all necessary for you to dress yourself in the height of so-called fashion. Do not waste your money over unnecessary and sumptuous cloths. Be guided by common sense, not by fashion.

“ Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art.

They strike my eyes but not my heart.”

I need not say that an amiable disposition, good manners, courtesy and unselfishness count much in one's personality. A man's outward appearance may be striking, but nobody will be attracted towards him, if he is churlish and selfish, unmannerly and uncourteous.



CHAPTER XVIII.

POWER OF WILL.

"They who look more interiorly into the causes of things know that all the power of man is derived from his understanding and will, since he cannot move a particle of his body without them. Man's understanding and will are his spiritual man, and this acts upon the body and its members at its pleasure ; for what man thinks, the mouth and tongue speak, and what he wills, the body performs with a power proportioned to the determination."—*Swedenberg*

* * *

"O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he will not suffer wrong ;
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest buffeted, citadel crown'd,
But ill for him who bettering not with time
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descend Will.
And after weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still,
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill.
The city sparkles like a grain of salt."—*Tennyson*.

* * *

The real power of man cannot be seen by us, for it exists in his will. Will is no idle wish, but iron determination. There is a great difference between desiring to do a thing and determining to do it. There is no power like the power of will. Nothing less than the Divine can match it. The proverb, "Where there is a will, there is a way," contains no exaggeration whatsoever. It contains experienced truth and nothing else. A man of invincible will knows no impossibilities. Nothing can daunt his heart. He can triumph over any obstacles and can overcome any difficulties. Failures he uses as stepping-stones. He hates to rest until he achieves his object.

"There is no chance no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent or hinder or control,
The firm resolve of a determined soul."

Everything, great and grand, powerful and prominent, wonderful and valuable, uncommon and unprecedented, that has been achieved, was backed by will-force and iron determination. All great men were men of resolute will. In fact, they became great on account of their will-power. What would Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, Pitt and Burke and Gladstone, Dadabhai and Mehta and Gokhale, amounted to, if their life-purposes had not been backed up by their own invincible will ?

It was his iron will that made Pompey, when hazarding his life on a tempestuous sea in order to be at Rome on an important mission, declare : " It is necessary for me to go ; it is not necessary for me to live." It was because Caesar was determined to conquer Italy that he burned his ships, when he crossed the Rubicon, in order that there might be no talk of turning back.

Napoleon would have amounted to nothing, if he had no force of will and power of quickly forming decision and of maintaining it against all heavy odds. One of his maxims was : " The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." It was on account of this resolute determination that he became the supreme power and terror in the whole of Europe. It was his dogged will that conquered weak-willed and imbecile nations. Nothing was impossible to his mind. " Impossible," said he, " is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." As a poet says :

" Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel and fires that lived to kill,

Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will."

Dr. Orison Swett Marden gives us, in one of his books, a remarkable example of firmness of will which was exhibited by a juryman in a noted murder trial. Eleven were for conviction ; but this man told them frankly that he would never yield, that he would starve in confinement rather than give his consent to condemn a man whom he considered innocent. The others were at first firm on the opposite side ; but, after twenty-four hours of waiting, finding there was no possibility of winning their opponent, they acceded to his verdict of acquittal.

There are many men who wish to be successful in their lives, but the trouble with them is that they have no resolute will. Many men have a good plan for the accomplishment of a certain object, but there is no iron determination behind it. Were they possessed of strength of will, they indeed would surely succeed in their aim. For the accomplishment, as Arthur Lovell, in his " *Ars Virdirs*," remarks, of anything whatsoever, no matter how trivial or how important, two things are necessary—knowing and doing. First, you must know how to do it and then you must have the will to do it and then you must put that will into execution and then you are sure to accomplish your object,—no matter how difficult it is. A Chinese proverb says : " There is nothing difficult under the whole heaven ; 'tis only that men's minds are not determined." According to Samuel Smiles, a holy man was accustomed to say " Whatever you wish, that you are : for such is the force of out

will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

No man can amount to anything, can accomplish anything, can succeed in life, if he is weak-willed. The difference between success and failure is exactly the difference between strong will and weak will. The surest way to succeed is to will to succeed, and the surest way to fail is to be irresolute. Addison somewhere remarks that irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest cause of all our unhappiness. Says Sir Thomas Buxton: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy,—invincible determination,—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature *a man* without it."

It must always be remembered that will can be cultivated. Drive out that baseless idea from your mind that a person is born with a strong or a weak will and remains thus throughout his life. Do not think that, like poets, men of strong will-power are born and not made. The will is just as much capable of being cultivated and developed as any muscle of your body. If will could not be strengthened, I would not have taken the trouble to write this chapter. By practice, the will can be strengthened and developed. Form the habit of forming decisions, first, on trivial matters and then on important. Once you have decided to do a thing, do it and let there be no turning back, no vacillation.

Indecision is the greatest foe to the accomplishment of anything. Hesitating and wavering and vacillating policy will ruin any man,—even if he is gifted and talented. The man who cannot decide, who cannot see many things, prefer one to the rest, amounts to nothing. His condition is, indeed, pitiable. He is blown hither and thither by every wind of prejudice or idle wish or passion. "Irresolution," says Feltham, "is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes hit the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit it." Better to wrongly decide than not to decide at all. "When I don't know whether to fight or not," said Nelson, "I always fight."

The man, who possesses weak will and who vacillates like the pendulum of a clock, is always outstripped in the race of life by the resolute and decisive man,—the man who knows how to do a thing and does it. Nobody believes in the former. The latter radiates power all round him and is believed by others, in whom he inspires confidence. Sir Thomas Buxton, it is said, held the conviction that a young man might be very much what he pleased, provided he formed a strong resolution and held to it.

CHAPTER XIX.

HABITS.

“Men’s thoughts are according to their inclinations, their discourse according to their opinions, but their action according to their habits.”—*Bacon*.

“The mind acquires an invincible attachment to whatever has been familiar to it for any length of time.”—*Cogan*.

“Knowledge excites our curiosity, experience enlarges and corrects our knowledge, and habits render us fit for acting with instantaneous promptitude and readiness. The acquisition of good habits—of such habits as shall free us from the need of lengthy consideration before acting when emergencies occur—we proclaim as one of the great uses of self-culture.”—*Samuel Neil*.

“It is the business of the honourable man to use the utmost diligence in forming habits ; principles being fixed, right conduct will follow of itself.”—*Confucius*.

“Habit, if wisely and skilfully formed, becomes truly a second nature.”—*Bacon*.

“Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return, doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune, but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself to too great nor too small tasks ; for the first will make him dejected by often failing, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailing.”—*Bacon*.

Man is a creature of habit,—not a creature of instinct. The mind, which governs him, is itself governed by habit. The five senses are practically the creatures of habit. What is revolting on account of habit to one man’s eyes and ears, is delightful to another man’s eyes and ears for the same reason.

Habit is indeed a second nature. Every act that we do has a tendency to affect our character. What we have repeated, we are naturally inclined to do again.

It is said of Dr. Johnson that he had the habit of touching every post he passed in the street. If he missed any post, he would go back and touch it.

Mithridates of Pontus was so accustomed to antidotes—that when he wished to destroy himself, after his overthrow by Pompey, he found that poison had no effect whatsoever upon him.

Every schoolboy knows the story told of Isaac Watts, who had acquired the habit of speaking everything in rhyme, that when his father, one day, having become disgusted with it, was on the point of punishing him, the boy cried out :

“ Pray, father, on me mercy take,
And I will no more verses make.”

When Count de Lorge was liberated from the Bastille, after full thirty years of confinement, he declared that freedom had no joy for him, for habit had made him long for his dungeon. He entreated the authorities concerned to allow him to go back to it, but, being refused, he lingered for nearly six weeks and died.

Colton tells us that one day the late Sir George Staunton informed him that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more importance, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed which was that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, though more callous. At that time, however, he could sleep very comfortably on his bed of nails ; and remarked to Sir George that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he would most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

These examples are enough to show the immense power of habits. It is habits that rule you. Therefore, if you wish to be successful in your life, form good habits only. Many a man owes his success in life to good habits. It is habits that make your character. Tell me of the habits of a man and I will, at once, tell you his character. It has rightly been said : sow an act, and you reap a habit ; sow a habit and you reap a character. “ Remember,” said Lord Collingwood to a young man whom he loved, “ before you are five-and-twenty, you must establish a character that will serve you all your life.”

Form the habit, if you have not already formed, of forming good habits only. Take care that you do not form vicious habits. Take care of habits and habits will take care of you. Many a man forms on account of his carelessness, vicious habits which prevent him from being successful, prosperous, and happy. Never under any circumstances, yield to any temptation. If you once yield to it, it is quite likely that you will yield to it also on other occasions, and then you are sure to be a slave to it. It will be a habit with you not to resist it, which you will find exceedingly difficult to uproot afterwards. It must always be remembered that the power of habit can be conceived only by opposing it. As Samuel Smiles remarks, the habit at first may seem to have no more strength than a spider's web ; but once formed, it binds as with a chain of iron.

Though it is exceedingly difficult to eradicate vicious habits, it is after all not impossible to do so,—however deep-seated they may be. Do not despair, if you have formed vicious habits. But, set out as soon as possible to uproot them. And remember that, in order to do so, you must have the patience of Buddha and perseverance of a Columbus and determination of a Napoleon. You cannot eradicate long and deep-seated habits,—habits which have grown with your growth and strengthened with your strength, habits which have entered into the very vitals of your life, within a few days. Step by step try to uproot them. As you formed them, so should you break them. As John O'Reilly says :—

“ How shall I a habit break ?
 As you did that habit make.
 As you gathered, you must lose ;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist,
 Till they bind us neck and wrist ;
 Thread by thread, the patient hand
 Must untwine ere free we stand ;
 As we builded, stone by stone,
 We must toil unhelped, alone,
 Till the wall is overthrown.”

I now beg to write upon some good habits that every one should form.

EARLY RISING.

Early rising is conducive both to health of body and peace of mind and, consequently, success in life. It can never be disputed that early rising makes a man “ healthy, wealthy, and wise.” One of our proverbs says : “ Go to bed early, rise before the sun peeps into your window, and I am sure the goddess of wealth will marry you, and disease will have long to wait before it attacks you.”

“ The morning hour,” says Benjamin Franklin, “ has gold in its mouth.” This is but true. Early rising gives us a good start in our work. The early morning hours are undoubtedly the best especially for mental work. The mind and body being fresh, there being practically no noise, the work, that you do at such a time, is always good and correct.

One should be really ashamed to waste the early hours of a day in bed. The early hours are the best, the most useful, and the most inspirational. No man, unless he is ill or very aged, should lie late in bed. Lying late in bed is against the law of nature, the law of health, of success and prosperity and happiness. It impairs the health and saps the vitality, blunts the imagination and dulls the faculties, saddens the disposition and mars the soul.

Lord Chatham once wrote to his son that “ if you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.” This is no exaggeration. A proverb says : “ He who would thrive, must rise at five.”

Doddridge wisely calls our attention to the fact that the difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

Almost all great men were and are early risers. Dean Swift declares positively that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. Sir Walter Scott and William Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Milton used to rise at five o'clock. Napoleon and Frederick the Great, Gladstone and Burke, Dadabhai Naoroji and Gokhale, Lincoln and Roosevelt were all early risers.

Buffon, the well-known Naturalist, regarding early rising tells us an amusing anecdote of himself. In his youth, he says, he was very fond of sleep which robbed him much of his time. But his servant, Joseph, was of great service to him in enabling him to conquer that bad habit. He promised him one day, to give him a crown every time he would make him rise at six. Next morning he did not fail to wake him, but he received only abuse from his master. The day after, the servant tried to wake him, but with no better success; and the master was obliged to acknowledge at noon that he had lost his time. He told his servant that he did not know how to manage his business and that he ought to think of his (i.e. the master's) promise and not mind his threats and abuse. On the next day, the servant employed force to make his master rise from the bed. The master begged for indulgence and ordered the servant to leave him. But, the servant did not obey him. Though the master then stormed at him ruthlessly, Joseph persisted. Buffon, therefore, was obliged to comply. Needless to say that the servant was, every day, rewarded for the abuse he underwent at the moment when he awoke him, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour later.

CONCENTRATION.

Concentration is nothing but the art of controlling the brain. In other words, it is nothing but the ability to think of one thing only at a time earnestly and whole-heartedly. To acquire this habit of concentration is not an easy task. It is difficult to acquire it, but not in any way impossible. If you have patience and perseverance, determination and will-power, you can acquire it by practice, through practice. As Arnold Bennett remarks, that brain of yours will be hopping about all over the place; but every time it hops, you must bring it back by force to its original position. Force it, compel it, by any and every means, to let every idea, except the one which you have taken up, go to hell. Make it a point to resist and drive away any and every distraction. Your first efforts, remember, are likely to end in smoke, but by long practice, perseverance and tenacity, you are sure to triumph. There is no royal road to the acquirement of this habit.

If you wish to be successful in your life, you must acquire this habit. Concentration is absolutely vital to the accomplishment of any and every great task. Says James Allen : "Concentration is the father of thoroughness and the mother of excellence. As a faculty, it is not an end in itself, but is an aid to all faculties, all work. Not a purpose in itself, it is yet a power which serves all purposes. Like steam in mechanics, it is a dynamic force in the machinery of the mind, and the functions of life." In other words, concentration is an aid to the doing of a thing, not the doing of it in itself.

Write it in your heart that nothing, absolutely nothing good and great can be acquired without concentration. If you have acquired this habit of controlling the mind, you can easily do your tasks, nicely and thoroughly.

No man ever became great who did not possess the habit of concentration. The story is told of Dante that, one day, having received a book which had been promised to him, he set about to read it, in a street in Siena, on a bench outside an apothecary's shop. There he sat and read the whole day, quite absorbed in his book, and was absolutely unconscious that there was great mirth in the town on account of a great festival and that merry people were passing and repassing behind him. There were nice games of gallant youths and pretty dances of beautiful maidens, all over the town, accompanied by music and songs and merry shouts. But Dante's mind was not drawn to them. So vastly absorbed was his mind in the book. "How was it," asked a friend to the poet, "that you took no notice of so pompous and nice a festival?" To this, Dante replied : "I heard nothing."

The power of concentration of Roosevelt surprised everybody. Nothing could distract his mind, if he was absorbed in a book.

It is said that one morning, during the siege of Potidœa, Socrates was thinking about something which he could not resolve, in a public street, standing. He thought and thought from early dawn until noon, when some one drew his attention to this fact. But, he asked the man to go away from him and again was absorbed in thinking. Soon, the whole town came to know of this. At night, after supper, some Ionians brought out their mats near the place where he was standing to observe, out of curiosity, how long he would stand and think. To their surprise, he stood there all night. It was on the next morning that he left the place and went home.

BREVITY.

In this practical world, brevity is wanted everywhere. Do not think that, in order to arouse interest and create attention, long introductions and lengthy letters or speeches are, in any way, necessary. They are not only useless, but also harmful to you and your object. Those, who use circumlocutions, or even those, who cannot express themselves briefly, are generally avoided by busy and industrious persons who are generally of the opinion that a

man with big ideas always uses little words to express himself, but the man with little ideas makes use of big words in order to try to impress the bigness of his ideas.

According to Dr. O. S. Marden, Cyrus W. Field once advised a friend : " Be brief. Time is very valuable. There is no business so important that it can't be told on one sheet of paper." He then related to him his own personal experience. Years ago, he told him, when he was laying the Atlantic cable, he had occasion to send a very important letter to England. He knew it would have to be read by the Prime Minister as well as by the Queen. He wrote out what he had to say ; it covered several sheets of paper ; then he went over it twenty times,—every time eliminating words here and there, making sentences briefer, until finally he got all he had to say on only one sheet of paper. Then, he mailed it. In due time, he received a satisfactory reply. Field tells us that if his letter had covered half a dozen sheets, he would not have fared so well. Brevity is indeed a valuable gift, and every one should possess it.

The story is told of President Lincoln that when he was handed a huge file of papers containing a report on new army and naval guns, he said : " I would want a new lease of life to read all this. If I send a man to examine a new horse for me, I expect him to give me his good points, not to tell me how many hairs he has in his tail."

Dante's delineating of men and things is admired not simply because it is vivid and graphic, but brief too. Macaulay rightly remarks that other than Dante there is probably no writer who has presented so many pictures to the mind, and yet there is probably no writer so concise.

SELF-CULTURE.

Knowledge is indeed power, is indeed the alchemy that turns everything it touches into gold, is indeed the wing wherewith we can fly to heaven. The history of progress and civilisation of the world is nothing but the history of knowledge. Nothing good and great, influential and important, powerful and prominent, substantial and serviceable, weighty and worthy, can be accomplished without the help of knowledge. Great effects can never be produced without its aid.

That " knowledge is power " will only be seen from the fact that men of knowledge always command great influence everywhere. Bacon somewhere remarks that if arms and descent have carried away kingdoms, learning hath carried away councils, which have competed with empires. It is from men of knowledge that beliefs and ideas, sentiments and opinions filter down to all the strata of society. Men of knowledge cannot be cowed down by opposition, cannot be frightened by obstruction.

Aspire for knowledge and acquire it. It will help you much. It is like the rudder of a ship. It smooths your way by removing difficulties and exterminating obstacles. It has rightly been compared to a lever, which, though very simple in mechanical

contrivance, can lift, by a good arrangement of the fulcrum, enormous weights. Do not keep your mind barren. Cultivate it and fill it with useful knowledge. A mind without knowledge is like a river without water, a shadow without substance, a husk without kernel. A man without knowledge resembles more a beast than a rational human being. He differs from it, as Cleanthes says, only in shape or figure.

Wealth sinks into insignificance before knowledge. Wealth gives you bodily comforts, but knowledge alone has the power to bestow mental comfort which yields joy to the soul. Again, wealth changes hands : yesterday it was yours, to-day it is his, and has been slave to thousands. But knowledge is not subject to change like wealth. One may rob you of the latter, but what power on earth can rob you of the former ?

Alexander the Great, who was himself a man of vast knowledge, used to say that he was more obliged to Aristotle, his worthy instructor, who gave him knowledge, than to Philip of Macedon, his father, who gave him life. Aristotle himself somewhere remarks that they who educate children well are more to be honoured than they who produce them, because the latter give them only life, but the former give them the art of living well. And, Plato observes that it is better to be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of all evil.

Remember that however vast your knowledge may be, you should not on any account, be vain because of it. You simply ridicule yourself, when you sound your own trumpet, and speak much of yourself and make yourself stand high in your own estimation because of it. Sir Isaac Newton, though a very learned man, said of himself : "I don't know what I may seem to the world ; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smother pebble, or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the Great Ocean of Truth lies all undiscovered before me." Indeed, every man, however learned he may be, should say that his knowledge is nothing when compared with what he has yet to learn. The ocean of knowledge is larger than any other ocean, in the whole world. When the Delphic Oracle pronounced Socrates to be the wisest man in the whole world, the modest philosopher declared that his only pretension to that high praise was that he had learned to know that he knew nothing.

" The mind of man is this world's true dimension ;
And knowledge is the measure of the mind :
And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,
Contains more worlds than all the world can find !
So knowledge doth itself far more extend
Than all the minds of men can comprehend."

Be humble and never be pedantic or boastful. Do not pretend to know a thing about which you are ignorant. Rather confess ignorance boldly than falsely profess knowledge. Sooner or later, you are sure to be caught, if you, through a false sense of shame,

pretend to have knowledge on things of which you have no idea.

A Persian philosopher, when asked by what method he had acquired knowledge, replied : " By not being prevented by shame from asking questions where I was ignorant."

The story is told of Professor Porson, a very learned man, that he was once travelling in a stage-coach, along with several persons who did not know who he was. There was a young student from Oxford who amused the ladies with a variety of talk. His aim, of course, was to make an exhibition of his knowledge before them. At an unfortunate moment, the young fellow tried to amuse them with a quotation from the great Sophocles, which roused the slumbering professor. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, the professor remarked : " I think, young gentleman, you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles ; I do not happen to recollect it there." " Oh sir" replied the pedant, " the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too ; but I suspect, sir, that it is some time since you were at college." The professor, taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles from his pocket, calmly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After turning a few pages here and there, he replied : " Upon second thought, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." " Then, sir," said the professor, after taking out a pocket edition of Euripides and handing it to him, " you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The pedant was bewildered. Nevertheless, he pretended to search for it, as before. The ladies began to titter. The Oxonian, of course, knew the reason of their tittering. " Bless me, sir," at last he spoke, " how dull I am ! I recollect now ; yes, yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in *Æschylus*". As soon as he spoke this, to the surprise of the student, the professor took out a similar edition of *Æschylus*, and when he was on the point of handing it to him, he burst out : " Stop the coach !—holloa, coachman, let me out. I say, instantly—let me out ! There's a fellow here who has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket ! "

In the days of the Princess Mary's girlhood, the Prince of Wales was her constant companion, and is said to have had a very high opinion of her qualities. Once, remembering that one day he would be King of England, he observed gloomily : " What a pity it's not Mary. She's far cleverer than I am." So modest is our beloved Prince !

Do not think that when I use the word knowledge, I mean by it specialised knowledge. I mean general knowledge, general culture. Of course, you must possess ample knowledge in your vocation which you have taken up, but you must not be a person of " One idea." The call to-day, beyond the shadow of a doubt, in any and every walk of life, is for specialised knowledge ; but remember that it will only be a help to your specialised knowledge, if you possess general culture. Learn almost everything you can get hold of, and, some day, you will surely find it to be of benefit to you. The proverb, " Keep a thing for seven years and

it will be of use to you," exactly applies to knowledge. The aim of self-culture should be to know everything of something and something of everything. If you are engaged in one vocation, it is foolish not to extend your knowledge beyond it. General cultivation of the mind will only serve to improve your particular aim. Judgment, in its vast sense, has been defined by Montaigne to be a master principle of business, literature and talent, which gives a person strength on any subject he chooses to grapple with, and enables him to seize the strong point of it.

The late Sir John Fitch said that when he looked back on his own life, and thought on the long-past school and college days, he knew well that there was not a fact in history, not a formula in mathematics, not a rule in grammar, not a sweet and pleasant verse of poetry, not a truth in science which he had ever learned, which had not come to him over and over again in the most unexpected ways, and proved to be of greater use than he could ever have believed. It had helped him to understand better the books he read, the history of events which were occurring round him, and to make the whole outlook of life larger and more interesting.

Cultivate! cultivate! therefore, a taste for reading. Good books are like precious treasures. Form close friendship with them. Consider them as your best friends. Other friends may leave you at any moment in your adversity, or they may harass you with their unwelcome presence, or they may be indifferent to your misery or happiness. But books are free from these drawbacks. Even if you find fault with them, they will ever be true to you. Neither prosperity nor adversity, neither happiness nor misery, neither success nor reverse, can make them run away from you. Good books share your joys and griefs alike, augmenting the one and diminishing the other. In youth, they act as a stimulant; and in old age, as a delight; in prosperity and happiness, they act as a philosopher; and in adversity and misery, as a refuge. They never intrude upon you; they are always ready at your call and equally ready to be dismissed, when you are tired of them.

Lamb remarks that we say grace before dinner, but we ought to say so before beginning a good book. Goldsmith once observed that the first time he read an excellent book, it was to him just as if he had gained a new friend; when he read over a book he had perused before, it resembled meeting with an old friend. That great charming English historian and essayist,—I mean, Lord Macaulay, tells us that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In one of his letters to his beloved and favourite niece he wrote: "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always, glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If anyone would make me the greatest King that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants,

on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a King. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a King who would not love reading." He once declared : " Plato is never sullen, Cervantes is never petulant, Demosthenes never comes unseasonably, Dante never stays too long; no difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero, no heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet." The Rev. Sydney Smith rightly said of Macaulay that to take Macaulay out of literature was like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence. Sydney Smith prophesied his greatness from the first moment he saw him, then a very young and unknown man, on the Northern Circuit. He said that there were no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great ; he was like a book in breeches. Milton considered a good book, to use his own words, to be the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. That is the reason why he says :

" As good kill a man as kill a good book :

Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature,
God's image, but he who kills a good book kills reason itself."

"My power to read," Gladstone wrote in his eightieth year, "for a considerable number of hours daily, thank God, continues. This is a great mercy." Thackeray, who thought that no man could sit down in the British Museum and, I may add, in any good library, without a heart full of grateful reverence declared that he owed to have said his grace at the table and to have thanked heaven for that, his English birthright, freely to partake of the bountiful books and to speak the truth he found there.

Cultivate, Cultivate a good taste for reading. What entertainment can be so cheap, what recreation can be so healthy, what pleasure can be so lasting, and what pastime can be so useful, as reading ? If you were to pray for a taste which should stand you in stead under every difficulty and variety of circumstances, be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to you throughout your life, and a shield against its ills and miseries, however things might go wrong, positively declare like Sir John Herschel, that it should be a taste for reading.

Bacon tells us that some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be digested. In other words, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. But there are some books which are not to be read at all. These are, needless to say, immoral books. Many a man has been led astray and ruined by such books. They are, indeed, the public fountains of vice. If you read them, they are sure to rob you of peace, comfort, character, success, and happiness. Tell me of the character of the books you are fond of reading and I will tell you what you will become. Avoid bad and immoral books as if they were venomous snakes.

Cultivate a taste for good and useful reading and let your reading be intelligent. Go on exercising your judgment, whenever it is necessary, in the course of your reading. Do not take, whatever the author says, at its face value. He may be right or he may be wrong, and that you must find out by thinking. Again, the author means more things than what meets the eye. Hence, thinking is absolutely indispensable to reading.

“Who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not

A spirit of judgment equal or superior,

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,—

Deep versed in books but shallow in himself.”

You must read with particular aims, one of which must always be to make the book you read, so to say, your own ; and the best way to make it your own is to think over every statement of the author. Bacon advises us to read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. Mark and inwardly digest whatever you read. It is good to read, but better to think. Thinking must always follow reading. Reading cannot give you benefit without thinking,—any more than food can give you nourishment without digesting it. Reading itself does not build the mind, just as food itself cannot strengthen the body. Just as the nourishment of the food is in proportion to its digestion, similarly the mental growth is in proportion to thinking.

Another aim in reading must be to get inspired. There are books for information as well as inspiration. Inspirational books, by which I mean mostly biographies, you must never neglect. You must cultivate a taste for reading life-stories of great and good men. There must be something wrong with you, if you are not fond of reading them. They act as a tonic, a stimulant, an inspiration. You cannot but learn much from them. They are joy to the joyless, hope to the hopeless, help to the helpless, cheer to the cheerless. Many a man has been benefitted by reading biographies. They are miracle-workers. Terence advises us to consult the lives of other men as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our own imitation. Perhaps the best-loved reading and study of Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, as he said to a correspondent of an English magazine, after the Bible and History, is Biography. He delights in any man's ‘Reminiscences’ that he can get hold of, provided they are the outcome of sound life and wide experience. He reads such biographies eagerly, enthusiastically and joyously.

Plutarch's *Lives* has made many men. Benjamin Franklin was accustomed to attribute his greatness to Cotton Mather's “Essays to do good.” According to Smiles, Samuel Drew avers,

that he framed his own life, and especially his business habits, after the model left on record by Franklin. Martin Luther was vastly inspired by the biography of John Huss, Haydon by the life of Reynolds, Dadabhai Naoroji by the biographies of great Englishmen, and Behramji Malabari by the ancient Persian heroes.

James Middleton Cox, governor of Ohio, in an interview, said : " Jefferson and Lincoln are a constant inspiration to me. Whenever I am in doubt about the proper course to pursue, I am strengthened by consultation with these two men, consultation which may be had by reading their lives. I also read the biography of every man who has made his mark in the world."

It must always be remembered that knowledge can be attained not simply from books, conversation, or lectures, but also from observation. Indeed, knowledge derived from observation may be said to have been got at first hand and hence, it is the best. Observation is also one of the best methods of improving your mind. " Sir," said Dr. Johnson, on one occasion, to a gentleman, " some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe."

Peter Gassendi, the French astronomer, early developed the power of observation. When he was only seven years old, he was so fond of looking at and observing the sky by night that he often rose from his bed to see and observe the moon and stars moving. One evening, when he was walking with three or four boys and girls, the full moon was shining and many a cloud was flying before the wind. Having caught sight of the moon and the clouds, the children began to dispute among themselves whether it was the moon or the clouds which moved. Except Peter all the children were of the opinion that the clouds were still and that it was the moon which moved. But Peter maintained that moon had no motion and that it was the clouds which floated along. He tried to give reasons for this belief, but they produced no effect upon them. Then, he tried the following plan which did make them agree with Peter. The plan was that he took them under a large tree, and asked them to look at the moon through its branches. They now observed that the moon was standing still, while the clouds floated along out of sight. They were then obliged to admit that Peter was right and that they were wrong in their belief.

According to Samuel Smiles, William Smith, the well-known geologist, was a great observer. Of his keenness of observation, he gives us the following illustration. When making one of his geological excursions about the country near Woburn, as he was approaching the foot of the Dunstable chalk hills, he remarked to his companions : " If there be any broken ground about the foot of these hills, we may find shark's teeth." And scarcely did they proceed far, before they picked up six of them from the white bank of a new fence-ditch. Smith afterwards said of himself : " The habit of observation crept on me, gained a settlement in my mind, became a constant associate of my life, and started up in activity at the first thought of a journey. So that I generally;

went off well-prepared with maps, and sometimes with contemplations on its objects, or on those on the road, reduced to writing before it commenced. My mind was, therefore, like the canvas of a painter, well prepared for the first and best impressions."

Tennyson was one of the greatest observers the world has ever seen. All his life long he tried

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star

Beyond the utmost bound of human ken."

The accuracy of his Nature-pictures, which abound throughout his poetry, was the result of his keen observation. The Poet himself tells us that there was a period in his life when, as an artist takes rough sketches in order to work them eventually into some great picture, he was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike him as picturesque in Nature. All those who came into contact with him were struck with the variety of his knowledge. Thackeray once said that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew.

Wherever you go, make the right use of your eyes. According to O.S. Marden, whenever a new student went to the great Naturalist Professor Agassiz of Harvard, he would give him a fish and ask him to observe it for half an hour or an hour, and then he would ask him to describe what he saw. After the student thought he had told everything about the fish, the professor would say: "You have not really seen the fish yet. Look at it a while longer and then tell me what you see." He would repeat this several times, until the student developed a capacity for observation.

Wherever you go, keep your eyes wide awake and, by observation of men and women, try to learn human nature. You must be a man of the world. Learning can be acquired by reading books, but knowledge of the world can only be acquired by reading the character of men. To read books is good, but to read people is better. Do not forget the well-known dictum of Pope that says: "The proper study of mankind is man." The reading of human nature is very useful. Many a man has been benefitted by being able to read it and many a man has been ruined by his incapacity to read it. One of the advantages of possessing knowledge of human nature is that you can put others in their proper places and you can lead them as you wish. Elizabeth's reign would have proved a failure, had not the Queen possessed the ability to read human nature. She herself was weak, but she chose wise counsellors. Andrew Carnegie once remarked that he succeeded, because he knew how to surround himself with brainy men, men who knew more than he did. He could push others to do work better than he could do it. Indeed, a man, who could read human nature as easily as a book, knows beforehand what will be the effect of anything he may speak or do on the minds of persons associated with him.

To read books is good; to read people is better; but still better it is to read yourself. That dictum "Know thyself" is founded on prudence. Form the habit of examining yourself and you will

come to know your own powers and faculties, defects and weaknesses. Your self-knowledge will help you to overcome the latter, as knowing where the disease lies, you will be able to correctly diagnose it and apply proper remedies.

"Study thyself; what rank or what degree,
Thy wise creator has ordained for thee."

Without self knowledge, you cannot control yourself and master yourself. It is said that a man's greatest enemy is the man himself. Indeed, every man carries dangerous enemies with him and he cannot overcome them, unless and until he possesses self-knowledge. It has rightly been said that he is the best accountant who can count up correctly the sum of his own defects and weaknesses.

THRIFT.

Thrift has been rightly considered to be a virtue. Inasmuch as it involves self-control, industry, vigilance, temperance, and material liberty, this consideration is justified.

I shall examine this subject only from the last standpoint. By economising in all the expenses, small or large, of life, material comfort and independence are generally realised. In fact, this is the only right and honourable way to achieve competency.

Many young men are very indifferent to thrift. They never take into consideration small expenses, and hence, they are inclined to indulge in little extravagances which are generally strengthened by habit. They forget that these little extravagances within a few years, will accumulate into a great loss.

Young men, do not forget the proverb which says: "Many a mickle makes a muckle." Always, remember that little savings accumulate into a great gain, within a few years. A pin a day is a groat a year.

Take care of the Pence, and the Pounds will take care of themselves. Beware of small expenses, and large expenses will beware of themselves. Economy is itself a great income. A penny saved is a penny gained. Says Andrew Carnegie "The first thing that a man should learn to do is to save his money. By saving his money he promotes thrift,—the most valued of all habits. Thrift is the great fortune-maker. It draws the line between the savage and the civilised man. Thrift not only develops the fortune, but it develops, also the man's character."

Practice this habit of thrift and live within your income however small it is. "Cut your coat according to your cloth." Make it a point to lay up something for future emergencies. Ever save, ever have. Who heeds not a penny, shall likely never have any. Wanton waste makes woeful want. The most prominent rule of thrift is not to waste anything. "Everything preserved is useful," says an Indian proverb, "even though it be a dead serpent." This is, of course, to a certain extent, true, But rather more true it is that we should never buy a thing which we

do not want, even though it be quite cheap. The cheapest thing in the world is really dear, if we do not require it.

The story is told of a collector of a Christian society that, one day, when he approached a house, where he had intended to call, he overheard its master rebuking a servant for wasting the end of a candle. The collector, thinking that it would be no use to call upon such a thrifty man, at first passed by. But, upon second thoughts, he returned and entered the house. He told the gentleman the object of the charity. To his immense surprise, he received a very large subscription. The gentleman, observing the expression of surprise on his face, inquired into its cause. The collector frankly told him about the circumstance of the end of the wasted candle. Upon this, the gentleman remarked: "If I allowed extravagant waste in my house, I could not afford a liberal subscription."

Alexander the Great, Emperor Augustus, Louis XI, Louis XII, and Aurangzeb were very thrifty in their personal expenses. The last but one, on one occasion, declared that he would rather see his courtiers laugh at his avarice, than his people weep at his extravagance. Cobbett and his wife were both thrifty. The story of their courtship, which is recorded in Chamber's "Book of Days," is very interesting. The book says that while in New Brunswick, Cobbett met the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for about an hour, one evening. Shortly afterwards, in the dead of winter, when it is said, the snow lay several feet thick on the ground, he chanced, in his walk at break of day, to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there she was out in that extreme cold, scrubbing at a washing-tub. That sight of her at once made her mistress of Cobbett's heart for ever. "That's the girl for me!" he exclaimed to himself. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and was then only thirteen years old. To his great sorrow, he heard that the artillery was ordered to England, and she had to go there with her father. Cobbett, by this time, had managed to save £150, as a foot soldier—the produce of extra work. Thinking that Woolwich, to which his sweet-heart was bound, was a gay place and that she there might find many suitors who would tempt her with their wealth, and might join one of them in order to free herself from poverty, he sent her all his precious pounds and entreated her to spend them freely on her clothes and good lodging and be as happy as she could until he was able to join her. It was only after four years that they met in England. Cobbett soon learned that she was a maid-of-all-work at £5 a year. On their meeting, she, to the immense surprise of Cobbett, placed in his hands his parcel of £150 unbroken, without saying a word about it. Needless to say, Cobbett, having obtained his discharge from the army, married this good, simple and thrifty girl who proved to be an admirable wife. The success that Cobbett afterwards enjoyed was due, to a great extent, to her.

Zeno, the great philosopher, having reproved his pupils for their extravagance, was told by them that they were rich enough to indulge in prodigality. "Would you," sharply retorted Zeno, "excuse a cook that should over-salt your meat because he had a superabundance of salt?"

Be thrifty, but always use your commonsense in the thrift you practice. Remember that thrift does not always consist in refusing to spend money. Do not be penny wise and pound foolish. Do not omit or forget to spend money at the proper time. It often happens that the saving of a small sum of money in the present, involves in the long run a heavy expenditure.

Also, never grudge to spend money over necessary things. Economy must always be distinguished from parsimony or miserliness. Economy is to be admired, but miserliness to be hated. The thrifty man's motto is to earn money and spend it, whereas that of the miserly man is to win gold and spare it anyhow. The thrifty man possesses wealth, but the miser is himself possessed by wealth. The former governs money, but the latter is the turnkey of his wealth. The thrifty man is generous, but the miser does not know what generosity is, what enlargement of heart is.

"They call thee rich, I call thee poor,
Since if thou darest not use thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine but Theirs."

Be thrifty but not miserly and acquire business knowledge. Many a man has lost his hard-earned money simply because he had no business knowledge. Hundreds of rascally persons have become rich by taking ignoble advantage of the business ignorance of others. No matter what your calling is acquire business knowledge or you will probably come to grief some day.

ORDER.

Order is heaven's first law. So should it be of mankind. It is no exaggeration to say that order is the very life of business and of society. Form the habit of making place for everything and putting everything in its place. Order saves a great deal of heart-burning, time, and energy. Both mental and manual works are performed more easily, more cheerfully, and sooner, when everything is in order, than when everything and even anything is in confusion. Order quickens our pace to the goal, keeps the temperament cool, and the disposition cheerful. But disorder involves perplexities and anxieties, confounds the mind, and ruffles the temperament. Do not forget that from one disorder oft a hundred spring.

"So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom."

TRIFLES.

Form the habit of not neglecting trifles in any work or business, —in any place and at any time. Trifles often suggest and even supply what you have been longing and seeking for. Little things are little things, but faithfulness and observance in little things are very great things. Little things are not to be ignored and neglected. The mustard seed is the smallest of all grains, but it produces the largest of all trees. Some of the greatest of events have often been drawn by hairs and some of the greatest of works have been accomplished by faithfulness and observance in trifles.

According to Charles Dickens, when some one was asked, "What is a genius?" he replied, "A being who pays attention to trifles." Raphael was wont to say: "Yea! Greatness in art is attainable by not underrating what appears to be only a trifle."

On one occasion, a gentlemen called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. After a brief conversation he departed. But, after some hours, he called on him again. The sculptor was still at the same work, looking at which the gentleman remarked. "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied Angelo, "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out that muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to that limb." "Well, well," remarked the gentleman, "but all these are trifles." To this, the Sculptor promptly replied: "It may be so, but recollect that trifles make perfection and that perfection is no trifle."

Similarly, when Canova was rebuked by a friend for attending to trifles in his work and thus making sport of it, the Sculptor replied: "The touches which you ignorantly hold in such small esteem are the very things which make the difference between the failure of a bungler and the perfection of a master." Sir Isaac Newton would not have discovered the mysterious law of gravitation, had he not observed the falling of an apple from a tree under which he was sitting.

Just as faithfulness in little things is a very great thing, similarly neglect in trifles is a very dangerous thing. Little neglects often pave the way to great mischief, loss or destruction. A little spark may kindle a mighty fire. As a matter of fact, the great London fire in 1799 was occasioned by the careless dropping of a spark from a candle on a cottage floor. A little leak sinks a great and mighty ship. The destruction of Athens was brought about by a stupid jest, and the Crimean war by the refusal to give up a key. Ordinary cold or illness, if not attended to, may end in death.

Therefore, be careful of trifles. Do not neglect them. The mountain is made up of small grains of sand and the ocean of small drops of water. The life is said to be a bundle of accidents.

PROGRESS.

There is every indication that we are intended for progress. Indeed, progress is the law of Nature and should be the law of mankind. Nature commands us not to retrograde,—no, not even

to stand where we are. The past and the present call on us to advance and not to decline, to develop and not to fall back, to grow and not to relapse, to progress and not to retrograde.

Make it a point always to improve something, somewhere. It is a disgrace to relapse or to stand still. Progress must be your aim. Make it a life-rule to make, every day, improvements in your work or business, so as to keep it alive. What renewed blood is to the body, improvement is to the work or business.

"What is your best work?" somebody asked of Ward, the sculptor. "My next," was the reply.

"Good, Better, Best ;
Never let it rest,
Till Your Good is Better ,
And your Better's Best."

Andrew Carnegie once remarked that he would not give a fig for the young man in business who does not already see himself a partner or the head of the firm. As Victor Hugo puts tersely, if God had intended man to go backward, He would have given him eyes in the back of his head. Make it a point never to be contented with anything that you do, however good and perfect it may seem. Discontent is the foundation of all progress.

A smart boy of fifteen, it is said, entered the office of a well-known merchant and asked for employment. After asking him several questions, which the boy satisfactorily answered the merchant inquired : "What is your motto?" "Same as yours," the boy replied : "Just what you have on your door—'Push'." Needless to say he got the job

BEAUTY.

It is a commonplace fact that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Beauty, as has been said, is God's handwriting. It is the best, the noblest, and the purest thing in the world, and I advise you to form the habit of looking for it. Cultivate your aesthetic faculties, and every day see something that is beautiful. Appreciation of beauty dignifies and magnifies you, elevates and ennobles you, exalts and uplifts you. It keeps you away from and makes you despise anything and everything that is abject and base, contemptible and despicable, mean and paltry, miserable and wretched. It makes you incline towards and makes you love anything and everything that is august and commanding, exalted and dignified, grand and great, glorious and beneficent, lofty and mighty, noble and superb. The character of a man to a great extent, depends upon the development of his aesthetic faculties. Beauty includes morality. Emerson remarks that all high beauty has a moral element in it, and he finds the antique sculpture as ethical as Maren's Antominus : and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought.

It must always be remembered that it is art that teaches beauty. I advise you at least to learn one branch of art, if not more. Perhaps, the best branch of it is music. Music appeals to our deepest emotions, rouses our good and pure feelings, develops the best and purest that is in our nature, charms our imagination, and gives relief to our tired mind and body. If you have no capacity for music, you must, at least, then, care for it. There must be something wrong with you, if you are indifferent to it.

Some of the greatest of men were very fond of music. Shakespeare admired it, and Milton loved it. So great was the enthusiasm of Goethe for it, that he learned, it, at the grand old age of eighty-six. Mr. Lumley tells us that during the short sojourn of the Emperor Nicholas in England, the veteran diplomatist, Count Nessibrode by whom he was accompanied was on one occasion his guest. Mr. Lumley took the liberty of asking the Count the secret of his prolonged youth. The reply was: "Music and flowers." The Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera.

Music it is said was among the Greeks the first means of education and it was so connected with their system of ethics that the God of music was with them also the God of Righteousness.

The power and charms of music are indeed wonderful. When an evil spirit troubled Saul, the king of Israel, his servants said to him: "Let our Lord now command thy servants which are before thee to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass when the evil spirit from God is upon thee that he shall play with his hand and thou shalt be well." Saul took this advice and when the fit of madness was on him afterwards, David played to him and Saul was refreshed and was well and the evil spirit departed from him.

"Beat a retreat," said Napoleon to a drummer boy, when in a battle it appeared to him that he was losing and that, in order to save his army, retreat was the only way. - "Sir," replied the drummer boy, "I have never learned to beat a retreat, but I can beat a march that will make the dead rise and fight." Napoleon gave him permission to do so. With such eagerness and enthusiasm and in such a nice way did the boy beat a march that the tired and almost defeated soldiers were inspired and refreshed by it, and, consequently, they fought with such spirit that they won a great victory.

FRIENDSHIP.

Of all the choices in the world, the choice of friends is the most difficult. Form the habit of very carefully choosing friends. Upon them, to a certain extent, depends your success in life. As far as success in life is concerned, your friends must be those who can help you to rouse your ambition, who can act as a stimulus to it, who can inspire you with lofty ideals, and who are sympathetic. See to it that they are not those who try to blight your hopes, who laugh at your lofty ideals, and who try to discourage you in any way.

Your friends must be the sweetener and dignifier of your life, must be a sort of relief to your misfortunes, must be a sort of guide to your difficulties. In short they, must be wise. A foolish friend is worse than a wise enemy, for the former does more harm than the latter.

Many a man has been ruined by unsympathetic and foolish friends, and many a man has been made happy and successful by good and wise friends. What would have Tennyson been without Hallan and Hallan without Tennyson? What would have Charles James Fox been without Burke? What would have Gokhale been without Pherozshaw Mehta and Pherozshaw Mehta without Dadabhai Naoroji? What would Cicero have amounted to without Atticus, and Xnophon without Socrates? What would have Garfield been without Mark Hopkins? The friendship between the last two was formed, just after Garfield entered Williams College. Years afterwards, when he became President of the United States, he declared: "If I could be taken back into boyhood to-day and have all the libraries and apparatus of a university with its ordinary routine professors offered me on the one hand, and on the other a great luminous rich souled man such as Dr. Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone I should say: 'Give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course rather than any university with routine professors'"

"What is the secret of your life?" somebody asked of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me that I may make mine beautiful too." The reply was "I had a friend."

Many a life would have been ruined but for wise guidance of a friend. When Paley, the missionary, was a student at Christ College, Cambridge, he was indolent and mischievous. He made very little progress at least in the first two years of his college life. One morning, a friend came to him in his room before he had risen, and addressed him thus: "Paley, I have not been able to sleep for thinking about you. I have been thinking what a fool you are! I have the means of dissipation, and I can afford to be idle; but you are poor and cannot afford it. I could do nothing, probably even were I to try, but you are capable of doing everything. I have lain awake all night thinking about your folly, and I have now come solemnly to warn you. Indeed, if you persist in your indolence and go on in this way I must renounce your society altogether." This wise appeal and solemn warning made such an effect upon Paley that he abandoned his mischievous habits and indolence and studied with great diligence and attention. His success in life was due to this somewhat wise friend.

It must always be remembered that friendship is not a one-sided affair. There must be reciprocity in it.



